

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Attorneys at Law: N. Campbell, L. M. McClinton, M. J. McNeill, L. W. Harold, J. J. Board, C. O. Arbogast, C. F. Board, H. B. Ranshaw, O. P. Moore, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court commences on the first Monday in April, and Monday in June and Monday in October. County Court commences on the 1st Monday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is Levy Term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney at Law.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney at Law.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

A. STOVNER.

Attorney at Law.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

J. P. MOORE.

Respectfully, J. P. Moore.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Court of Pocahontas County, the election to be held November 1st, 1890. If elected, I will accept the duties of the office.

J. P. MOORE.

Respectfully, J. P. Moore.

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A PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the finest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little dimonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of cloth?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; that is a piece Miss B. gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how granddaddy looked in the morning gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big ladies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Picking a quilt was the first task and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think it somewhat made some patchwork quilt of the Mayblosses. At least it was said so.

When a young woman married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—quilt would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt, which her great grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, and I shall be the old maid long."

A year afterward she did not think so, and she might have said so, for she had made her first quilt. It was a very simple one, but it was hers, and she was proud of it.

You don't blame her, dear lady," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with patchwork."

ing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the card-board patterns, loving to meddle with anything, that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepzibah's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patchwork. A bad and a butterfly on one rose, and the other, bad and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow house to see that Crumple was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb.

"It's I—Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive."

"Harry Martin?" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "don't tell me all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man.

You don't blame her, dear lady," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with patchwork."

There is more to be said," said Harry. "I'll repeat some of the things that she has said."

dreams; his love with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full-blown rose alternately.

A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, which over it was, which bore the name of T. Jolliver upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane up on the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again.

The man took a hold of it up in his hand, and looked at it as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman nibbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a piece as we have of these quilts at home. After Ruth had twenty when she was married; but I had fifty. My sister gave me her share, and that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in good many quilts, if you cut it; and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"Go on, please."

"She was engaged to the landlady, and she was a good girl. One afternoon, she and I were heart cut out there, and next day they parted. He was a clerk of a circus of robbery, and I must say it—had she been a good girl, she would have been a good girl."

"There is more to be said," said Harry. "I'll repeat some of the things that she has said."

players of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where I went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. Another mother owned to sending him away from the door where he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was in fold of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips.

She gave another little cry in moment, and knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! do believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but no happiness, believing himself rich forever of love and of fair reputation, and who had returned to find himself awaiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy" said Olive to her sister few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, want you to give me one thing."

"Anything on earth that I can give you, said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, "I'm beginning to cry for very happiness. It's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. How says we can't keep house without we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's first in its upon the brilliant quilt, a quilt, with his chubby fingers, pull the quilt. THE 21. MUST. 1890.

The two men had been sitting together in the car, and the door of the car had been opened, and an animated controversy, and the loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Only one of them rose up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons can sit in this car, and he says they have souls. I take more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hands also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you, again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers, and leveling them, "my friend here will give you a dollar, and I will give you whatever you wish."

ICURE FITSI



**JOHN E. CAMPBELL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Residence at the Post Office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
Per line	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.50	\$8.00
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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance, after months \$1.20, after 18 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

**Huntersville, W. Va.**  
**August 41, 1890.**

Henry H. Ryan, editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph is dead.

At Waynesboro, Augusta County, Va., John Kibler accidentally shot and killed his brother, Wm. Kibler.

Over \$70,000 worth of lots were sold at private sales in Basle City, Va., one day last week.

Isaac Murphy, the negro, who made Salvo to win in his great race receives \$15,000 a year salary.

Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The cholera is spreading through Egypt and 155 deaths are reported in one day. There are grave fears that the scourge will be our next into Europe by fleeing pilgrims.

In the city of New York women who are wives and mothers work shops for thirty cents per day, and girls between thirteen and seventeen years of age work on articles for as low as five cents per day.

An effort is being made in Birmingham, Va., to raise a guarantee fund of \$10,000 in order to secure a state fair this fall. So far about \$5,000 has been subscribed.

Hang a title to the long hair of an ex brigand from Italy or a burglar from Germany and in a month it will be in the hair of an American business man in the average city.

A clerk of the county of Tucker, who was a few days ago, was born without legs over fifty years ago. He took a prominent part in political and civil life and during the war, served in the Confederate army, attended to his horse and carriage, and was a member of the grand jury. He was elected clerk and served seven years.

The value of leaf tobacco in Danville, Va., for July was 1,472,700 pounds, only about half the amount sold in July of last year. The value for the first ten months of the fiscal year was 12,000,000 pounds, nearly one million less than during the same period last year. It is believed that the value for the remainder of the year will not exceed 15,000,000 pounds.

The land of Argos will be a red hot spot with the farmers. At the same time the farmers of Argos are being driven from the land by the government. The government is taking the land of Argos and is giving it to the farmers of Argos. The government is taking the land of Argos and is giving it to the farmers of Argos.

has fewer than 20,000 inhabitants, but will have as many United States Senators as has New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, or any other great state. Republicans have no more regard for constitutional rights or political decency than had Antonio Rosconi, the bearded Italian who enticed a five-year-old girl had for purity and hapless innocence.—Ex.

**Advice to Mothers.**  
Mrs. Wm. J. Pettillont who was so brutally murdered by her husband in Columbus, Ind., July 4th, for a long time desired a divorce, fearing that her life would be taken by the brute to whom a marriage ceremony had allotted her for her experiments and gratifications. Every day wives who had better be divorced are murdered and every moment of time some women is abused and driven toward death and humiliation by drunken, beastly husbands. And yet girls give themselves away to almost any one who asks them.—Ex.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

**WASHINGTON LETTER.**  
[From our regular correspondent.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8.—Mr. Harrison will tomorrow leave for Boston where he hopes to make himself solid with the G. A. R., at its annual encampment. But perhaps a gentleman named Alger may have something to say about that. Several members of the Cabinet will go along to help their chief. The River and Harbor bill, by previous agreement, displaced the Tariff bill in the Senate to-day. Speaker Reed will have many things to account for in the general day of reckoning, which comes to all men; but if he persists in his efforts to prevent an appropriation being made to erect a new Government printing office, and an accident occurs, and it is liable any time, in the present death trap resulting in the loss of many precious lives, that will be the most terrible of all. The old balling now used has been pronounced dangerous to health and life by every competent architect. He has examined it, and there have been a number of them. It is as much as three inches in diameter, and they are all constantly; its walls have holes in them big enough to put a ball into, and the whole structure shakes and shivers at every vibration of the machinery, and more than 2,000 men and women are engaged in working for this and wealthy Government is supposed to take their lives in the hands by working daily in this way. The Senate passed an appropriation bill for a new building; but the House of Representatives, by order of Speaker Reed the bill is to be brought to a vote.

and the members of the House have been predicted when the new code of Rules was adopted. He was not now surprised when the Speaker's partiality was called in question. But the true judgment of the country would be, that however well the Rules might produce political legislation, they had failed as to that great domain of legislation which lay outside of the three contest of party. They might carry through a jag-handled Tariff bill, but they did not carry through the general appropriation bills, necessary for the sustenance of the government. The majority, under these Rules, might put upon the statute books a force bill, infamous in its provisions and intentions in its object; but it could not obtain the commendation of the people for its action on the general legislation of the government. The force bill could not escape the severe criticism of the people; for on account of the absence of discussion of all matters of general importance in Congress there was necessity for discussion elsewhere in the press, at the fire side and the assemblies of the people. Of the bills which had passed under the Rules of the House few had become laws, and few of those which had, would, in his opinion, remain long upon the statute books.

There was great laughter in the House when he contracted the difference of the rulings by Speaker Reed and those of Mr. Carlisle and Randall.

He said that he had no criticism to make upon the Speaker. If the gentlemen on the other side were satisfied with that officer "Heaven forbid" that he should remove that satisfaction. If they were willing to accept the Speaker as a fair type of their party he would enter no dissent. The Speaker had won his supremacy. He had exercised that supremacy. He had been the republican leader on the floor. The republicans had made him their leader in the chair, and he had exercised that leadership.

Mr. Peters, also protested against disturbing old laws and bringing, and creating a state of irritation in that deliberative body. Amongst other things this republican Representative said: "Why stir up these amiable questions that divide parties and separate the north from the south?" (as if the democrats did it.) He was followed by Mr. Bontelle, in an effort to turn like a hound before the speaker, and pretend to defend him, but every thing he said was too sickly, too he-scattered, too tiresome to write about, and was even too weakly delivered to listen to.

It is said that the Star-eyed Goddess looks seventeen years younger than she did before Secretary Blaine wrote his reciprocal letter.

Mr. McKinley's heart is swollen and sore, and his epiglottis sticks known with a pop, when he sees Mr. Blaine coming. The handwriting is on the wall in Kansas, in letters six yards high, and not higher than they are thick, and it has been observed by Senator Plumb after the people of that State took him by the nose and turned his eyes in the direction of the awful inscription.

**MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.**  
**J. C. MARQUIS.**  
Monumental Architect  
Staunton, Va.  
O. C. COOPER, Agent,  
Green Bank, W. Va.  
Headstones and Cemetery work done at

The First Execution by Electricity Was Not a Success—Kemmler Was Burned to Death.

The trial of a new means for taking human life at Auburn, N. Y., Wednesday morning, while prompted by humane motives, has resulted in a sickening spectacle presented by a pitiable wretch at whose vital center was kept pounding for some moments an alternating current of electricity which, though it ultimately destroyed his life, subjected the criminal to a torture of which no living being has knowledge, and which none can describe. Imperfect registry of the current's pressure or faulty contact of the electrodes prevented instantaneous death. The layman may gain some conception of the process of this killing when the statement is made that a person whose body should be shaken into fragments could not have suffered such pain as did Wm. Kemmler, whose nerve cells and tissues were disintegrated not in a flash, as designed, but by the relatively slow strokes of the electric hammers upon them. Whether the blood yet retains its normal consistency or whether it is partially or wholly fluidized by divorce of oxygen from the blood corpuscles can only be determined by the autopsy which was about to be commenced. Kemmler's nerve was something wonderful. He never flinched; he directed the adjustment of himself in the chair and counseled the warden to moderation, to secure perfect safety. The shock was given at 6:43 and was continued about eighteen seconds. Two minutes after the current was cut off there was evidence of respiration. As soon as possible the current was re-turned, then cut off, again and again respiration was evident after a few minutes. Sullen came in the month, the chest heaved, there was a wheezing in the throat. The shock was again put to the prisoner, who, the doctors remarked, was unconscious from the moment of the first shock. After a short time smoke appeared at the back. The flesh was burning. The spectacle was most trying. The man, the doctors said, suffered no pain, however. The warden says the voltage at first shock was at 1,800 volts, which ran down to a point not named. After the third contact of four minutes the man was declared dead. The warden's certificate of death was signed by all present and the party broke up at 7:30.

**LAM & FARRELL**

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain.

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto. Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction. All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

**A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.**  
(Successors to F. & M. McClintic)  
Mt. Grove, Va.

DEALERS IN

**LIQUORS**

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.

the mask was taken off Kemmler's face, his eyes were found half open and his expression, while not normal or placid, was not horrifying to see.

**Coughing**

In Nature's effort to expel foreign and poisonous matter from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."

—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and could not sleep at night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Va.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c per bottle.

**OHIO UNIVERSITY**  
ATHENS, OHIO.  
ELEMENTARY AND ADVANCED COURSE FOR TEACHERS.

Founded in 1804.—An educational institution since 1822. Among former Presidents, Dr. McGuffey, well known as the author of a series of readers. Tuition about \$20 per year, including all College books. Board, rooming, painting, &c., Long life terms have almost been secured for Ohioans in C.W. STETSON.

**Many Persons**  
are broken down from overwork or house care. **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, cures loss of bile, and cures weakness. (See Testimonials.)



## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for collection of the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,  
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.  
Respectfully,  
S. L. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,  
E. H. MOORE.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. F. ANSON.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
W. C. MANN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. F. MOORE.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Truly Yours,  
J. B. SWANER.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

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—Mess. Jno. Clerk, and Harry Thompson have commenced the new road to and from where the bridge is to be rebuilt.

—Mr. Henry Dassenville, the contractor to build the oblongs for the bridge near this place, has come, with a force of hands, ready to commence work.

—Look out! watch your chicken houses. There is a chicken thief around. Mr. S. L. Brown's chicken house has been visited three times and three carried away each time, in the last few nights.

—Salt sprinkled on any substance burning on a stove will stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blinding from the fat of chops or ham will cause the blaze to subside.

—We announced last week that there wouldn't be any paper issued from this office this week owing to our rheumatic affliction, but since we've gotten better and THE TIMES appears "on time."

—Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

—There will be a meeting of the Hunterville Farmers' Alliance at the Court house, Saturday, August 23rd, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time it will be necessary for all members to be present, as there is important business to be transacted. By order of the president.

—No medicine in the world is in better repute for more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.

—Twelve street cars, made by the St. Louis Car Company, passed through here this week for service in Staunton. They were beautiful. The "city of the hills" is coming. She needs, and must have, a daily paper, and that soon. It has long been a wonder to us that she has delayed this long in this matter. Clifton Forge and Iron Gate Review.

—A new dog law in Wisconsin declares that if any dog shall attack or run out and bark at any person or horse attached to a carriage travelling in a highway, complaint may be made to a justice of the peace, who on proof that the charge is true shall order the owner or possessor of such dog to kill him immediately. Such should be a law in W. Va.

—The Greenbrier County Primary election was held Saturday, August 2nd. Result: B. D. Erwin and Jas. F. Clark, for House of Delegates; S. H. Nickell, for County Commissioner; Jonathan Mayes for Clerk Circuit Court and Charles B. Barker for Clerk County Court. G. W. Wilson received a small majority for Congress. Capt. W. L. McNeel received 1,333 votes and J. P. McNeel received 111 votes for States Senate. Greenbrier being entitled to 21 votes in the Congressional Convention at Boston on the 28th inst, will be cast as follows: H. W. Wilson 11 votes and J. D. A. Merser 10 for Congress. D. B. Laque, will receive 21 votes for States Senate. In the Senatorial Convention, Wm. L. McNeel will receive 19 votes and J. P. McNeel 11 votes.

WANTED—A good white, steady girl to cook, wash and iron. Wages, \$6.00 per month, with good fire and food. Address E. P. Staley, Hancockville, W. Va.

Greenbrier County is to have a large bridge. The bridge will be built on the river and will be a great improvement to the county.

## Preaching Announcements.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore the fourth Sabbath of August (24th) Preparatory services Friday and Saturday nights before.

Preaching at Moore's school house on Elk, Saturday night August 30th.

Mary Gibson, Chapel, Sabbath morning, August 31st. At Blray, Sabbath night, same day. The foregoing services to be conducted by Wm. T. Price.

The appointment at Sunset for the fourth Sabbath of August is recalled.

Delegate District Democratic Convention. A convention of the Democratic delegates of the Delegate District composed of the counties of Webster and Pocahontas is hereby called to meet at Huntersville in Pocahontas county on the 10th day of September, 1890, at 12 o'clock m. for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said district in the next Legislature of West Va. By order of Committee.  
W. L. McNEEL, Ch'n.

Lewisburg District Conference. Time—August 27-29. Place—Mary's Grove camp ground Monroe Co., W. Va. Railroad station—Lowell, Chesapeake and Ohio.

Aug. 27, 9 a. m.—Organization. 11 a. m.—Opening sermon by S. V. Hildebrand. 3 p. m.—Revival conditions of success by Rev. L. Batt. Aug. 28, 10 a. m.—Christian Liberty by Rev. C. M. Bragg. 7:30 p. m. Family religion by Rev. J. L. Shipley. Aug. 29, 10:30 a. m.—Missions by Rev. J. O. Knott. 3 p. m.—Christian education, Rev. J. F. Enslin.

Recording Stewards will please have their books present.

The Camp meeting Committee will entertain the members of the Conference on the Camp Ground during the continuance of the Conference who may wish to remain and attend the Camp Meeting services after the Conference has closed, can get board at reasonable rates on the Camp Ground.

R. F. FERGUSON, P. E.

Deamore Delege.

The threshing machine is heard in our neighborhood.

A W. Va. Central R. R. man was in town last night. He says the chances for the R. R. are no good as ever.

Miss Annie Wakeman will be home this week from Warren, Va., where she has been for more than a year.

Quite a number of drummers have been in our town lately.

Mess. W. M. Siple, E. H. Jackson, Wash Oliver and Henry McDowell, were at home from Smith's camp a few days last week.

The candidates must all be black, berrying, as we see but few of them.

Attorney C. F. Moore, and wife are spending a few days in town.

Anyone finding a glove in the road between Dunmore and Huntersville will be reward by leaving it with or sending it to G. B. Swockor.

Ice froze at Travelers' Repose last night.

TOM SAWYER.

Wayside Notes.

During an interesting excursion the last days of July, it was the water's pleasure to visit the Laurel Run settlement, nine or ten miles north of Marlinton. Messrs. Geo. White, Shomer, McClure, Taylor, Childers, Dilley and others are building up nice homes, and it looks as if this would be one of the prosperous sections of our grand county in a few years.

Those living here are the first to hear the booming of dynamite, announcing the advent of a railroad. It is a matter of frequent occurrence to hear the miners setting off their blasts, as your correspondent was informed.

Capt. Peters and Col. Gay are operating an excellent steam saw mill on the lands of Adam McNeel, Esq. The crew consisting of Auburn Friel, Adam Young, Harris and Kirkpatrick, seem to be one of the best, capable and willing. It is marvellous to see how soon an immense tree can be changed into commercial lumber when manipulated by these stalwart young men. The mill is located a few rods from the famous centennial cherry tree, whence Col. Gay procured the block that attracted so much attention at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876, and prepared the way for bringing the Pocahontas lumber into such prominent notice.

The remains of this historic tree were pointed out to the writer by his kind and obliging friend Mr. Geo. White.

The number, coolness and excellence of the springs found in this region, is phenomenal and some day this will be a health resort. There is something in the atmosphere that makes it specially pleasant and invigorating to inhale, owing possibly to the presence of those springs and the dense forest of pine and cherry and birch.

Some pleasant hours were spent in the former home of the late Capt. Wm. Cochran near the head of Stony creek.

The writer's feelings were deeply touched by a view of the neatly cared for graves where the Capt. had rested his body for seventy years or more. He was a cheerful jovial man, and always had a kind word for his young friend "Billy" and hoped he would try to make a good man of himself.

His noble form would quiver with emotion as he recalled the years he had lived in and what afterwards his eye would beam withapture, when speaking of the Redeemer, that sought him when a stranger.

Perhaps no one in this region ever repeated with more emotion or more frequently these words than the writer's kindly cherished friend, Capt. Wm. Cochran:

"I am not a stranger here, I am a wanderer from the fold of God. He to rescue me from danger. He to rescue his precious blood."

W. T. P.

FERTILIZERS.

We call your attention to our hands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat: GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO'S PREPARATION FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.

Analysis. Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

Analysis. Bone Phosphate of Lime and Flesh, 28 to 33 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Analysis. Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR CORN.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S PURE GROUND BONE MEAL.

Ground Bone is a permanent improver for land it is useless for us to recommend you. It is ground by ourselves, and is free from all adulterations. We guarantee the purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Gypsum.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have farmers call and get our CASH prices. They will be as low as the lowest.

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO, Hancockville W. Va.

1 y Sample sent on application.

## WHEAT FOR SALE.

I will have for sale in about 10 days, a lot of good wheat, which I will sell at \$1.00 per bushel.

Z. GAULT.

Dunmore, W. Va.

## HILLBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SNAKER, Principal.

A. E. WHITE, E. S. LOVELACE, J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Roadsboro, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

A. H. SMITH,

Academy, W. Va.

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088

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.

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IRS AND FINEST TRIMMED

in the county, go to

O. E. SWANER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND

CORNET MAKER, Dunmore, W. Va.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Barker v. Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890.

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said County, that certain tract of land containing 915 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houcken, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the same land lately sold by the said Barker to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-41

Printer's fee, \$3.40

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 28th day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 16th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 17-90.

Printer's fee \$3.00.

SEED WHEAT.

We have for sale at our granary about 150 bushels of Pocahontas wheat at \$1.00 per bushel. All parties wanting good seed wheat will do well to call on us at once, as it will soon be disposed of.

H. M. & J. B. LOCKHART.







# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 21 1890. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. No. 4.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

**Justices of the Peace.**  
A. S. Campbell, J. M. McClinton, M. J. McNeel, L. W. Howard, J. F. Ward, J. D. Artz, J. E. Ward, S. B. Harnish, G. P. Moore.  
**Sheriff.** M. J. McNeel.  
**Deputy Sheriff.** J. F. Ward.  
**County Clerk.** J. D. Artz.  
**Recorder.** S. B. Harnish.  
**Assessor.** G. P. Moore.  
**Surveyor.** Geo. Baxter.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, first Monday in June and first Monday in October. County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

**M. J. McCLINTIC.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**L. W. HOWARD.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**J. F. WARD.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**J. D. ARTZ.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**S. B. HARNISH.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**G. P. MOORE.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**W. ARBUCKLE.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewisburg, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

**L. KEE.**  
Atty.-at-Law,  
Beverly, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

**D. J. H. WEYMOUTH.**  
DENTIST,  
Beverly, W. Va.  
Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

**HOTEL BY G. W. WAGNER.**  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.  
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Rates well provided for.   
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

**ICURE FITS!**  
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop the fits, but to cure the disease. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, etc.

**FOR MEN ONLY!**

## ELOISE.

How the Cruel Flood Revealed to Her True Love.

They had parted coldly. Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding-place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes.

That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood.

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's book-keeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she generously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chattering gaily, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village.

Perhaps he had chosen his hour splendidly to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, suspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even hesitated to him that it was not himself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold shiver.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest opera.

Her father's bookkeeper! Presumptuous to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she continued with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her—but, marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question!

For days and days it rained. It grew monotonous and wearisome.

Eloise, walking aimlessly about the drawing room, looking over a book abstractedly; striking a few chords on the piano; going from window to window to look out at the dreary rain and the dismal landscape, was wonderfully listless and ill at ease.

She did not know what she wanted. She had been so used to being the center of attention, that she could not bear to be so alone. She had been so used to being the center of attention, that she could not bear to be so alone.

to say that. She wished that she had been less unkind that day—wished that she had held him off a little longer at least—it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two.

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect and and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes.

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood surrounded by the creamy drippings of the window waiting for him.

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door.

Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning every thing, swallowing up every thing in its awful volume of sound. There was a terror in it unlike the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and gathering and growing louder every moment.

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself; she could only stand and listen to that awful, all-pervading roar.

She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded.

In a moment it was all over: the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious.

A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found her self floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters.

Near her she saw the great elm-tree that had stood before the house ever since she was a child. It must have been a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life.

With great, dark eyes dilated with horror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness, she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be? Drowned? O, God forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself.

She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time without knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night? It seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning! Her father—was he safe? O, heaven, that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called, "Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, screaming all her strength, and sending up a long, wailing cry over the wa-

the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her now.

She raised her voice again, and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man, clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head looked familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her.

"Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise? Thank God!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not: that he clung not loose his hold on the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her—always turned to her. Something had struck him and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was trickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the branches of the elm-tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, white arm was bare to the shoulder and bleeding from a cruel blow she had received—she did not realize the pain in her head where the tree had struck her—such things were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of—life—and death—if death should come.

A house came reeling down and struck the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out into the water. The horrible uncertainty seized him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealing look at her, one cry from her white lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed of praying before; crying aloud for help and pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface again—near her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer—he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding, to the tree firmly with one arm and touched him with her hand—caught him by his collar, and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last, with an almost superhuman strength, drew himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was no time for speech. The scene was more terrible than any of the living fables of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shrieking women clinging to them, and little children borne along upon them. Strong men were tossing like eggshells on the waters, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ridges of great barks that came crashing by. Now and then, some wild shriek or agonizing moan would come from the death-cries of a human being going down to eternal sleep under the roaring waters.

death; with one blow it sent the elm-tree spinning far ahead on the waters. Eloise and Richard were hurled into the air and fell together clinging to whatever they could find—a door, a fence—any thing to keep afloat. At last they climbed to the ridge-pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated, bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quite—tossing, plunging, flying with a speed that was terrible.

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for days unconscious. The shock had been too great—human endurance had been too sorely tried.

The physicians who dressed their wounds and the nurses who cared for them shook their heads gravely over the young strangers given so carelessly into their hands.

Richard woke to consciousness first, but lay with closed eyes, resting and trying to think why he was there and what had happened.

All at once he heard a voice he knew and loved. It was Eloise, delirious with fever. "Richard," she was saying, "I love you now, I loved you all the time, but I did not know it. Richard, did the horrible waters drown you? O, my darling!"

He opened his eyes and looked across the room toward the weak voice dying away into silence. What he saw was Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks—Eloise, pale and changed, but Eloise still, despite the streaks of silver in her dark hair, and the lines of pain on her white brow, left there by the shock of that fatal night.

Richard looking at her, moved her all the better for the touch of sorrow; they made her more dear to him; their mutual life was welded together there, and never more.

It was a very quiet ceremony that made the wife. It was no grand making and rejoicing; poverty were over, there was nothing to want were missing. Friends were good forever. Every day her wealth was there. She was penniless, but she was contented, knowing that had been her lot.

Nothing she had days was left for her to thank God, but to leave Richard to gether through their pathless by side by side.

Eloise was a good woman. What had been her life became good. What had been vain and foolish became useful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart enlarged and uplifted, made sweet and womanly and good.

It is a wonder that her father, tenderly stroking the dark hair with its streaks of silver, smiles and is thankful for her, rejoicing in her as the gift of the flood, which dislodged so many hearts—glad and proud that she is in his home and at his bedside.—Harriet F. Crocker, in N. Y. Ledger.

Of the will of an old man to be a good man, but she is not a good man.



Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods  
before you purchase elsewhere.



I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election to the office of Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,  
JOHN J. DEWE.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of December next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.  
Respectfully,  
S. L. BARN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. C. ARBOST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent the 4th Regulate District, composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,  
W. C. SN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate district composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next Year of Delegate's; subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to be a candidate.

Respectfully,  
I. B. HAZ.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 25th day August, 1890.

Respectfully,  
J. P. MAY.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas Co. at the election to be held Nov. 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,  
J. H. PATON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

Gentlemen and fellow citizens of the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: at the request of my friends in this county I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work better the condition of our people in the counties, and asking your support.

Truly Yours,  
A. B. SMITH.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for consideration of County Court, subject to Primary election. Your support is kindly solicited.

Yours Respectfully,  
(Geo. H. McClellan).

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,  
R. ELL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. M. J. deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in a case pending in said court, the real estate of said J. B. M. J. and the proceeds of the sale of said real estate are hereby sold to the highest bidder for cash, and the proceeds of the sale are to be paid to the creditors of said J. B. M. J. in full of their claims against said estate.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 1st day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. DEWE, Clerk of the Court.

—L. W. Herrell, Esq., of Frost, was in to see us Monday.

—D. G. Ruckman, Esq., of Mill Gap, Va., was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. W. McCormick, of Buckhannon was in the city Monday.

—Mr. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Everybody send us 15c, and take THE TIMES from now until after the election.

—Mr. Henry White, of Donthard's Creek has been on the sick list for some time.

—Mr. Andrew Campbell, father of Hon. A. N. Campbell, Judge of our circuit Court, died at his home near Pickaway, Monroe County on the 12th inst.

—We are requested to say that Rev. W. T. Price will preach the funeral sermon of Newton Barkley on next Sunday evening, 26th, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

—John Wannamaker is daily expected at Huntersville to look after the Post Office. There is some difficulty in keeping the Office supplied with deposits.

—Quite an enjoyable Sunday School picnic was held near the Sulphur Spring on Beaver Creek last Saturday, under the control of the Protestant Methodist Church.

—Mr. Henry Breidenfelder and wife and Miss Ada, of Cincinnati, were in town over Sunday. They were going to Traveler's Repose, where they spend several weeks every summer.

—Mr. Geo. H. McGlaughlin's announcement, appears this week for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. McGlaughlin is a whole soul man and believes in expending money where it is most needed and in an economical way.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. R. V. Hill, of Acadey, for Sheriff, and if elected, Mr. W. H. Cackley, of Danmore will be his deputy. These gentlemen are well known in our County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say they are very popular and will doubtless poll a strong vote.

—We are informed by one of our cattle men of Knapp's Creek that the Texas cattle fly, known as the "horn fly" has made its appearance there. It is a small black fly, a little smaller than the ordinary house fly, with long sharp wings and is very annoying to cattle. We would be glad if anyone acquainted with the habits of these insects would communicate with us, for the benefit of our cattle men.

—When we were furnished the names and grades of the teachers who attended the examination at this place a few weeks ago, by mistake a few names were left out, though not by any fault of ours, which we give below: Miss Alice Clark, grade No. 1, average per cent 90; Della Payne No. 2, 82; Mr. John Sydenstricker No. 1, 88.

—On Wednesday before the County Convention, which were held on July 28th, we received a communication from Dr. J. A. Larus, of Academy, announcing Capt. W. L. McNeel, a candidate for State Senate which, (as Wednesday is the day we go to press) came too late for publication, and before the next week's issue we were ordered to leave it out altogether. What we want to say, is, that it was far no worse whatever of ours that it was left out that Capt. McNeel as well as Dr. Larus, we believed them, as we do not are as good friends as we were in the County, both being pupils of Fair Haven, and we would not have thought of anything against the nomination or election of either.

published at the Lockridge ford, called "Driscoll," with D. B. McElwee, Esq., P. M.

—Dr. S. P. Patterson was called to Mountain Grove this week to see Wm. McCormick, Esq., who is quite sick.

—Candidates will please send in their orders for tickets for the primary election. We can print them cheaper than anybody else in the County or out of it.

—Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston is visiting his brother L. M. McClintic, Esq., at this place.

—The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is hah! If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alternative that can be found for old and young.

—Licenses to marry were issued last Saturday to Mr. Morgan Collins and Miss L. M. Grogg, near Green Bank, and Mr. Wm. Baxter and Miss Willson, of near Edray.

—Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

—The tale will soon be told. Next week the Convention to nominate a Congressman and State Senator will be held in Hinton; the primary for this County comes the 9th of September, and on September the 10th a candidate for the Legislature will be put in the field.

—The new road across the bottom at the lower end of Mr. Curry's place is nearing completion; but is useless until the bridge is built, unless some one establishes a ferry across the creek. This makes the second road built for the special benefit of the bridge, but still no bridge.

—From the present appearance it looks as though we wouldn't have any bridge across Knapp's creek at this place for some time to come. Mr. Dasonville, the abatement contractor, came on last week with a force of loads, and spent a day or two looking for stone. He found some, but concluded they were a little farther to haul than he expected, and if the Court didn't allow him extra pay, he would "throw up" the job, and sent him home. He is now working on the foundation of Attorney L. M. McClintic's house, where he will be pleased to meet the Court should it wish to come to his terms. Otherwise in. We would suggest, that, should the Court wish to re-let the contract, that bond be required when bid was received.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of transfers of real estate for the month of July:

- A deed from S. B. Moore and wife to Chas. Cook for land near Edray.
- From Chas. Cook and wife to Wm. M. Sharp, for land near Edray.
- From Otho W. Ruckman, Jr., W. W. Ruckman and Mattie E. Ruckman to M. F. Ruckman for their interests in 183 acres known as the Jas. W. Ruckman estate.
- From Alvin Clarke and wife and others to B. F. McClure for land on Droop Mountain.
- From L. W. Ruckman, and wife to H. A. Yeager for House and lot in Green Bank.

The Farmers Alliance is in a flourishing condition, having now 145 members.

W. C. Hall & Son, are running their store in the interest of the Alliance.

Blackberries are plentiful and the gatherers, are numerous.

The whistle of the steam thrasher which is being run by Wash Beverage and Son, is heard in this vicinity. Crops are making a fair yield.

Mrs. Geo. H. McGlaughlin showed us a fine redish, which measured 16 inches in circumference and weighed 6 1/2 lbs.

Miss Kittle Laklin is visiting friends in our town at present.

Our farmers are about done mowing hay. The hay crop is very good.

Lots of drummers have been in our town the past few days.

Madame rumor reports a wedding in our neighborhood in the near future.

Success to THE TIMES.

LOOKOUT.

Hillsboro Happenings.

The picnic, given a few days ago by the Sons of Temperance and the Band of Hope and which was also joined by the Methodist Sunday School, was a success. At ten o'clock the Band of Hope marched to the grove with bright banners waving in the air. They presented a pleasant sight to those already assembled in the grove. The organ at the Methodist church was taken out to the picnic grounds and the songs and recitations by the Band of Hope were very good indeed. At one o'clock the well filled baskets were opened, and a good dinner was enjoyed by all. In the afternoon Rev. C. Sydenstricker's speech on Temperance was excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moffett, who have been visiting relatives and friends here, will leave for their home in Nebraska, Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Thrasher and children, who have been been visiting relatives here, will leave for their home, Tuesday.

Messrs. S. J. Payne, J. H. Clarke and Lucy Sydenstricker, were off to Cranberry a day or two fishing. Mr. Alvin Barr joined them at Cranberry, and the party caught over four hundred trout. It is worth a trip to Cranberry to catch those delicious speckled beauties.

The question of the day, is, who will get the most blackberries. Wagons go out to Cranberry, every day and there is a demand in town for berries which can be supplied. Come on with your berries.

CECIL.

Marlinton Movements.

The recent rains have greatly improved the prospects of corn, buckwheat and fall pasture.

Quite a number of parties have been to Laurel Run and Elk in quest of blackberries. Knapp's creek and the Little Levels, sent representatives. Some would gather others would fill the "air rights." On their return with their rubby toothsome freight, there would be songs and jokes, notwithstanding torn clothes, scratched fingers and blackaches.

From the last announcement of the Flabbaroo Military school at Wayneboro, the writer learns that Mr. George A. Warwick, was one of the distinguished cadets. He received a certificate of distinction in commercial law, and was an officer in the cadet corps, so there is another Pocahontas student to be proud of.

Mr. Fred Wallace, of Mill Point, visited Marlinton this week. He won a valuable distinction year before last at Hampton Sydney, by being away one of the medals. He

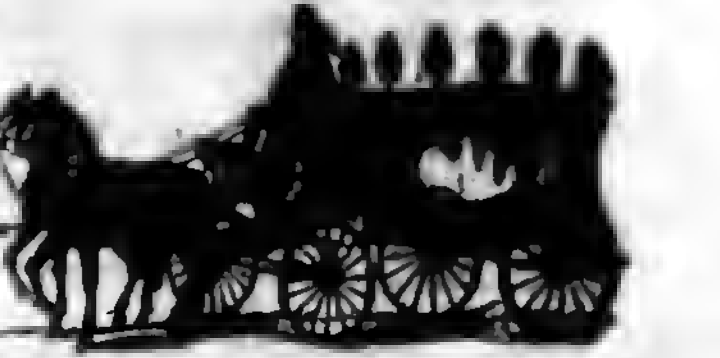
Texas, fellow students of Henry McGlaughlin, paid him a visit the same time. Mr. Arbuckle, has made a fine record in his college course, and will teach in Mississippi, the coming year.

It is reported that the vacant home of Richard Knapp, was burned a few weeks since, and the mystery deepens around the question "what has become of Knapp?"

Numbers of very fine fish, suckers, huss and catfish, have been noted floating down stream, either dead or dying. Have they had too much dynamite in theirs?

J. K. S.

A. R. SMITH, Academy, W. Va.



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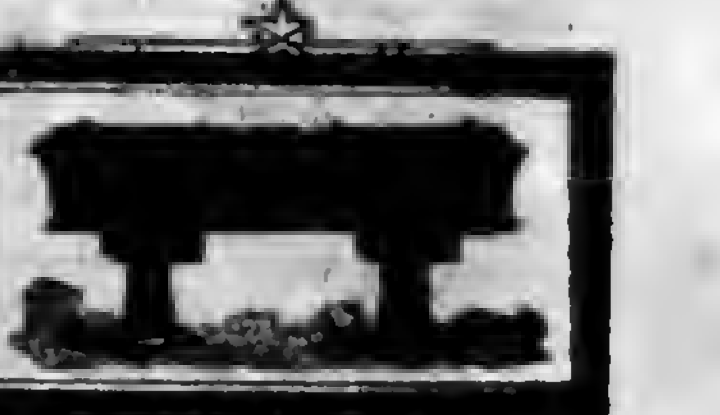
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In the county, go to

O. B. SWICKER, AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, Danmore, W. Va.

FERTILIZERS.

We call your attention to our brands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat: GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO'S PREPARATION FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.

Analysis. Ammonia, 1 to 3 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

Analysis. Bone Phosphate of Lime and Fish, 28 to 31 per cent. Available phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Analysis. Bone Phosphate of Lime, 28 to 29 per cent. Available phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR COWS.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S PURE GROUND BONE MEAL. Ground Bone is a prominent improver for land it is useless for so to recommend you it is ground by ourselves, and is free from all adulterations. We guarantee the purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Gypsum Plaster.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have far more call and get our cash paid than we will have to pay for them.



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**JOHN E. CAM BELL,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.  
**Huntersville, W. Va.**  
**September 4, 1890.**

### THE PRIMARY ELECTION.

The democratic Primary Election of Pocahontas County will be held on Tuesday, September 9th. On that day the polls will be open at the regular places of voting and at the regular hours from sunrise till sunset. We would like to impress on the people the importance of coming out and casting their votes. The object of the primary is to get the sense of the people, which cannot be had fully unless their wishes are expressed at the polls. Some persons are in the habit of remaining away from all conventions and primary elections and then complain of what is done.

If you are interested in the result it is your privilege and your duty to have a voice in the decision. Come out, one and all, and let this primary be an expression of the will of the people.

#### Mr. Alderson, the Nominee.

The Democratic Congressional Convention, for this District, met at Clinton on Tuesday, the 26th August, and was largely attended. Col. W. A. McCorkle, of Charles County, presided. There was no contest before the Convention, and everything passed off quietly and in perfect order. When the counties were being called for nominations and Kanawha County reached, Hon. Henry S. Walker arose and, in a neat and very appropriate speech, which was loudly applauded, withdrew the name of Gov. Wilson, and then a motion was made to nominate Mr. Alderson by acclamation, which was carried unanimously and the chairman declared him the nominee of the Convention.

Mr. Alderson and Gov. Wilson were called for and both responded in brief, but excellent speeches. Speeches were also made by Col. St. Clair, W. R. Thompson and others, after which the Convention adjourned.

Mr. Alderson having thus been fairly nominated, has a right to expect and should, of course, receive the hearty support of every Democrat in the District. This is no time for lukewarmness or indifference. The District is close, and to secure success it is necessary that we stand up bravely for our nominee and use our utmost efforts to secure his election. Let us remember that his fight is our fight and that if he be defeated it will be the defeat of the party in this District.

When we consider the record made by the Republican party in the present Congress; its forcible ejection of Democrats from seats to which the people had elected them; its arbitrary change of the rules of the House purely for partisan purposes; its waste of the public resources in pension, subsidies, &c., and its increase rather than decrease of tariff taxes, we are at a loss to see how any one, even a Republican, can hesitate when asked to cast his vote against this party.

Let us, then, rally, with our accord to the support of the candidate our party has given us, and let it not be said that there was one Democrat in the entire District who refused to vote for and to stand by our nominee.

Senator St. Clair

The Democratic Congressional Convention for this District met at Clinton on Tuesday, the 26th August, and was largely attended. Col. W. A. McCorkle, of Charles County, presided. There was no contest before the Convention, and everything passed off quietly and in perfect order. When the counties were being called for nominations and Kanawha County reached, Hon. Henry S. Walker arose and, in a neat and very appropriate speech, which was loudly applauded, withdrew the name of Gov. Wilson, and then a motion was made to nominate Mr. Alderson by acclamation, which was carried unanimously and the chairman declared him the nominee of the Convention.

question of the Pocahontas delegation to name its man and they would nominate him; but the Pocahontas delegation, it seems, could not agree. The friends of McNeel and Neoman were not willing that either should be withdrawn, so when the Convention met, Col. J. W. St. Clair of Fayette was put forward by W. R. Thompson, Esq., of Summers, and was unanimously nominated by acclamation.

The nomination is a strong one and will doubtless be heartily rallied by the party. Col. St. Clair deserves well of his party, for no man has worked harder for its success. He will make an active, vigorous canvass, and will be a power of strength to the party in the campaign this fall.

#### Nearly all Provided For.

It was thought that all the members of the Harrison tribe and their personal retainers were given good places at the public trough, but it seems that one has been overlooked for a long time. He is Mr. Curtis Miller, of Denhamville, Oneida county New York, the President's partner's brother. However, he was provided for the other day. He was appointed deputy collector of Internal Revenue at Utica, and his appointment was due principally to the fact that Mr. Curtis Miller is the brother of the President's law partner, William Henry Harrison Miller, whom the President appointed Attorney General.

The list of the Harrison family now drawing pay from the United States Treasury, by virtue of Benjamin Harrison's appointment, may thus be extended as follows:

1. The President's brother.
2. The President's brother-in-law.
3. The President's sister-in-law.
4. The President's father-in-law.
5. The President's son's father-in-law.
6. The President's wife's cousin.
7. The President's son's wife's cousin.
8. The President's nephew.
9. The President's daughter's brother-in-law.
10. The President's brother's son-in-law.
11. The President's wife's niece's husband.
12. The President's son's father-in-law's niece's husband.
13. The President's brother-in-law, number two.
14. The President's secretary's brother-in-law.
15. The President's partner's brother.

It is a pity that so imposing a family group must be preserved for posterity only in the inexpressive and hard lines of type. Such a gathering has never before been witnessed in our history and probably never will be again. The resources of the "art preservative" are unequal to this occasion, and the man with the camera should be called in. The family should be assembled at the Cape May gilt cottage and photographed and the picture labelled "Public Office is a Family Trust."—Register.

#### WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.—Blackguardism and paganism were the twinisms put upon exhibition in the House this week by the Republicans. More disgraceful scenes were never witnessed, and the active participants were all members of the republican party, which claims to represent all that is good and moral in the politics of the country—claim, mind you.

Representative Cannon, one of Speaker Reed's most subservient lackeys, began the trouble by assuming the authority to publicly reprimand a Republican party four members of the House by name, inasmuch as they did not weekly all in their seats in order to be counted in making up a quorum. Two of the members named were Republicans. The other two were Democrats. The House was

men whom Mr. Cannon wanted to reprimand, very naturally protested against any such proceeding. Mr. Vaux, the venerable successor to Mr. Randall, his gray locks fully bristling with indignation, said: "Have you a right to hope motives? That is not the preliminary power of the majority in this House until the empire comes." This was greeted with applause from the democrats.

There was more of the same sort, and it so angered Mr. Cannon that he completely lost his head and made use of language which no respectable newspaper can print. That fired up Mr. Mason, a republican opponent of the bill whose family were in the gallery, and going over to where Mr. Cannon was he roughly abused him in the choicest Chicago billingsgate; but he had the good taste to do it in a tone too low to be heard by the ladies in the galleries. Meanwhile the House was in a terrible up-roar.

The lie was passed between Representatives Mason, of Illinois, and Walker of Massachusetts, both republicans, and had it not been for the interference of members they would have engaged in fist-cuffs.

It would seem that nothing more disgraceful could occur; but the end was not yet. Representatives Wilson, of Washington, and Beckwith, of New Jersey, two more republicans, got into an altercation over the Cannon resolution, and Mr. Wilson called Mr. Beckwith a blankety blank liar, whereupon the Jerseyman disgraced himself and his constituents by applying the most disgraceful epithet in the English language to the Representative of the State which bears the honored name of the father of his country. The result was an immediate shuffling match which required the combined efforts of the Sergeant-at-Arms and a number of members to stop. These be the men who are asking the voters of the country to continue them in power.

The agreement to begin voting upon the tariff bill September 8th, has been unanimously ratified by the Senate. Senator Gorman says the bill will be sufficiently exposed by that time to show the people of the country what an outrage the republicans are foisting upon them. The sugar lobby is again gathering here in force in order to get in their work when the sugar clause of the bill is reached, which will probably be next week.

Senator Gorman is chuckling over a joke which he very innocently played upon the representatives of several enterprising newspapers several days ago. He entertained at his house a number of his Maryland friends and by the merest accident one of the correspondents saw the party enter the house. The result was that full particulars were sent off by telegraph of a caucus of democratic Senators. Mr. Gorman laughs heartily every time any one says anything about it. There has been no caucus of democratic Senators, nor is there any probability that there will be one. They are acting as a unit and there is no occasion to caucus.

My accident I have stumbled upon the republican programme by which the leaders of that party expect to hoodwink the voters once more. There is to be no further appropriation of money at this season than is absolutely necessary to keep the wheels of government moving. They will then go before the country posing as economists and ask the suffrages of the voters. If they can persuade Mr. Harrison to call an extra session to meet not later than November 10, or 15, it will be done; if not at the regular session which meets in December

intensions are being solicited from all parties interested in any of the hundreds of measures carrying liberal appropriations, now pending, and they are all promised that the bills shall be pushed through at the next session, and the statement is made that forty-three republican Senators have agreed to adopt a gag rule for the Senate in order to push these bills through the faster. By this means the leaders of the party hope to raise a corruption fund large enough to buy up the doubtful districts and retain control of the next house.

A desperate affray occurred at Cross Keys, Southampton county, Va., John Doyle and John Scott became involved in a quarrel, and the former grew so enraged that he procured a shotgun and discharged both barrels into the body of Scott, killing him almost instantly. Doyle was arrested and taken to the jail at Courtland. A woman was at the bottom of the quarrel.

Mr. John P. Allen, of the firm of Allen & Ginter, cigarette manufacturers, Richmond, died in that city on the 23d inst., in the 75th year of his age. He was a prominent, wealthy and useful citizen, and universally esteemed for his kindness, business integrity and broad views of public duty.

The body of a young woman, who is supposed to have been murdered, was found under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks on East river, Mercer county, a few days since, by a party of loggers. A black valise, well worn, filled with clothing and other articles and \$1.76 in cash was found with the body.

The most valuable metal in the world is said to be gallium, which is worth \$3,250 an ounce. Californians bring \$1,800 a pound and cerium \$1,920 per pound. Gold is worth \$240 a pound.

There is to be a Confederate reunion at Franklin, Pendleton county, Sept. 5, Senator Faulkner, Congressman W. L. Wilson and ex-Senator Camden are expected to be present and make addresses.

#### HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.  
MISS G. M. SHEARER,  
Principal.

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8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain.  
First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.  
We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.  
Quick sales and small profits is our motto.  
Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.  
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P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

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All brands of  
**LIQUORS,**  
At from \$1.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.  
Orders filled promptly.  
Also a full line of general merchandise.  
Call and examine our stock.

### WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE, REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Roncoverte, W. V.  
Those having lands of any description or sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

#### COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

**Of Valuable Lands.**  
Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of  
J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r.

J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,  
I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the premises near Traveler's Rest, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 46 acres; part of a tract 128 acres part of a tract of 509 acres, all adjoining each other and containing in the aggregate about 677 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

**TERMS OF SALE:**  
10 per cent of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 3, 6 and 9 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lien will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The aforesaid land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for \$1,400.

B. M. YEAGER, Sec'l Com'r.  
Sent 4-41. Priddy's fee \$10.00.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gurn, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gurn, dec'd, on SATURDAY, SE/ TEMBER 27th, 1890, the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 3 Hogs of Bay, about 50 Bushels Buckwheat and a small quantity of oats.  
Also all the land of which the said Sallie Gurn died seized and possessed with, all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

**TERMS OF SALE:**  
All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of \$5.00 or less; and for amounts above \$5.00 will be allowed 6 months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay \$500 cash and for the residue will be allowed 9, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.  
M. J. McNEEL, Adm'r &c. &c.



I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Very respectfully,  
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Very truly yours,  
E. H. MOORE.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
J. C. ARBOREAST.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
W. C. MANN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
L. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 34th Senatorial District.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
J. P. MOORE.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Very respectfully,  
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Truly Yours,  
C. B. SWICKER.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Very respectfully,  
Geo. H. McCLINTIC.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
R. H. HILL.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully,  
M. A. YOUNG.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

We are authorized to announce G. M. Kee, of Marlinton as a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court subject to the Primary. Mr. Kee is well known to have faithfully discharged any public services that has been his duty to perform and after much solicitation has agreed to accept the office should he be elected to it.

## HOME NEWS

—We failed to change the date this week on the first slide from August 28th, to Sept 4th, which mistake our readers will please look over this time.

—Mr. Geo. S. McNeil, of Acade my was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. E. Beard, of Mill Point, was in the city Monday.

—Several persons in town, Monday attending a justice's trial.

—Mr. L. W. Herold, and wife of Frost, were in town Tuesday.

—Mr. J. R. S. Sterrett, of Austin, Texas, was in town Tuesday.

—Daniel Brown, of Brownburg, Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—R. W. Hill, Esq., of Academy made us a pleasant call Tuesday.

—Mr. G. C. Cooper, of Green Bank was in town Tuesday.

—The new dwelling of Attorney McClintic is going up rapidly.

—Old Huntersville is improving slowly, but surely.

—Everybody come out at the Primary Election next Tuesday.

—When you come to the Primary election next Tuesday call and see me.

—Mr. Clarence Moore, of Charleston has been in our town for several days.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned Sunday from the Conventions at Hinton.

—Rev. Q. M. Campbell, of the Episcopalian church of St. Albans, preached an interesting sermon in the Methodist church at this place last Sunday night. He called to see us Monday.

—Cattle and sheep have been passing through for eastern markets lately. Mr. Withrow McClintic took a fine lot of sheep to Philadelphia, and Giles Sharp, Esq., cattle.

—The announcement of Mr. Geo. M. Kee, for Commissioner of the County Court, appears in this issue. Mr. Kee if elected will no doubt make an able and efficient Com'r.

—The Brushy Ridge Camp-meeting closed last Friday morning. This meeting was a success. There were about 20 conversions. The Association voted unanimously for another Camp-meeting next August.

—Read the announcement of Mr. Jas. W. Warwick elsewhere in THE TIMES this week for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. Warwick is well known in the County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say he is very popular, and if elected would no doubt make an excellent Commissioner.

—Mr. Jas. Hacker, Insurance agent, of Wheeling is spending a few days in our city, and is doing a most little business. Everybody should have their property insured, as we know not when it may be our misfortune to have our houses go down in ashes and without the wherewith to replace them, would be in a "bad fix."

—This week we announce Mr. Geo. P. Moore for re-election for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. Moore has held this office for the past several years, and has discharged the duties of said office with the greatest fidelity and efficiency.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

Geo. M. Kee, Esq., of Marlinton, called to see us Tuesday.

DIED.—At St. Albans, W. Va., Aug. 20th 1890, GEORGE A. beloved wife of Mr. Newton Board, aged 28 years. After a few months only of wedded life, she was called by the Master to her heavenly home, and died with her trust fixed firmly on Him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

## Dunmore Doing.

Fine weather.  
Frost done some damage to corn and tobacco, though the corn will be very good.

Our farmers are done thrashing. Wheat and oats fell short of an average crop.

Miss Alice McLaughlin of Bath Co., has been visiting here, also Mr. Henry McLaughlin, of Marlinton gave us a call.

Mr. E. H. Jackson and Mrs. O. M. Noel are on a visit to Rockingham Co., Va.

Mrs. C. F. and C. R. Swecker and Miss Lupton and Rev. J. H. Rexroad, all of Highland Co., Va., paid us a visit. Rev. Rexroad preached some very excellent sermons for us.

Rev. J. A. Taylor will preach at Glade Hill on Sunday 7th.

Miss Mollie Smith is home again from a visit to Kanpp's creek.

Capt. Smith is at home.

Mess. H. F. McElwee and H. A. Yeager have returned from Hinton Hiram for Alderson and St. Clair. They will get there all this time.

Huntersville is sure of a R. R. if the bridge is completed across Kanpp's creek so it can be handled over.

If we had good roads our County would be more prosperous.

Our Farmers Alliance will meet at Dunmore Saturday the 6th inst. Important business is to be transacted, and a full attendance is desired.

Slitting at N. roads on Sunday the 14th.

There is talk of a Sunday school picnic near Dunmore.

Let every body turn out at the Primary and select your man. We have good men in the field, and some one ought to be elected.

Miss Klitie Lukin spent Sunday at home and returned to Edray.

## TRAVELER.

### Extension of Time.

The time for receiving bids on the school houses heretofore advertised in THE TIMES to be located, one near the Lockridge ford and the other near Frost, has been extended until Sept 10th.

By order of Board

JAS. W. WARWICK, JR., Sec.

### Two Deaths in a Duel.

A desperate duel to the death took place at Rowland, Ky., the junction of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad with the Kentucky Central, at nine o'clock the other morning.

Robert Ferguson, a fireman on the Louisville and Nashville road was recently married to a pretty young woman, and "Boss" Humblin, another fireman, was reported to have told tales about her.

The trains of the two men met at Rowland. Ferguson walked up to Humblin and in an excited manner exclaimed: "You have been talking about my wife, so I understand."

"No I haven't," says Humblin, "and the man who says so tells a lie."

"I say so," replied Ferguson, and at the same instant both men drew pistols.

They fired almost simultaneously, and in less than fifteen seconds each man had fired four times. Both were killed and fell, their bodies almost touching as they dropped. The train men rushed to them, only to find both dead. Each had three holes in his body.

An eye witness said it was the gamest fight he ever saw. Neither man flinched nor uttered a sound after the shooting commenced.

### Actors Attacked by a Mob.

There was a very serious riot on the floating theatre at Ceredo, Wayne county. The audience drove the performers from the stage into the river, and there stoned them in a most inhuman manner. Several of the troupe as well as the citizens and police who went to the rescue were badly wounded. The "Sunny South," variety troupe were at the theatre, which had all along been disorderly, made an open attack on one of the performers. Two members of the company went to his aid, but were overpowered and terribly beaten. The whole troupe then went to the rescue, while the two police of the town deputized half a dozen citizens, and tried to quell the riot. The lights were put out, and police, citizens, performers, and audience became mixed up in a confusion.

The audience drove the police and performers back through the stage and all were crowded into the river, while crowds on the bank began to stone the half drowned and helpless wretches. Finally the police got ashore and began shooting into the crowd. Jim Fry was badly wounded. While this was going on the company got ashore, when they were again attacked, and four or five were knocked senseless with clubs or stones. Finally all were rescued by citizens but the company is badly used up.

### \$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A large boiler and machine works giving employment to eight hundred men is to be removed from Columbus, Ohio, to Illinois Vtate, Va., the contract having been signed.

### ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

All rules held for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerk's office of said Court on the first Monday in September, 1890.

James L. Sheets,

vs.

Wm. N. Moore.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendor's lien retained in a certain deed executed by Andrew C. Wooddell and others to Wm. N. Moore, and to subject the land therein conveyed to the payment of the unpaid purchase money due on said land. And it appearing, by affidavit, that diligence has been used on behalf of the plaintiff to ascertain in what County the defendant, Wm. N. Moore is, without effect, it is ordered that he appear here within one month from the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit.

Test: JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, sol.

Sept. 4-41. Printer's fee \$6.66

### COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 16th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause of Mary E. Piles, plaintiff, against George C. McLaughlin, defendant, the undersigned special commissioner in said suit will proceed to sell

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1890.

to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of said County a tract of about

170 ACRES OF LAND

situated in and over the village of Union Bank, adjoining lands of Geo. Kee and others and the land conveyed to George C. McLaughlin by

J. A. Moore and wife recorded at

Book 8, Page 14, No. 11-12

Clark's office of the County Court of said County.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months respectively from day of sale with interest thereon from said day, the purchaser to execute bonds with good personal security for deferred payments and the title to be retained as ultimate security for said payments.

H. S. RUCKER, Sec'y Com'r.

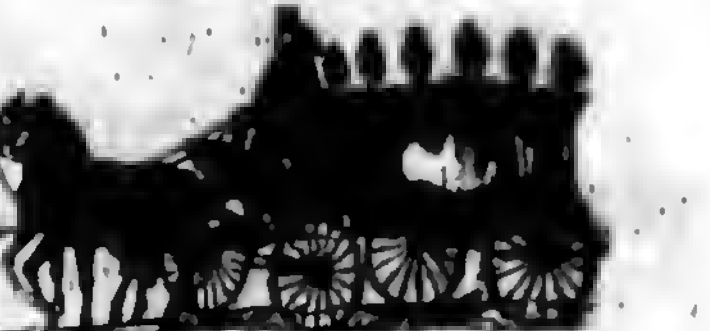
Bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk Cir. Ct.

Sept. 4-41. Printer's fee \$9.20

A. R. SMITH,

Academy, W. Va.



## UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

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Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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Address,

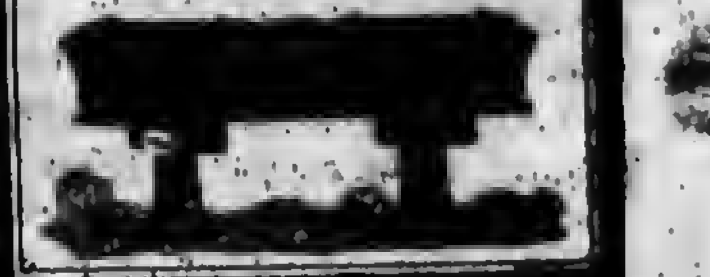
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C. B. SWICKER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND

CABINET MAKER.

Dunmore, W. Va.

## FERTILIZERS.

We call your attention to our

bands of Fertilizers now for sale

and ready to deliver for full wheat:

GREENRIE DRESSED MEAT CO'S

PREPARATION FOR WHEAT

AND GRASS.

CASH \$22.00 TIME \$25.00.

Analysis.

Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Availa-

ble Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per

cent. Potash, 1 to 2 per cent.

GREENRIE D. M. CO'S

DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLI-

NA BONE.

CASH \$17.50 TIME \$20.00.

Analysis.

Bone Phosphate of Lime and Flesh,

28 to 31 per cent. Available Phos-

phoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENRIE D. M. CO'S

ACID PHOSPHATE.

CASH \$15.00 TIME \$17.50.

Analysis.

Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25

per cent. Available Phosphoric

Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GREENRIE D. M. CO'S

FLESH BLOOD AND BONE,

FOR CORN.

GREENRIE D. M. CO'S

PURE BROWN BONE MEAL.

CASH \$10.00 TIME \$11.00.

Ground Bone is a permanent im-

prover for land it is useless for us

to recommend you. It is ground

by ourselves, and is free from all

adulterations. We guarantee the

purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kansas Salt,

Lime and Ohio Plaster.

We are determined to sell these

goods at the lowest possible mar-

ket, and will be glad to have far-

mors call and get our cash prices.

They will be as low as the lowest.

GREENRIE D. M. CO'S







## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
Clk of Cir & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'rs in Ch. C. E. Beard, S. D. Hannah, G. P. Moore.  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

### THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a long term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOPER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. I. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable and on pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Rooms well provided for. Charges reasonable.

G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

## Leaves From the Note Book OF AN OLD DETECTIVE.

"Murder will out," said Mr. Price Brindle as he lit a cigar and puffed at it vigorously, at the same time gazing keenly at me through the cloud of smoke he had raised.

"Do you think so?" I queried. "I know so," was his emphatic rejoinder. "There's no such thing as a man having committed a crime, escaping entirely. He may run scot free for a month or a year, but sooner or later he is bound to be found out. Now, in the case of old Mr. Jordan. One would hardly think to look for his murderer in his son in law, who seemed to love the old man as his own father."

"There seems to be no doubt of the young man's guilt?"

"Not the least. An incautious word gave him away, and he is now in prison waiting trial. I am sorry for his poor wife; but what could she expect marrying such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Yes. He was a reformed gambler if the truth has been told, and Madeline Jordan took her ducks to a poor market when she became the wife of Ferguson. I came over at her request, however, to see you Mr. Doering. The poor young thing seems all broken up over the affair, and I don't wonder."

"You think it necessary for a detective to look into this affair, Mr. Brindle?"

I regarded the junior partner of the firm of Jordan & Brindle questioningly.

"No, I don't think there's the least use," returned he. "I am of the opinion that Ferguson will confess, or at any rate can be made to do so, if the case is worked up properly. That may be worth your time, captain."

"I will come over," said I. "The inquest has not been held, I understand?"

"No. At my request it has been stayed till you looked into the affair. I saw that the murderer was put in a safe place, however, pending an examination."

Price Brindle rose to his feet and bowed himself out, leaving me to my reflections. He was a man of influence in the little city of Dorlington, a member of a lumber-dealing firm, that was supposed to be wealthy.

The sudden death of the senior member of the firm had startled the community, and when it was found that a murder had been committed, the wrath of Dorlington was deepened.

I had not been long located in the place, and was somewhat surprised at receiving a call from Mr. Brindle on the afternoon of the day of the murder. He explained that his partner had been found dead on the floor of his office adjoining his dwelling, with a knife in his heart. The old man's son in law had quarrelled with Jordan on the previous day, and had been heard to utter threats. Moreover, the knife, a cheap affair, with a long, wicked blade, belonged to young Ferguson and this fact, coupled with one that Ferguson had admitted quarrelling with Jordan, led to his being arrested for the murder.

After the departure of Price Brindle, I returned to the scene of the crime. I was admitted by Mrs. Ferguson, a bright, pretty woman of about thirty, whose face was

treaty in her brown eyes. I was touched at her grief, and promised to do what I could.

I entered the office, a small room, adjoining the one in which the real-estate dealer slept, he being a widower, his daughter acting as house-keeper. The body of the dead lay on a bed in a room off from the office.

Madeline did not accompany me to the place, but Mr. Brindle did.

"He was found right here," explained Brindle, pointing to the floor near a table, "where he had fallen out of his chair when the assassin plunged a knife to his heart."

I glanced keenly about, at the floor, the chair, and the immediate surroundings. Under the table was a cuspidore in which lay the stump of a half-burned cigar, and on the table sat a bottle of wine.

The land dealer had evidently been enjoying himself at the time he met his fate at the hand of an assassin.

From the office I passed into the bedroom and examined the dead. The knife wound was plain to be seen. I soon made an important discovery.

There was no blood on the clothing of the murdered man, and I had noticed none in the office. Surely this was a little singular.

As I passed back into the front room, I saw Price Brindle just removing the cuspidore from under the table.

"Leave that where it is," I said sharply.

"Eh! What sir?"

The gentleman seemed astonished.

"Leave that cuspidore where it is, Mr. Brindle," I said, "nothing must be disturbed till the inquest. You ought to know the custom in cases of this kind. Nothing must be disturbed in this room for the present."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Brindle apologetically. "I have assumed charge since my partner's death, and supposed it would be all right to clean up the room a little, but I realize that you are right, Mr. Doering. I see that you understand your business, and Madeline did right in suggesting you as the proper person to look into this affair."

We left the room in company. I interviewed the officer in charge, and then went to Mrs. Ferguson. "Have you made any discoveries?" she questioned at once.

"I think so," said I.

"Tell me—"

"Not yet. You must tell me all you know about this sad affair, Mrs. Ferguson."

I then began questioning the young wife closely. She admitted that her father and her husband had quarrelled. Mr. Jordan was a man of violent temper, and often had hot words with those of his employ.

On the previous evening the two, Jordan and Ferguson, had still a late hour, smoking and chatting in the office.

"Had they quarrelled last night?"

"None that I am aware of; in fact, I am sure the meeting was a pleasant one," assured the woman. "When Jack was leaving, a stranger called at the office and my husband left the two together."

"Indeed! Did you see the stranger?"

"Yes, I saw him go down the walk in the moonlight. I had a bad headache, and could not sleep, and was up tending to it. Jack

"Who discovered the tragedy?"

"One of the servants!"

"And then your husband was arrested?"

"Yes he was arrested. I think Mr. Brindle pointed him out to the officers."

"What sort of a man is this Brindle?"

"A gentleman, sir, but he is mistaken when he accuses Jack."

"Perhaps. Did the stranger, whom you saw leave the office at a late hour last night, resemble Mr. Brindle?"

"Not in the least. Jack says he had a heavy beard. Oh, no, sir, Mr. Brindle is a gentleman, and would not wrong anybody intentionally."

"Perhaps not."

I questioned her minutely about her father's relations with different men. She could give no information about her father's visitor; but requested me to see Jack, who had seen him in the full glare of the office lamp.

Once more I returned to the office and made it a point to secure two things, the cuspidore and the bottle of wine. I had a theory which I was determined to carry out immediately.

The bottle of wine and cuspidore I secreted in a paper, and carried them both to a chemist who was a personal friend. Leaving those with him, I turned my steps toward the city prison.

I found Jack Ferguson a young man of good address, and frank face, yet deeply distressed over his unfortunate position. He had little to offer save that he was innocent. The knife found in his employer's heart was his, but it had been stolen from him a long time before the tragic night. As to the stranger, he had never seen him before, and even Mr. Jordan seemed not to know him.

"He was very chatty, however, and offered cigars to both Mr. Jordan and myself."

"Did you accept one?"

"Yes."

"And smoked it?"

"No; I was just going out, and put the cigar in my pocket."

"Where is it now?"

"In my coat at home."

"Very good."

A little later I left him and repaired to the chemist.

"What luck, Will?"

"The wine is all right."

"And the cuspidore?"

"I'll tell you," and my friend bent forward and whispered a word in my ear.

"I thought so," I said with a start.

The chemist was curious, and I had to enlighten him as to my latest case. I had everything in readiness for the inquest, which was held the next morning. I made myself solid with the coroner at the outset, and had learned from Mrs. Ferguson her whole family history, and such other things as I deemed necessary.

The first witness called was young Ferguson, who gave an account of that last evening with his employer. Since the young man was under arrest, his testimony was taken with a degree of allowance on the part of the jury. He told of the coming of the stranger a man with an immense beard who professed to know Mr. Jordan, and who seemed a good natured fellow indeed, since he offered cigars at once. Next on the stand was Mail.

see that this had an influence on the jury.

I took it upon myself to ask a good many questions. The most important witness was yet to come, however, in the person of the murdered man's partner.

He was cool and collected enough when he took the witness stand. After the coroner had brought out the fact that it was Ferguson's knife found in the heart of the murdered man I took the witness.

"How long have you been in partnership with Mr. Jordan?"

My first question was one easily answered, which led to others of a preliminary nature.

"Now, Mr. Brindle, is it your opinion that your partner came to his death from the knife wound?"

"Of course. How else could it be?" said he quickly.

"We will get at that soon," I said. "Now, sir, if the knife caused Jordan's death, what became of the blood? I found none on the floor, nor any in or about the murdered man's clothing."

I regarded the witness keenly.

"He must have bled internally," was Brindle's reply.

"Would it be possible to stab a man to the heart and not draw a drop of blood to the outside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"But I know. It would be impossible," I said sharply.

"Well it may be. I cannot judge," returned the witness. "I am sure the knife was found in Mr. Jordan's heart, and, as it belongs to Jack Ferguson that is evidence to me that he is the murderer."

"Now don't jump at conclusions, Mr. Brindle. We do not care for your opinion in the case just now. You will simply answer questions put to you," I said curtly.

"I am ready to answer, sir."

"Very well, sir. An expert surgeon has held a post-mortem on the remains, and he asserts that Mr. Jordan was stabbed after life was extinct."

I bent and regarded Brindle keenly. I saw his face blanch, and believed he trembled.

"What is this to me?" he said finally.

"You will soon discover."

"I did not come here to be insulted."

The man was getting on his dignity, and it pleased me.

"You shall not be insulted," I said. "We only seek the truth, and so are sifting matters. Now, Mr. Brindle, tell the jury who the strange man was who visited Mr. Jordan on the night of the murder."

"I know nothing about him."

"Are you sure?"

"I am not in the habit of being doubted, Mr. Doering," snapped the witness angrily.

The man was losing his temper, a fact that pleased me not a little. I would soon have him at a good advantage.

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I beg to differ with you as regards this stranger. However, let him drop now. Do you recognize this?"

I suddenly presented a morocco cigar case to the gaze of the witness. He glanced a moment and then put out his hand.

"It is mine," he said.

"Exactly."

I now turned to the jury, and said,—

"Gentlemen, this cigar case was found in Price Brindle's pocket, the pocket of a coat worn on the night of the murder. It has been seen

## ICURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to say I cure a fever, and then have the fever return again, or say I cure a headache, and then have the headache return again.

FEVER, HEADACHE OR FALLING SICKNESS.

W. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

W. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

W. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

W. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.



# Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September 18, 1890.

## Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,  
JOHN D. ALDERSON,  
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,  
J. W. ST. CLAIR,  
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,  
DANIEL R. LUCAS,  
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,  
L. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,  
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,  
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court,  
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff,  
J. C. ARBOGAST.

The assessed valuation of all the railroads in West Virginia is \$17,293,768.

The earth is nearest the sun on the second day of each year, on which day she is only 90,822,000 miles from his solar majesty.

"Should every dog of every breed in America be killed tomorrow," says a St. Louis statistician, "the real loss to the country would not be \$100. On the contrary, the gain would be at least \$30,000,000 per year. Nations famed for their thrift and economy do not take to dogs."

## Mr. Johnson Declines.

The card of Mr. J. M. Johnson, Sr., declining the Republican nomination for the State Senate in this District, appears in today's paper, and makes a definite settlement of the matter. Mr. Johnson is not the sort of a man to allow himself to be made a tool of by the power-bill politicians.

It now looks as if Col. St. Clair will have a walk over, without republican opposition.—M. B. R. C. Watchman.

## How They Equalize.

The title of the Tariff bill now under discussion in the Senate is "to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes." How it equalizes duties a few citations will show.

On the ordinary cotton or flax yarn used by the iron millions of our people, who have more money than money, the duty is reduced from 30 to 40 per cent, whereas the same, which only does for a few millionaires, are reduced to 10 per cent.

The same is done with which Mr. Johnson's tariff bill over a millionaires, who have more money than money, are reduced to 10 per cent.

Black brilliantine, pays 92 1/2 per cent., while silks and satins are put at 68. The Sultan of Turkey makes his subjects pay only 18 per cent. on the brilliantine, but our Republican Congress charges 97 1/2 and then wants to gag the Democratic Senators who expose and inveigh against the wrong.

In times, the belle's gossamer bank-note is reduced to 35 per cent., but the farmer's brown drill, used for summer clothing, is sewed up from 35 to 63, and his crash towel from 35 to 70. Our friends will not even let him wipe the sweat from his brow short of 140 per cent. Is it strange that there is a Republican revolt at the West against this form of "equalization?"

Hon. John E. Kenna delivered a strong speech in the U. S. Senate on Monday August 31st, upon the McKinley tariff bill. Mr. Kenna's speech is pronounced one of the ablest that has been delivered on the tariff, and was listened to with marked attention. In closing he used the following:

"The laborer, forming the great mass of consumers, has been the first to tax and last to relieve. The tax on lawyers had doctors and merchants and bankers was repealed. But the tax on pilots and engineers was retained for years. The tax on deeds and bank checks was repealed. But the tax on hats and huts was retained at war rates. The tax on incomes was wiped from the face of the earth. But the coat and the shirt, the breeches and the blanket, the dress and the chink and the shawl, the plow and the spade, the pick and the shovel, the chisel and the plane, the plate that holds the hard earned meal and the fork that carries it to the hungry lip, the blanket that shields the wailing form and the sheet that shrouds it cold in death—go on—like Tennyson's brook—go on forever—levying silent tribute from the weary and heavy-laden that colossal fortunes may tower to the skies while man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11.—To see the justification in which the republicans are indulging over having re-elected Speaker Reed from a district where there was no organized democratic opposition, one would suppose that they had elected a majority of the next House and secured a mortgage on the Presidential chair for four years from March 4th, 1893. Let them remember that "the who laughs last laughs best."

The adulation which Mr. Reed is now receiving here from members of his party is absolutely sickening. He is naturally vain and self-conceited, but since his return he is worse than ever: he struts around with his head thrown back and his chest expanded looking exactly like a barnyard turkey gobbler among a lot of hen turkeys. He regards his re-election as not only an endorsement of his unspeakable record as Speaker, but also as an endorsement of his presidential aspirations, and the turning down of a certain gentleman who has for many years been supposed to carry the vote of the State of Maine around in his vest pocket—James G. Blaine. By the way, it is noticeable that among all the telegrams of congratulation received by Mr. Reed there was not a word from Mr. Blaine.

Representative Cooper proved that Lamm, the pension attorney, who endorsed Commissioner Kenna's report for \$12,000 the day after he had made a report that put more than \$200,000 in Lamm's pocket, had committed a felony more than twenty years ago in the

patent upon which the Refrigerator company of which Ramm is president and Representative Smelser, to whom has been delegated the task of electing Representative McKinley, is a large stockholder, was a worthless fraud before the republicans of the whitewashing committee got their heads together and decided not to investigate the private business affairs of Ramm. The majority of the committee may whitewash until doomsday, but it will not change the verdict of "guilty as indicted," which the unprejudiced public has found against the Commissioner of Pensions, and Mr. Harrison will retain him in office at the peril of his party. It is stated quietly by republicans that Mr. Harrison would have demanded the resignation of Ramm before this if the Congressional elections were not so near, and that after Ramm gets his coat of whitewash and the elections are over he will be compelled to resign.

Has Mr. Harrison the backbone to carry out the threat he made of vetoing the River and Harbor bill if the \$5,000,000 of Senate amendments were agreed to? We shall soon know the Senate amendments were agreed to, and the bill is now in his hands.

The democratic Senators like most members of the party believe in the principle of reciprocity and would be glad to see it extended to every country which buys our products or sells us theirs, but they want none of the so-called reciprocity which is contained in the Al-bich amendment to the tariff bill which puts it in the power of the President to close our ports against friendly nations whenever it may be his pleasure so to do, and that makes it possible for combinations of unscrupulous speculators to manipulate our tariff for their own benefit at the expense of the consumers.

That isn't the democratic idea of reciprocity, therefore it was not surprising that the solid democratic vote was cast against it. Two republicans—Messrs. Evans and Edmunds—also voted against it, and another republican—Senator Hoar—had the embarrassing effort to state in substance in his closing speech that he only supported it because he regarded it as make believe reciprocity. He told the truth; the object of the republicans in adopting the so-called reciprocity amendment is to catch votes for the party. They recognized the popularity of the idea and have attempted to take advantage of it.

The democrats of the House have this week been engaged in justifiable filibustering to prevent the smothering of two negro contestants whom the majority of the committee on Elections have unjustly decided were entitled to seats held by democrats. If the republicans will persist in their dirty political work let them keep a quorum of their own members present to do it.

Senator Gilson says the sugar schedule of the new tariff bill will rob the sugar planters of Louisiana of more than a million dollars a year, which will go into the pockets of the members of the sugar trust.

If the conference committee to which the tariff bill has now gone allows October 1, to remain as the date for the new tariff bill to go into effect, and it throws the country into a financial panic, as the bankers of New York say it will, owing to the unusual demand on the part of importers for money to get their imported goods out of the bonded warehouse before that date, the responsibility will be with the republican party. They have been warned, and if trouble ensues the people of the country will know where to place the blame for it.

The population of West Virginia is now about 775,000. In 1880 the

Rev. Sam. Jones commenced a series of sermons at Lynchburg, Va., last Saturday.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the case of Jannet Jody vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 24th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 50 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of W. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

## TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. J. Mc LINTIC, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Sept. 18-40.

Printer's fee \$3.88

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the case of William Gibbs vs. A. Yeager and others, I will on Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale of public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that certain tract of land containing 130 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager J. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and out-building upon it.

## TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. J. Mc LINTIC, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Sept. 18-40.

Printer's fee \$8.75

A. E. WHITE, E. S. LOVELACE, J. M. PUCK.

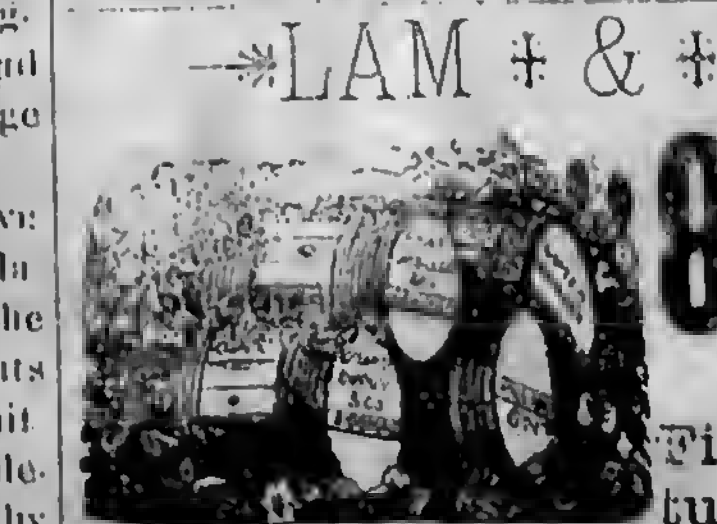
## WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

## REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Roadsboro, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

**LADIES**  
Needling a tonic, or children that want building up, should take  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
It is pleasant to take, cures Malacia, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.



## LAM & O'FARRELL

8 Miles east of Huntersville,

at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Ken-

tucky Bourbon and Va.

Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries,

Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this

side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. J. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, Va.

DEALERS IN

All brands of

**LIQUORS,**

At from \$2.00 to \$8.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

## Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

## TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land is ultimate security.

Geo. A. RIVERCOMB, Com'r.  
C. F. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Sept. 18-40

Printer's fee \$9.98

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

## Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1890, in the case of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r.

vs.

J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the premises near Traveler's Rest, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

All the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, Dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract 123 acres; part of a tract of 500 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the R. & O. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

## TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due on 1st, 15th and 27th months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lien will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The afore said land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for \$1,400.

B. M. YEAGER, Sec'l Com'r.

Sept 4-40.

Printer's fee \$10.96.

**FOR DYSPEPSIA**  
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.  
Physicians recommend it.  
All dealers keep it \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods











If program, now so fresh and fleet  
Rejoice, it's just as like as not  
We'll take our bottles and share and



## TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

CHAS. A. REVERCOMA,

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly paid.

JOHN J. BRAND, Clk.  
Printer's fee \$9.90

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

**Valuable Hotel Property.**  
Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1899 and the June term, 1890 in the "In re Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. Turk. Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others," I will, as Special commissioner appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on  
**MONDAY, Oct 29th 1899**

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable building's situate at Millington, in Calhoun County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiff. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

**TERMS OF SALE,**  
Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of suit and expenses of sale; the balance to be paid in cash or by note.

The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interest from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained in said property as ultimate security.

Special Com'r  
I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit  
court of Buchanan county, cert  
that the above commissioner has gi

JOHN J. BEARD, clk clk, at  
September 25-4w. printer's fee 210

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I shall have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopes have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOOM, M. D., 121 Pearl St.,

† O'FARRELL, ✱—

Miles east of Huntersville  
at the foot of the Allegheny

ny Mountain,  
—DERLENS IN—  
First class brands of Ke

ucky Bourbon and V  
andies, &c., also Groceri

**o and Cigars.**  
 s cheaper than can be purchased  
 e of Stamford.

small profits is our motto,  
 & guarantee satisfaction,  
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A. M. McCLINTIC &

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—DEALERS IN—

ALL BRANDS OF  
HOPS

**BOOKS,**

0 to \$3.50 per gallon.  
filled promptly.  
of general Merchandise.

For both Wet and Dry Co



14-00000







## TO THE "OPTIMISTS."

A white-winged hawk went slowly  
Away from the sunny sea,  
Within a sweet child's caroled  
At the wave's low melody.  
Twas but a fair-day's halloping,  
With pinks and all blue and light;  
And even the crestled billows  
Awoke in their reckless might.

In vain the anxious gazing  
From the silent, wood-flecked strand;  
The hat and ribbon's bray,  
On the foam-decked, glistening sand,  
Is all that tells the story  
Why the lamb-chained bay is now  
Empty, where in the morning  
Lay rocking the milk-white prow.

How often men, like children,  
Hail over life's sunny waves,  
Reckless thought of the dangers  
That have millions a thousand graves,  
Seeing only the sunshine  
On the sapphire sea asleep,  
Until their gilded shallop  
Are gulfed in the angry deep.

Better the watchful scanning  
Of an ever-changing sky;  
Better the careful furling  
Of sails when the storm is nigh.  
—Clara J. Denton, in the Household.

## ONE GOWN FOR TWO.

Mrs. Hawes had returned to her work of looking over old coats and trousers with a view to making them into rugs. She remarked to herself, and to the cat, that it "wasn't no manner of use to waste her breath calling when folks didn't want to hear."

She stood tearing off a strip from an old-time Sunday coat belonging to her husband, when the door opened quickly, and a girl about sixteen years old walked in with an air as if she had been running.

"Here I am, mother!" she said.

"What is it you want?"

Mrs. Hawes glanced up. "Twas Martha Jane I was calling," she said.

"I'm Martha Jane. O mother, when will you know me?"

The girl threw her head back and laughed. Mrs. Hawes dropped the coat-sleeve, gazed a moment, and then laughed, too, but with a vexed air.

"That comes of havin' twins to contend with," she remarked. "I thought by the way you broke into the room 'twas Jane Martha. She's liable to come through a door as if she had been shot out of a gun. Where've you both been?"

"Down 't the brook. The whul blow as I didn't hear you when you first called. Did you want anything particular?"

The girl tried to speak patiently, though she was longing to go back and resume making a swing between the two elder apple-trees.

"Miss Lawler's jest ben here," Mrs. Hawes announced.

"Oh, has she?"

Martha Jane clasped her hands as she put the question. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled with interest. Her mother partially ripped a sleeve before she spoke a word. Then she continued: "She's decided to have that music-party—mark, she calls it—next Wednesday evening. That German, Herr Rucke, brother or something, can come—mark, she expects. She said I'll see you girls. She said it would be a first—anything you'd ever heard."

Martha Jane from Boston's gown to me. I thought you'd like to know that. That's why I called, though I know I was harpin' a good time at the time."

Mrs. Jane turned and walked to the door. From there she asked, "You want to go?"

"Yes, yes, I'm afraid you'll have to go home," she said.

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cheese," suggested Mrs. Hawes, more to see what this daughter would say than for any other reason.

"I shouldn't wonder," was the response. "She's twice as good as I am, but she wants to hear that music as much as I do. She loves it just as well. No, it's her turn. She must go, and I must stay at home and envy her. It's horrid, horrid, to be so poor!"

The girl tried to keep the tears that rushed to her eyes from falling on her cheek. She saw her mother's lips tremble.

"I'll be good about it after a little," Martha Jane said, in no unsteady voice. "Only give me time to think it over and get the upper hand of myself."

She hurried out of the room, and up the steep stairs to the chamber under the roof which she shared with her sister. She sat down on the bed, crying out in a whisper, "I'd rather hear Miss Dalrymple sing than anything else in the world!"

Then justice compelled her to add, "So would Jenny, and it's her turn."

In ten minutes she came down the stairs. She opened the door and tried to speak with brave cheerfulness:

"All right, mother! I don't mean to be a mean wretch this time."

She ran at the top of her speed down to the brook, where her sister was now trying the new swing, dreamily "letting the old cat die" in the soft, sweet air.

Mrs. Hawes left her work and watched the young figure as it bounded along. They couldn't either of 'em mean wretches to save their lives," she said aloud, with a kind of sorrowful pride.

But Martha Jane had not yet fully got "the upper hand of herself." When she told Jane Martha of the invitation and said, "It's your turn, you know," she felt rather bitter. It seemed to her that her sister's turn always came to the best things.

There was silence for a moment. Then Jenny said, as if speaking to herself, "Only to think of hearing Miss Dalrymple sing!"

These twin girls were gifted not only with the musical temperament, but with rarely sweet singing voices. Not to be able to improve these gifts under competent instruction had been one of the great trials of their poverty.

Martha did not speak. She felt very hard and disagreeable. She recalled the resolves just made in the little chamber, but the recollection did not do her much good. She knew she was yielding to evil. She felt her eyes burn and soap.

The two girls sat in the broad seat of the swing, which barely moved. A red-shouldered blackbird came lute one of the apple-trees over them, and sang out his delicious melody. At the first note Jenny turned toward her sister. She knew instantly all that Martha was feeling. She had a moment's fight with herself; then she said:

"You shall take my turn, and I'll have the next two turns at our gown. That'll be fair, won't it?"

Martha had spoken truth when she said that Jenny was better than she was. She knew in her heart that she had often taken advantage of that self-sacrificing spirit, and she had many a "crying fit" of remorse because she had done so. Now she was tempted again, and almost ready to yield.

She shrugged up her shoulders violently. "No," she said, with emphasis, "it wouldn't be fair. You know as well as I do that this chance is worth all we may have in a year." She made a great effort, and added: "And I won't take your turn, so there!"

She kept bravely to her resolve all through the three days which followed. It was Jenny, the lucky one, who went about her work to a perturbed state of mind. She kept looking longingly at her sister.

It was only on the morning of the Wednesday that she appeared to cheer up. She had a private conversation with her mother, who, content with the result, said to her: "The music-party is all settled. It's to be on Wednesday evening, and Jenny and Martha are to sing. I'll be there, and I'll be sure to have a good time at the time."

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"It's Jane Martha," replied the girl, stepping into the cool hall.

When she was seated by the kitchen table, where Mrs. Hardy was rolling pie-crust, she hesitated and blushed a good deal before she really announced her errand. When she had done so, however, she went on easily enough, and laughed with the good-natured lady who listened to her.

"Mother finally told me I might," she said, "if you were entirely willing."

"Just as willing 's I can be," was the answer. "There'll be a great time at the Lawlers' to-night. Very select, too. Only musical people going. I suppose Miss Lawler thought you and Martha Jane are musical, and so you are."

When, at a quarter before eight that evening, Jane Martha timidly went up the path leading to the great Lawler house, she saw through the windows how brilliant the rooms looked, and how lovely were the flowers in them. She felt very small, but still very eager.

Miss Lawler herself, a tall lady in thin, shimmering silk, was coming through the hall when the servant let in the twin. She smiled on the shrinking child, and Jane Martha collected her wits.

The first thing the lady said was what everybody said when Martha or Jane was met alone. "Which is it?" and when the girl had told her, "I'm sorry you could not both come. I'll put you in a good place where you can see and hear."

Jane, in the pretty light-colored cashmere which belonged to her and her sister, was placed in a chair near the door where she could see the piano and every one who played or sang. She looked at the open door and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she gave herself up to enjoyment.

The German Herr, as she called him, played. She had not known that a piano could sound like that, but still she waited for the singer. She knew that the slender girl in white, who had at her throat a cluster of carnation pinks, must be the one.

Yes, it was she; and at last she sang. It was only in dreams that Jane had ever heard such tones, but she had dreamed of them often, and now it had all come true. The notes penetrated and thrilled Jane's heart until she could bear no more. She had unconsciously pressed her hands to her bosom, and as the last high notes soared in pure sweetness, Jane, still not knowing what she did, rose from her seat and leaned forward.

Miss Dalrymple, turning when her song was done, saw the figure and met the vivid glance of the eyes.

Hardly noticing the applause, she turned to her hostess and said, "That child can sing?"

Miss Lawler looked at Jane, who was now shrinking back.

"Indeed, she can. You shall hear her. She loves music so well, I think she will not even be afraid to sing now."

"Let me ask her."

The next moment Jane Martha felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up adoringly into Miss Dalrymple's face, and that lady felt that she had never given more pleasure.

"Will you sing for me?" she asked.

"Now!" whispered Jane.

"Presently. You shall stand close by me, and I will play for you. You shall sing what you please. Are you willing?"

"Oh, yes; for you!" answered the girl.

Miss Dalrymple smiled down upon her and took a small, cold hand in both her own.

So it happened that Jane's fresh, unsullied soprano voice, full of suggestions of power, was heard at Miss Lawler's musicals.

Miss Dalrymple listened in admiration. She rose from the piano and said, so that every one could hear, "I could not do nearly as well as that when I was of the age of this child. It would be a shame if such a talent should be lost."

Then there was the bustle of movement and commotion, and "the Herr" was going to play again.

Jane went back to her seat quite dazzled by what she had seen, and by what Miss Dalrymple had said. No one noticed her now, and she could think undisturbed.

It was not until nearly an hour later, after tea and coffee and her hostess had said "good night," that Miss Dalrymple remembered the girl. There she was in her room. She was sitting at her desk, and she was looking at her watch.

"I want to sing to you," she said, "I have a plan in my mind. I want to give you a sample of my song for the next few months. I shall sing to you every week, and I shall be sure to have a good time at the time."

She kept bravely to her resolve all through the three days which followed. It was Jenny, the lucky one, who went about her work to a perturbed state of mind. She kept looking longingly at her sister.

It was only on the morning of the Wednesday that she appeared to cheer up. She had a private conversation with her mother, who, content with the result, said to her: "The music-party is all settled. It's to be on Wednesday evening, and Jenny and Martha are to sing. I'll be there, and I'll be sure to have a good time at the time."

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"but since you want me to try, I must."

Miss Dalrymple was sorry for the child when she had placed her by the piano again. The small face was white and the lips almost stiff.

"Take heart," whispered the lady. "You did so well before. What shall it be?"

When, at last, the song was selected, Miss Dalrymple looked at her companion in surprise.

"Do you know in what key that is written?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But can you sing as low as that?"

"Oh, yes."

The other stood in amazement, with the sheet of music in her hand.

"I don't understand it," she said.

The girl gazed pleadingly at her, but was silent.

In a blind way the accompaniment was begun; but when an untutored but rich contralto voice commenced the song, there was a sudden discord among the keys of the piano, and Miss Dalrymple wheeled round and stared at the girl beside her, who trembled so that she could hardly stand.

There was entire silence among the people present.

"What does it mean?" cried Miss Dalrymple, looking about her in wonderment. "It cannot be possible that this child has two distinct singing voices, one very high and the other very low. She is a phenomenon."

Judge Lawler, in the door-way, began to chuckle audibly. He had seen a slight figure steal out and soon return, and now he thought he understood.

The girl, at whom everybody was looking, tried twice to speak before she could say a word. Then she burst out shrilly:

"Oh, if you please I am the other twin!"

"That explains," cried the Judge, and he began to roar with laughter. All the company joined in, and the "other twin" stood in the midst, blushing, and finally laughing, too.

"You are not the one who sang first?" she was asked.

"No, ma'am. That was my sister Jenny. It was my turn with the dress—"

Martha Jane stammered, then was silent, growing more painfully red than ever.

She had waited across the way at Mrs. Hardy's for her sister to leave the party. Then the two had changed frocks so that both should have a share of the music. This had been Jenny's little plot. In the hurry of changing she had not told that she had been obliged to sing.

"No matter about the dress now," said Miss Dalrymple, with ready tact. "Let us finish the song."

The distressed young face appealed to her deeply.

Afterward, sitting by the child, she heard why the twins were obliged to "take turns at everything else," as Martha Jane expressed it. "But," said the girl, "it did seem as if we could not both give up hearing you. It was Jenny who thought up the plan."

The next morning Miss Dalrymple returned to Boston. As she left the phaeton in which Miss Lawler had driven her to the station, she saw two girls in plain gingham gowns and broad hats hurrying down the road. They were the twins, and they brought two lavish bunches of roses, which they shyly offered.

It was Martha Jane who spoke for both. But all she was able to say was, "Miss Dalrymple, we could not help coming to see you off—and to thank you."

The slayer kissed each young face as she took the flowers. She thought she had never received homage so sweet as that she saw in their eyes.

The train was coming. "I shall remember the lessons I am to give you," she said.—*Youth's Companion.*

London Purple.

The powder known as London Purple is called a by-product, and is the result of the manufacture of nitric acid. It is a very fine, light-colored powder, and is used in the manufacture of explosives.

The powder is used in the manufacture of explosives, and is also used in the manufacture of fireworks. It is a very fine, light-colored powder, and is used in the manufacture of explosives.

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## SMITHY SONG.

When I am half-a-dreaming  
And only half asleep,  
When daylight's grayest gleaming  
Glas through the blinds to peep,  
Oh, then I hear the ringing  
Of the smithy hammers ringing,  
Ching ching, ching ching,  
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning  
From labor of the day,  
Their forges yet are burning,  
And still their hammers play,  
And oft the smiths are singing  
To that measured, merry ringing,  
Ching ching, ching ching,  
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending  
Of bodies to and fro,  
They toll in couples, sending  
The sparks out, blow on blow,  
One hammer always swinging  
The while the other's ringing,  
Ching ching, ching ching,  
Ching ching, ching ching.

Oh merry anvils sounding  
All day till set of sun!  
It is by steady pounding  
That noblest tasks are done,  
By sturdy blows and swinging,  
That keep the world a-ringing,  
Ching ching, ching ching,  
Ching ching, ching ching.

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

## PITH AND POINT.

The man who dies without glory will never have his ghost shiver at the sight of its statue adorned with a Roman toga and no eighteenth-century wig.—*Puck.*

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal?" Simeral—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after."—*Bicket.*

Dumley—"My doekin trousers are very much like the bills my tailor has sent in for them." Chunley—"Lo what regard?" Dumley—"Both need resenting."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice cream on his lap without toeing it.—*Minerva Gazette.*

Dr. Brown-Sequard has a paper in the August *Forum* entitled, "Have We Two Brains or One?" Some months ago the public was curious to know if the good doctor had one brain or none.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

An Economical Wife.—"I want an egg plant," said a young married woman to the grocer. "I'm sorry, but I haven't one in the store just now." "Well, I must get one somewhere and raise my own eggs, for I'm resolved not to pay such high prices for them."—*New York Sun.*

Post—"I don't see how you have the cheek to charge \$75 for that suit." Tailor—"My name is worth something, sir." Post (drawing his cheek)—"Well, I'll take it." Tailor—"But this cheek is for \$40 only." Post—"I know it—but my name is worth something."—*New York Sun.*

"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?" "Would a couple of dollars be too much?" suggested the brave rescuer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The sun has settled 'neath the hill,  
The dew has settled on the grass,  
The birds that circle o'er the mill  
All pause and settle ere they pass.  
The miser's settled at his till,  
The north has settled in the drama,  
And I alone, with that small bill,  
Am ever constant—still the same.

—Washington Post.

Warren's for America.

We are assured that a very good authority that the project of importing kauri-gum into this country is seriously contemplated by several authorities and wealthy persons at the west. The gum has been found in the forests of New Zealand and is a very valuable article for the manufacture of varnishes and other uses.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

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Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance, after 4 months \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 9, 1890.

### Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,  
**JOHN D. ALDERSON,**  
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District.

**J. W. ST. CLAIR,**  
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,  
**DANIEL B. LUCAS,**  
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,  
**I. B. MOORE,**

For County Commissioner,  
**G. M. KEE,**

For Clerk Circuit Court,  
**J. H. PATTERSON,**

For Clerk County Court,  
**S. L. BROWN,**

For Sheriff  
**J. C. ARBOGAST,**

The democrats ask nothing better to go before the people with than the record of the majority of the Fifty-first Congress. If the people can endure that record there is small hope for a continuation of the republic.

Shall the House of Representatives be a legislative body, as it will be if controlled by democrats, or shall it be the tool of one man and its duties be simply to record his will, as it is under Speaker Reed, and as it will continue to be as long as controlled by the republicans? These are questions for every intelligent voter to consider.

Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania iron baron, is so happy over the passage of the tariff bill, which he knows will put millions in his pockets at the expense of the "dear people," that he had to outbursts his mind to a New York republican paper of some of its superfluous details. It would have been in much better taste had he uttered some better words had he uttered some better words, by raising the wages of his workmen, of some of the money which the new law presents him with.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from the things of this world. If we could not extract happiness, if we were not permitted to be happy, it would be a happy world when our souls were in heaven, and our bodies in hell, or a better world when we were in hell, and our souls in heaven.

The democrats ask nothing better to go before the people with than the record of the majority of the Fifty-first Congress. If the people can endure that record there is small hope for a continuation of the republic.

passage of their bills, knowing the republicans of the Senate would prevent the bills ever becoming laws.

A bad wreck occurred early Sunday morning Sept. 28th, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Zanesville, Ohio, in which eight Railroad employees were killed and \$100,000 worth of property was damaged. Two freight trains collided.

A beet sugar history in Nebraska has started with good prospects of success, and if they prove to be what they seem, the new industry will open a new field for the farmers of that State. They need not then raise corn and use it as fuel, because the cost of shipping it to market is as much as it will bring.

Three thousand new enterprises have been established in the South during the last year.

### The New Sugar Trust.

Thrifty housewives will thank Congress for free brown sugar and a lower duty on refined sugar, and will hope for a continuance of that boon. It is a good thing too that the policy of encouraging home production by bounties instead of by tariff protection has been inaugurated. Under that system the taxpayer will see just how much he is paying to whom he is paying it.

It is pleasant to know that the Treasury printing presses at Washington have been set running on an order for \$9,000,000 in \$10 notes—something badly needed now in current business throughout the country. It will, of course, take some time to complete these, but they will be set about at once as soon as ready, and batches of \$5s and \$20s will then be printed. Meantime the big fellows—the \$1,000s, and \$5,000s and 10,000s—will continue to be of some use in paying Clearing House balances, if not otherwise.

A short wheat crop having raised the price of that cereal the republicans straightway claimed that the increase in price was due to republican legislation. This is the sort of argument the republicans are using to catch votes with. Somebody seems to have forgotten the universal laugh which greeted a statement made on the stump some years ago by that shining light of the republican party, John Sherman, of Ohio to the effect that the unusually good crops of that year were the results of a republican administration.

Representative McAdoo, of New Jersey, who has been defeated for a renomination, in answering some injudicious friends who tendered him a nomination as an independent candidate, used words which are commended to every democrat disposed for any reason, to be disabused. He said "I cannot entertain this proposition. I am a democrat and I can not afford to compromise my position on the great questions which divide the two political parties. I shall remain true to the principles of the democratic party." Remember that you cannot support an independent candidate and still truthfully claim to be true to the principles of the democratic party.

### NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of LAW & O'FARRELL is dissolved by mutual consent to take effect October 1st, 1890. We mutually request all persons indebted to us to come forward and settle their accounts as we wish to close our books by that time. The business heretofore conducted by LAW & O'FARRELL will be carried on at the same place. The party taking charge will make the proper closing charges and make the proper closing charges and make the proper closing charges.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
CHARLESTON, W. VA.  
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the first day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the vacancy in said office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [G. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING,  
Wm. J. OHLEY,  
Secretary of State.

### NOTICE.

Pursuant to an order of the County Court J. C. Price, Ashbury Dy-sard and S. B. Hannah, are appointed Commissioners to let to contract that part of Dunmore and Stony Bottom road known as the Snake Dam on Greenbrier river, on Oct. 18th at 10 n. m. Contractor to give bond and security. Specifications made known on day of letting. Com'rs reserving the privilege of rejecting any or all bids.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE  
CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOK-  
ING GLASSES AND THE FINEST  
TRIMMED



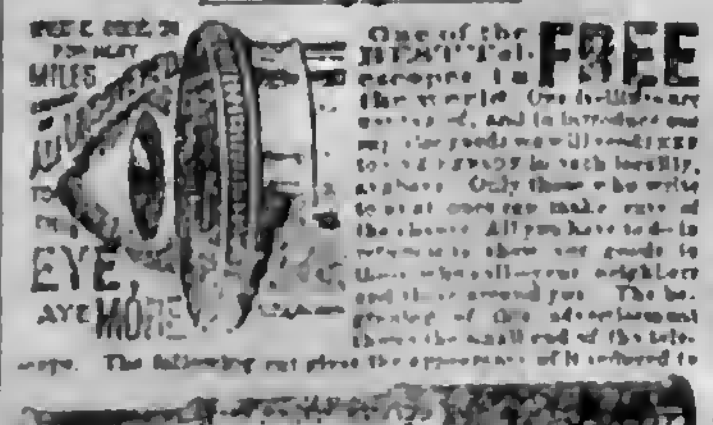
in the county, go to  
O. B. SWICKER,  
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND  
CABINET MAKER.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.  
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.



FREE  
One of the best eyes in the world. One who has been cured of eye trouble, and in introducing our eye medicine, we have made a great success. Only those who have been cured of eye trouble, and in introducing our eye medicine, we have made a great success. Only those who have been cured of eye trouble, and in introducing our eye medicine, we have made a great success.



OF KY. UNIVERSITY.  
Commercial College LEXINGTON, KY.  
Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.  
First Class and Gold Medal awarded to this college by the State of Kentucky, 1887. It is the only college in the State of Kentucky, and the only college in the United States, that has been awarded a Gold Medal by the State of Kentucky, and the only college in the United States, that has been awarded a Gold Medal by the State of Kentucky.

### AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE.

This is a new and improved sewing machine, and is the best in the world. It is the only sewing machine in the world that has been awarded a Gold Medal by the State of Kentucky, and the only sewing machine in the United States, that has been awarded a Gold Medal by the State of Kentucky.

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Jannet Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 20th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 35 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of M. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

### TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4. Printer's fee \$9.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. G. A. Yeager and others, I will on Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 120 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager, M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and out-building upon it.

### TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale. In Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4. Printer's fee \$8.75

A. E. WHITE, R. S. LOVELACE, J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Ronceverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

LADIES  
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take  
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.  
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

W. A. BLOOM, M. O. M. P. R. R. R. R.

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W. A. BLOOM, M. O. M. P. R. R. R. R.

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the case of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

### TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

Geo. A. REVERCOMB, Com'r

C. P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4. Printer's fee \$9.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the case of J. R. Apperson and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. B. Turk, Trustees vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, Oct. 20th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out-building, situate at Railton, in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

### TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interest from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. E. SCCLINTIC, Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of pocahontas county, certify that the above commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.

September 25-4w. Printer's fee \$10.28.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE LADIES:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. BLOOM, M. O. M. P. R. R. R.

LAM & O'FARRELL

8 Miles east of Huntersville,

at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va.

Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries,

Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS.

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods



## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Com. in Ch. (C. E. Beard, S. H. Hannah, D. P. Moore).  
S. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

### THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October. County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Wobster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. R. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Rooms well provided for. Charges reasonable.

G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

# ICURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the discovery of

FIVE, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.

A wonderful remedy. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so, I have now received a large supply of my REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing but a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. B. MOOT, M.D., 123 Palm St., New York.

## A SOLID STEEL FENCE!

Expanded Metal

## EXPANDED METAL

SOMETHING NEW

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partial bias.

Respectfully,  
H. B. SHARP.

### HOME NEWS

County Court Tuesday.

Several persons attended Court Tuesday.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, was in to see us last Friday.

The farmer's alliance met here last Friday.

How Chas. J. Funkner will speak in Huntersville Saturday.

Attorney C. F. Moore started Monday morning to the various booming towns of Va.

Don't forget to come to town Saturday and hear Senator Funkner speak.

The new expanded iron fence is finished around the Methodist Church lot.

Mr. John G. Beard, of Academy, called to see us last Friday, while in the city.

Mess. B. E. Folscher and R. B. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., were in town on the 2nd.

Dedication of the Methodist church South next Sunday 11 o'clock a. m.

Mrs. Maomle Dilley near Dilley's Mill has been quite ill for some time.

The new expanded iron fence around the Court House square is completed and adds greatly to its appearance.

The new dwelling house of Attorney L. M. McClintic under the supervision of contractor Albert Shurp is rapidly nearing completion.

The bridge which now spans Knapp's creek below the jail is being taken down to be removed to the new abutments a few hundred yards up the creek.

In a case of a Webster county justice one of the lawyers made fun of the other's grammar. The court at once arose and said: "Mr. P. If you are one of them what thinks grammar runs this court you're barking up the wrong tree. If I hear any more such remarks I fine you \$10."

Mess. G. R. Curry, and Wm. M. Burns, of Academy, C. B. Swecker, B. F. McElwee and Harry Moore of Dunmore; D. B. McElwee, and H. Lee White of Driskol, E. L. Beard, of Loenst and M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point, were in the city last Friday.

The following gentlemen were in attendance at County Court Tuesday: Messrs. A. M. Barlow and Geo. P. Moore, of Edray; J. C. Price, of Clover Lick; Matthew Wallace, C. E. Beard, M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point; Jno. A. McNeel, of Sunset; C. L. Austin and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank; A. K. Dysard, and Jno. A. Geiger, of Driftwood; A. M. McLaughlin, of Marlinton and H. H. McClintic at Barboye.

Matrimony is getting to be quite popular now among the colored people here. Last evening when Edna Carter witnessed the same hitching together of Rachel Dickson and his son Bill, he said to the preacher "If I'd a know'd you wuz here I'd a brought down 'Jury' and my sister 'Liza.' They's gwine to get married too soon."

The 3rd Quarterly meeting for Huntersville Circuit M. E. C. S. will be held at Mill Point Sunday and Monday 12th and 13th. After preaching at Mill Point, the fire engine will be taken to the meeting of the 1st Ward. Again.

Preaching Monday morning 11 o'clock after which the Quarterly Conference will be held.

The village camp will commence at this place in the Methodist church tonight. Preaching to-night by Rev. C. Sydenstricker of Academy and to-morrow at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. W. H. Bullen-gee, of Green Bank.

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unwillingness for everything, and a man must either fill his time with good or at least innocent idleness, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

The celebrated Parisian chemist, Mark Avalon carried the science of chemistry to such an extent, that enveloped in a cloud of fumigations rising from chemicals mixed by his own hand, is said to have transformed from the polished gentleman that he was into a snuggle fanged, bleary eyed, bloody knif red bloused demon. It was his art. This does not explain how the proprietor of the C. F. Moore law office, full bearded and waxing as he appeared to be somewhat into middle life, shut himself up and again appeared ten or twenty years younger—a strange youth almost unknown. Did he unsleep as long as Rip Van Winkle slept? Did he dip in the fountain of perpetual youth? No, it was a razor.

Big Springs Items.

The lumbermen parade which left Big Spring and Mingo on the 17th Sept. consisted of thirty-three teams which hauled 38,000 feet of fine cherry lumber. F. W. Brown offered a prize of \$5.00 to the four horse team that hauled the largest load and \$3.00 to the two horse team. He also gave a free dinner. The largest load hauled by the four horse team weighed 8,800 pounds, 21,000 feet. The two horse load weighed 5,100 lbs. Mr. Brown has been shipping about 30,000 feet every week for several weeks.

One immense cherry log cut on Col. Gatewood's place fourteen feet long contained 1,400 feet of lumber. Mr. Uriah Bird hauled 50,000 feet of merchantable lumber from this place last week, all cherry.

Col. Gatewood and wife are visiting Mrs. Gatewood's father, Judge J. W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va.

A fatal accident happened to Mr. Henry Thomas near here Friday evening, Sept. 26th while out logging. Just as they were quitting work, that evening there was one log off that Mr. Thomas thought he would put into the stream. He stuck his cut hook into the log and started it down, he running with it, the log was going very fast and struck a small stump with great force, throwing him violently against the handle of the cut hook which struck him in the stomach. He was carried to the house, and all that medical aid could do was done but without avail. He died at 12 o'clock Saturday night.

WILSON.

Sad Result of a Fist-Fight.

On Thursday evening last, W. T. Tallafiero, a student at the Virgin Military Institute, at Lexington, from (Hampster county, Va., aged about sixteen years, and Frank W. McCouico, of Texas, aged about twenty, concluded to settle a difference between them about drill duty by a regular fist fight. Each chose his friends and they repaired to a room on the premises to do business the difficulty by an old fashioned set to. They fought off ten rounds and both were so sorely punished—youth Tallafiero the most. He was taken to his room, and after being washed and put to bed, went to sleep, from which he never awoke. McCouico was pronounced dead from the effects of the blow.

received in the fight, and was overcome with grief when he learned of the death of his antagonist.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of September:

A deed from Jno. T. Wooddell Alice Wooddell, Andrew C. Wooddell and Francis Wooddell to H. A. Yeager for land on west side of the Alleghany mountain.

From Andrew O'Bryan and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, of Charleston 140 acres of land on Monday Lick run on Buckley Mt.

From H. F. Clark and wife and John Keltison and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, for 685 acres, on east side of Greenbrier river.

From Jos. Cline and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From J. B. Piles and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From B. H. Wagh and wife to M. M. J. Childers and heirs for land in Little Levels.

From Geo. A. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land in Buckley mountain.

From Andrew McLaughlin and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Wm. L. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to W. H. McClintic for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to A. F. Rice, of Wheeling for land on Buckley mountain.

From G. C. McLaughlin to H. A. Yeager for land near Green Bank.

From Jas. Cooper and wife of Baltimore to Sam'l Cooper for a one half interest in land on west side of Greenbrier river adjoining the lands of Uriah Hevener and others.

From Sam'l Cooper and wife to the St. Lawrence Boom & Mill Co. for land on Greenbrier river.

From Otho Gunn and wife to Mary A. Wade for land on Anthony's creek.

From Mary A. Wade and husband to Margaret Ann Wade for land on Anthony's creek.

A bold and successful train robbery occurred, on the Cincinnati Sandusky and Cleveland railroad on the 2nd inst. The robbers secured about \$1,000.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

## SMITH'S BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 Little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per bottle.

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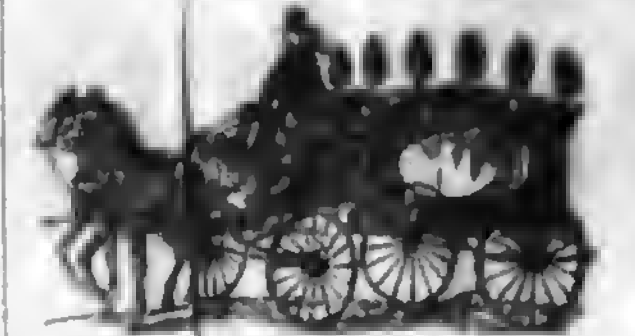
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Advice to Mothers.  
Mrs. Wagon's Sore Throat Remedy should always be used by children as a cough lozenge. It soothes the inflamed throat, relieves the lungs, and keeps the child from catching cold. It is very pleasant to taste, and mothers can give it with confidence. It relieves the throat, and is the best remedy for all ailments of the throat arising from colds or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

J. R. SMITH,  
Academy, W. Va.



## UNERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Collins upony short notice and reasonable fees.

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Patents, Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fee.

Our office Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we secure patent in less time than elsewhere from Washington.

Send model drawing or photo., with description, and advice if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is issued.

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A. SNOW & CO.,  
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

## SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1050 acre part of an undivided tract of 2112 ac lying on the head waters of Thorpe Creek, forfeited in the name of Ben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acre part of said undivided tract of 2112 ac, forfeited in the name of James Innes.

3rd. 107 acre part of said undivided tract of 2112 ac forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grim.

4. A tract of acres lying on the waters of Sittlings Creek, adjoining the lands of Hay Nottingham and others for forfeited the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime-Stone Run, adjoining the lands of A. A. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Lay and others.

The 80 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them trunks of Iron Ore.

JONAS WARWICK,  
Com. of School Lands.

Sept 18 91. Printer's fee \$9.74

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

## Real Estate in Pocahontas County.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 14th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause herein, pending, in which John McLaughlin is plaintiff and Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, are defendants, I will, a special Commissioner at the Court House of Pocahontas County, on Thursday October 16th, 1890 proceed to sell the interest of Pendleton McCoy (being an undivided one half thereof) in a tract of land containing about 1020 acres more or less, situate in the county of Pocahontas, and State of West Va., of the Rich Mountain and both sides of Greenbrier River about 8 miles north of Traveler's Rest.

This tract of land contains a large quantity of valuable timber, most of which is accessible to the Greenbrier River, the land is valuable for grazing purposes, a portion of it is improved and has on it a comfortable dwelling house and some outbuildings.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money cash in hand at day of sale, the residue in three equal annual payments from day of sale, with interest thereon to give bond with good sureties to secure the deferred payments and the title to the land not to be retained until the latter part of the Court.

A. K. B. Special Commissioner.

The Commissioner of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the Court House of said County, on Thursday, September 18, 1891, has approved of the sale of the above described land.

Clark Circuit Court, Sept. 18 91.

## WEST VIRGINIA

The Up...

Leads...

For Men Only!

FOR MEN ONLY!







## NO. 13.

The youthful king of Spain today recently was served for lunch with the breast of a chicken cut in small pieces. He at once began to help himself without the aid of either a spoon or fork. "Yes," said his attendant, "it is a custom to eat with the fingers."



*[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]*

[illegible]

1.  $\mathcal{H} = \{H_1, H_2, \dots, H_n\}$  is a family of  $n$  half-spaces in  $\mathbb{R}^d$ .  
 2.  $\mathcal{H}$  is linearly separable, i.e., there exists a hyperplane that separates all half-spaces.  
 3.  $\mathcal{H}$  is in general position, i.e., no  $d+1$  half-spaces have a common intersection point.  
 4.  $\mathcal{H}$  is maximal, i.e., no half-space can be added to  $\mathcal{H}$  without violating the previous conditions.

1. *Staphylococcus aureus*







Copyright, 1890.

*A departure*  
from ordinary methods has long  
been adopted by the makers of Dr.  
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.  
They know what it can do—and  
they *guarantee* it. Your money  
is promptly returned, if it fails to  
benefit or cure in all diseases arising  
from torpid liver or impure blood.

No better terms could be asked for. No better remedy can be had. Nothing else that claims to be a blood-purifier is sold in this way—because nothing else is like the “G. M. D.”

So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to *warrant* its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, *on trial!*

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thiock Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

# DIGGING

Wells for water by the old Pick and Shovel method will answer very well where you are satisfied with small pay and great risk to life and health, and where your employer is satisfied to ore water from a "dry well," which is nothing at the best but a receptacle for filth, such as loads, bugs and worms and seepings from outhouses and cesspools. If you will send two stamps

# FOR

Our catalogues, fully describing our famous Machinery for Boring and Drilling Wells by the latest, safest and most approved methods, we will mail them to you, and you can see what we have to say about this certain and easy way of making

# MONEY

**MONEY**

More rapidly than you make it in any other business with few losses the capital invested. At the same time the Wells you make will furnish nothing but pure water, all surface seepings, being shut out permanently.

This advertisement will appear but once! Cut out and preserve our address.

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**PENSION ATTORNEYS**  
of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. **NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.**

**WARRANTED MANUAL** from Margin operations. \$30 upward. Options \$10 to \$150. Correspondence invited. **C. J. LEWIS & CO.,** 62 Broadway, N. Y.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE**  
**NEAT IN THE WORLD**  
— Get the Genuine. — Sold Everywhere.

**BNU 39**

**Headache**

**Head**

**CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE**  
**COLD IN HEAD**  
**HAYFEVER**  
**BRONCHITIS**

**INSTANTLY.**  
from St., New York. Price 60 cts.

**Chickens.**

a man who devoted 15 years of his life to conducting a poultry yard as a business, and so a pro-  
fession. As the living of his-  
tory and family depended  
on it, he gave the subject  
such attention, as only a  
bird of broad and com-  
mon sense and the great  
grand success, after he had  
tried much money and  
hundreds of various things,  
was a surprising thing. What  
he learned in all these years  
is embodied in this book,  
which we send postpaid for  
25 cents in stamps. It  
teaches you how to select  
and raise chickens, how to  
feed the birds and how to  
sell them, and it shows  
you the best way to prepare



THE BELL. Editor and Proprietor.

# RURAL TRAP.

THE BELL. Editor and Proprietor.

"He no born in these countree! I see no bone like heem in Arizona, nevere. But, senor," with a glance at his own sharp-toothed, snarling beast, "there is one verra specialista Mexicana bone. I ride heem verra hard, and see!"

He touched the animal lightly with his spur, lifted the hand with which he held the reins, and leaned forward. The horse sprang instantly into a furious lunge, as if he had but just been saddled for the first time. The Mexican wheeled him gracefully in a long circle through the cactus plants, and drew him in again on his haunches by my side.

"Ah, senor, he is the one heem of one merition! He go and go and go, and nevere stop. He drink only the one time a day, and he eat, ah, so little! In one year he no eat so much as a burro. But perhaps the senor," and here his face wore a most persuasive smile, "will like to exchange! The senor will gif to me these heem, and I will gif to heem my magnifico Chiluhua."

"No, I do not wish to trade horses at all," I said, with less cordiality than before, as I began to feel decidedly uneasy in the presence of this smiling foreigner.

"No?" he said, in a tone of regret. Then, after a moment, his face lighting up, he added: "Ah, but the senor has nevere tried heem! He does not know Chiluhua. If he try heem only the once, he see that I tell heem the truth."

He threw himself to the ground and came toward me, smiling. I now saw his plan. He was a desperate man, probably flying to Mexico to escape the consequences of some crime. My horse had attracted him at first sight. Either he needed it to help him on his journey, or thought he might sell it for a good sum across the border.

It seemed to me an excellent plan to go at once without losing any more time in useless conversation. I turned quickly in the saddle, murmured a somewhat unnecessary "Good-by," and spurred Montezuma toward home.

The horse was fresh, and started away in good shape; but in an instant the Mexican had sprung into his saddle, and was after me. There was now no doubt as to his intentions. As I looked back I saw that his face had lost its smile, and taken on a cruel, evil look. He dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang into the same furious gallop that I had seen before.

My heart sank as I realized that it was perhaps a race of life and death. The defects of my horse came to my mind with startling distinctness. How gladly would I have exchanged him for the boniest cow pony in the country! The Mexican's horse was not gaining on us now, for Montezuma was fresh; but could he outrun that relentless pursuer on a five mile stretch?

Then what if Montezuma should stumble and throw me to the ground head foremost! At the thought of this I turned again to the front. I could not afford to watch my pursuer. I must keep a clear lookout ahead. If I could only guide my horse safely around every hole and stone, and across every wash, perhaps we could get well away from the unwelcome behind us.

At this moment something struck me a terrific blow in the back of the head. I thought I had been shot, and turned slowly to look at my pursuer. The end of a heavy, iron lance was just slipping off the animal behind me, and the Mexican, with an evil grin, was ready to throw again. It had been that my horse was galloping, and across every wash, perhaps we could get well away from the unwelcome behind us.

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something grim in it at this time. Again, with that horrible politeness, he said:

"Ah, the senor is too quick—be no wait to say adios! But the horse, he is as I say, he is verra fast. Will the senor no try my horse now! Si, si, I think he will like try Chiluhua now. He's heem is mucha tired, he like little rest!"

In the same graceful way as before he threw himself to the ground, and instantly caught Montezuma by the bridle. I was entirely unarmed. I had no doubt that the Mexican was well armed and quite ready to kill me if I attacked him. I dismounted slowly, with bad grace. To my surprise, the Mexican handed me the bridle of his horse with a bow.

"Now, you shall try my Chiluhua! There is no more better in these countree. You will so say, eef you will try heem only."

But I had no heart to mount. I had little doubt that the beast which was now leering at me with a vicious eye would back me off at the first jump. The Mexican waited a moment out of sheer courtesy, then mounted Montezuma and started gracefully off. He did not push him to his utmost at first, but went down the road carefully, as if trying him. Then he turned and came back at a somewhat better pace.

I stood like a dummy, holding the bridle of his horse, and watching him. His riding was a magnificent exhibition, but I was not in a condition to admire it.

As if satisfied with the powers of Montezuma, he turned again and came down past me at full speed. As he passed, he shouted a few words in Spanish to his horse. The beast jerked back from me, struck at me with his forefeet, and was after his master in an instant.

The Mexican had turned in the saddle and was watching us with interest. As his horse broke away from me, a smile spread over the man's face which was more than a smile of politeness, and he raised his hat in a sweeping bow of derision.

I stood there as if paralyzed, on Lone-some Valley Desert, fifteen miles from home, and watched the villain ride my horse toward Mexico.

But the Mexican cared not much for theatrical display. His people are the most perfect riders in the world, and my enemy was no exception to the rule. But he made a mistake in assuming that all horses are as sure-footed as he was secure in his seat. This is true of Mexican ponies, the only ones he had ever ridden, but it was not true of Montezuma.

As the Mexican spurred him deep, still looking back over his shoulder at me, Montezuma came to a gully or wash. There are thousands of them across every road and trail in the Southwest. This one was not more than three feet deep and five feet across. A native horse would have jumped it or leaped into it safely, even if it were six feet deep. But Montezuma, as he came to the wash, made no effort to jump over, but plunged in with his forefeet set together.

As he struck the bottom, which was of rock loosely covered with sand, his knees doubled under him like straws. The best rider in the world would not have kept his seat. The Mexican, still gazing back at his own horse, went off as if hurled from a catapult.

Montezuma jumped up, shook himself and limped slowly away. I dismounted and ran forward. The Mexican did not rise, and I guess he was dead or stunned. As I drew nearer, however, I could see that he was not dead, but very much alive. He lay on his back with his right arm stretched out over his head, and was writhing to and fro, as if in great pain.

The man certainly was in a serious predicament. When Montezuma stumbled, he had been thrown straight upon a large black-bell-shaped low cylindrical vase, completely covered with long, rearing, sharp-pointed bony spines, of deadly sharpness and most tremendous strength. They resembled enormous bone fish-bones in everything but the look.

If the Mexican had struck this cactus-bell first, he would have been killed outright. As it was, his right arm had been thrust out, and the long curving spines, and they had struck upon his arm and hand, leaving them in a grip of

useless. His arm was sprained as well as gashed in a dozen places by the cruel hooks. He painfully removed these, and bound his arm in a bandanna that he took from his pocket.

I motioned to him to walk ahead of me, toward the ranch. We made a slow and sorry procession; the furious Mexican in front, Montezuma limping painfully, and myself behind, the other horse following at some distance. But a sense of triumph sustained me through the long journey.

At the ranch we dressed the villain's arm, set a guard over him and sent for the Sheriff. He came, identified him as a daring horse-thief, wanted for several offenses in the northern part of the territory, and relieved us of his company. —*Youth's Companion.*

**Congressmen Juko With a Galde.**

There are not many Irishmen in this Congress. Three of the best known sons of Erin are Lawler, McAdoo and Quinn. This trio walked to the capitol at Washington together the other morning, and at the door of the rotunda were met by a new guide who wanted to show them the sights of the building. The three consented, and were taken to statutory hall to hear the echoes. "Now you stand right here," said the guide, placing the trio on the well-known stones. "I will move back fifty-five feet and whisper to you, and you will hear my voice as if I were by your side. All this was done, and the guide whispered, then spoke, and finally shouted, 'It not a word did either of the trio hear. Thinking that possibly he had made a mistake and put his victims on the wrong stones, he moved them over against the wall and said to them: "This is the whispering gallery. You stand here and I will go across the room and whisper against the wall. You will hear me as if I were at your ear." Again the guide whispered, but met with no response. Then he gradually raised his voice to a shout, but the trio of Congressmen kept their ears against the wall and made no sign. Repeating his customers, the guide explained that for some reason, probably on account of the humidity of the atmosphere, the echoes were not working well to-day, and invited his guests to take a look at the House of Representatives. Arriving at the main entrance the Congressmen started to walk in, when the guide seized their arms and told them they couldn't go in there—that was only for members. "O, yes, but we can," said Mr. Lawler, and flipping the astonished guide \$1 the joking trio disappeared within. —*Chicago Herald.*

**An Odd Bird That Likes Fishing.**

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse-beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ouzel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time. They are of a dark blue color, and are easily recognized by a peculiar quick jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they sit from rock to rock they are continually hobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it. Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeeds in finding them. Hence a water ouzel's nest with two or three eggs in it has a commercial value among bird collectors of \$25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it. Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye you can still see their little dark forms clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles. —*Town and Country.*

**Hot Water for a Sore Throat.**

"Let me say, for the benefit of your readers who are afflicted to using a gargle of salt water every time their throat feels sore, that it is the very worst thing they could do," said Dr. Hays.

## A LYRIC FROM THE JAPANESE.

The maple lifts her head,  
Crowned with autumnal red,  
While I, who love the girl,  
Plunge for the biggest pearl,  
Under the waves,  
And up in the caves,  
Where stormy billows curl,  
And the angry waters whirl!

"Wert thou a pearl," she cried,  
As I hurried to her side,  
"I would clasp thee on my arm;  
For a magical charm,  
That like the glowing sun  
When the summer day is done,  
And rises the cold white moon,  
We might part—but not too soon!"

"For like a stream that finds  
The way it must retrace;  
Or like the pathless winds  
That have no abiding place,  
Upon my lonely bed,  
With the bride-wreath on my head,  
I wait thy first embrace!"

—R. H. Stoddard, in *N. Y. Independent.*

## PITH AND POINT.

No news is had news—to editors.

The English race—After American girls.

Every dog has his day and the cats seem to be quarreling over the rights.—*Life.*

The bears are probably responsible for the squeezes on the Stock Exchange.—*Puck.*

The man who marries a widow knows he isn't marrying a miss.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Strangers as it may seem, it is the man who has lost his voice that makes the loudest and most disagreeable noise in the choir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is an art in putting on gloves," says a fashion paper. Come to think of it you have to get your hand in before you can master the art.—*Boston Courier.*

Some men have a notion  
That it is their born right  
To imitate their kitchen fire  
And go out every night.  
—*Danville Breeze.*

Art must always get its inspirations from nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.—*Puck.*

"I am in charge of the whole department. As the boss says, I am the eye of the house." "Well, as I have a grudge against the house I think I shall take this opportunity to give it a black eye." —*Boer.*

Lawyer—"Well, sir, we won the case, but it was a pretty narrow victory." Client—"Yes, I thought the other side had us, until you showed that their principal witness was a fisherman." —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Boarding-house Mistress—"How do you like that water, Mr. York?" Mr. York—"It has a milky taste to me." Boarding-house Mistress—"Excuse me, Mr. York, that is the milk you are tasting. Try the glass to the left." —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Never waste time telling people what a lot of good things you have done. In the first place they won't believe you, and in the second place they are waiting for a chance to tell you what a lot of good things they have done themselves. —*Somerville Journal.*

I love you well, my sweetheart shy;  
I'm true.  
The maiden blushing answered, I  
Love you.  
Why do you love me, my adored?  
A pause.  
And then she answered with a word,  
"Because."  
—*Boston Courier.*

Witness—"He looked me straight in the eye and—" Lawyer—"There, sir, you've fully contradicted your former statement." Witness—"How so?" Lawyer—"You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze." (Witness faints). —*The Jester.*


**An Ancient Watch.**

A watch nearly two centuries comes to the notice of the Jew. The movement is inscribed, L. Hecke, Friedberg, in and the dial is ornamented with a man and woman in German costume, and



# Bottom.

**LADIES**  
Needing a tonic, or children that want belding  
up, should take  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indiges-  
tion, and Billousness. All dealers keep it.

M. M. LUCKBRIDGE.  
 **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
Cures Indigestion, Bilio-nausea, Dyspepsia, Mala-  
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Mt. Grove, - - Va.,  
— DEALERS IN —  
All brands of  
**LIQUORS,**  
At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Some surprise is expressed by the thoughtless because the Hon. William Mahone is still wearing a straw hat. Mr. Mahone is an lover making things warm for the Administration in Virginia that has straw hat in summer and the snow.

Mr. H. H. Brown is fully aware of what is going on, and he says not a word to stop this shameful and outrageous violation of law; the members of the Civil Service Commission know all about it, and do nothing, except to draw their salaries. It is my opinion that if enough soldiers and policemen like myself would join the fight on the issue of representation, that it is the first time that any political party has been so exposed showing its intention to help against the purchase of votes.

The address mentioned by the speaker is—

For Sheet  
J. C. ABBEGAST.

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By H. B. McEntie and more than ten other free holders of the Edny District (District No. 2 of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 12 of the code of 1857, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the PUCUNONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pucunontas.

the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy test.

JOHN J. BEARD,  
(Clerk)

**Advice to Mothers.**  
 Mrs. WHELAN'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are colicky teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "right as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or

A. R. SMITH,  
Academy, W. Va.



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TY.  
The Fall term will begin on  
second Wednesday (10th) of S

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No. 457 West 20th Street, New  
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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
CHARLESTON, W. VA.  
September 24, 1891.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:  
To the Commissioners of Electric

**A** VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, by the death of Hon. T. C. Wier, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the

1841, and ending on the 31st day of  
January, 1842. You are hereby  
notified, in the name of the Su-  
preme Executive, to cause a poll  
to be taken and an election to be held  
at several places of voting to your  
respective counties at the next gen-  
eral election.

of November, 1880, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the vacancy existing for said unexpired term in 11 (eleven) years, 1. 1 B. E. (Governor of said State

U. S.] State, to be witnessed, at the  
City of New York, this 21st day of September,  
year 1891.



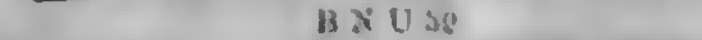
Gigantic Heights Famed Since the Days of Homer—Rowanzort, the Hailmaker or Cloud King—Peaks 10,000 Feet High.

[illegible]

Broom corn seed is planted from May 10 to July 1. It is drilled into the ground with a corn planter, the rows being three feet apart. It matures in about 100 days. It must be cut while green, and is ready for the harvest when the corn is in bloom and the blossoms begin to fall. The time of cutting is a very important feature to the farmer. As the seed ripens the brush becomes red, and red brush is unsalable. It must be cut so that when dry it is of a bright green color. The farmer in the harvest is to "table" the stalks. This is done by the operator walking backward between two rows and bending the stalks about waist height, leaving one to the other, so as to form a table. This is called "tabling" the stalks. The stalks are then cut into two cuttings from the base. Much of the value of the stalks is in the cuttings. The stalks are then cut into two cuttings from the base. Much of the value of the stalks is in the cuttings. The stalks are then cut into two cuttings from the base. Much of the value of the stalks is in the cuttings.

1 TV 04478.

ONE HUNDRED  
PAGE BOOK



1 TV 04478.



**Official Directory of Pocahontas County.**  
Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Berold.  
Clerk of Circuit Court, J. J. Beaulieu.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Com'rs. of C., C. E. Beard, S. B. Hamrah, G. P. Moore.  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

**THE COURTS.**  
Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.  
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a leap year.

**F. MOORE.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

**L. M. MCCLINTIC.**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

**D. A. STOFFER.**  
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**H. S. RUCKER.**  
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Huntersville, W. Va.  
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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**ICURE FITS!**  
When I say this I do not mean merely to cure fits, but to cure the cause of them. **WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**  
TO WEAK MEN

**THE BROTHER'S RETURN.**  
BY H. A.  
In a chamber on the top floor of a genteel city boarding house, a young girl of scarcely twenty sat at a table in a despondent mood. Before her was a brief note in a lady's hand, which she listlessly took up, and read as follows:—

"Mrs. Morgan regrets that she will have no further occasion for Miss Tremaine's services in the musical instruction of her children, having been advised by a friend to secure the services of Professor Manton."

This was certainly intelligible enough. Probably Mrs. Morgan did not know when she wrote this note that in withdrawing her patronage from the young girl she was depriving her of three-fourths of her income. So it was, however, and it was with a deep sinking of the heart that Margaret Tremaine read the four lines recorded above.

Margaret, as of course the reader will understand was a music-teacher. She had been reared in affluence but the sudden failure of her father, and his almost immediate death, had thrown her upon her own resources for support. She had a brother two years older, who had gone to California in search of employment. It was in the early days of the history of that State. Communication with the interior parts of the Pacific State was not as frequent as at present, and she had received only occasional letters. Thus far he had not met with great success in digging gold.

Through the influence of Margaret's friends she had obtained several music scholars at once, enough to defray her expenses, moderate as they had now become. She had taken an attic room in Mrs. Prescott's boarding house and had thus far been able to meet her weekly bills.

But this period of comparative prosperity came at length to an end. One family in which she had several scholars went abroad, and these were, of course lost to her. Another pupil was sent to a boarding-school. And now, to crown all, Mrs. Morgan withdrew her patronage, and the young girl was left with almost no income at all.

What to do she did not know. She might advertise for pupils, but would she get them? Besides she could not spare the money which the advertisement would cost. With a feeling of dismay she saw other destitution staring her in the face.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," she said.

Having her head as the door was opened, she recognized in the caller one of Mrs. Prescott's servants.

"Well, Bridget, what's wanted?" she said.

"Mrs. Prescott would like to see you in the parlor, miss."

"Yes?"

"Yes, miss. If you please."

"Very well, then. I will come down immediately."

Having received the invitation, Margaret took place, it may be necessary to say that Mrs. Prescott was a widow with an only daughter, and a musical talent of good quality.

She had been married at a young age, and the husband, as it happened, was a musician of some reputation.

He had been a great success in his profession, but he had died, and she was left with a young daughter and a large family of debts.

young lady was quite innocent of encouraging him, but nevertheless was unjustly suspected of so doing by Mrs. Prescott and her daughter. The former determined, therefore, on one pretext or another to get rid of her troublesome boarder, hoping that the young man, when no longer exposed to her fascinations, would return to his first love.

It was with a view to this that Margaret was now summoned to the parlor. Although she had noticed the increasing coolness of Mrs. and Miss Prescott, she did not suspect the cause.

As the time for giving a lesson to her sole remaining pupil was near at hand, she went down with her bonnet on.

"Excuse me coming in with my bonnet on Mrs. Prescott," she said as she entered the parlor; "but I am obliged almost immediately to go out to give a lesson, and did so to save the trouble of going up stairs again."

"Certainly," said the landlady, stily.

"Bridget said you wished to speak to me," said Margaret, finding that the landlady hesitated.

"Yes," said the landlady, clearing her throat, "I wished to ask you if you can conveniently obtain another boarding place?"

"Indeed!" said Margaret, in utter surprise, looking from the mother to the daughter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Prescott, "I think I shall want your room."

"May I ask," said Margaret, after a pause, "whether it is any personal objection to myself that leads to your request?"

Mrs. Prescott was about to answer in the negative, when her daughter no longer able to keep her indignation with her supposed rival within bounds, interrupted her bitterly.

"Yes, there is a reason and a good one, Miss Tremaine. Ma and I have noticed your underhand attempts to attract Mr. Colton's attention, when you knew well enough that he was engaged to me, or the same thing. We don't want any such sly people in the house, so now you know it."

"Indeed, Miss Prescott?" said Margaret quietly, for the sensation seemed so absurd that it did not disturb her. "You are under a strange delusion. I certainly have no wish to appropriate Mr. Colton's attentions. As to his wants I have nothing to say. I shall be glad to congratulate you on your engagement with him."

"Oh, no doubt," said the young lady sweetly, "this comes very well after you have done all you could to prevent it."

"Do you believe this ridiculous story, Mrs. Prescott?" demanded Margaret, turning to the landlady.

"I did not intend to have my daughter mention it," said Mrs. Prescott coldly, but it certainly had seemed to me that you have flirted with Mr. Colton as I should not wish a daughter of mine to flirt."

"Then you are very much mistaken," said the young girl indignantly. "Mr. Colton may be a very nice looking young man, but he has no attractions for me. I have not the least desire to attract him. He has been good enough to treat me on two occasions, but I was by no means desirous of his attentions."

"If I could only get him to marry me," said the young girl, "I should not wish to see him again."

"You say that?" said Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes, I say that," said the young girl.

have no wish to stay here any longer. I will leave to-morrow when my week is up."

Just then the painful thought flashed upon Margaret that she had not enough left even to pay a week's board, and it was hardly to be supposed under the circumstances that Mrs. Prescott would be very indulgent. She turned pale and sick at heart, and stood for a moment in the middle of the floor when the door was thrown open and a young man entered, ushered by Bridget. While the ladies were so occupied in the discussion of this matter, the bell had rung without either being aware of it.

Scarcely had Margaret lifted her eyes, and suffered them to rest on the stranger, than with a cry of joy she rushed to his arms, exclaiming, "Dear Henry how glad I am to see you."

The landlady and her daughter stood by in statue-like surprise, not recognizing the visitor. Miss Prescott, who did not know of the relationship, had her eyes demurely cast down, shocked by Margaret's indecency in thus openly embracing a young man.

When the greeting was over, Margaret turned to Mrs. Prescott with an explanation—

"This is my brother Henry," said she, "unexpectedly returned from California."

"I wish I hadn't made a fuss," thought Miss Prescott. "He's much better looking than Mr. Colton."

"Indeed!" said the landlady more graciously, for she perceived that he was well dressed. "I think I can find a room for your brother if he would like to be near you."

"You forget," said Margaret significantly, "that I am going away to-morrow."

"Oh," said the landlady, coughing, "there's no need of that. I have no doubt we have been mistaken, and—"

"I think it will be best," said Margaret, decisively, and the landlady and her daughter considerably crestfallen, retired, leaving brother and sister alone.

"Congratulations to me Margaret," said he, when the landlady had withdrawn. "I do not return empty handed. Two months before leaving California I stumbled upon a monster oggel, which with my chain I sold for twenty thousand dollars. I have come back to embark in my father's old business on this capital; and you, Margaret, shall look after my household, until you have one of your own. You must give up your music scholara."

"That will be easily done," said Margaret, smiling, "since all but one have given me up."

"Have you suffered from poverty?" asked the brother anxiously.

"No, Henry, but I should, for your opportune return."

Margaret was soon installed as mistress of a pretty little establishment. But in less than a year she found some one who needed more than her brother, and changed her name from Miss to Mrs. Henry spared her the more readily, as there was a young lady who was all ready to take her place at the head of the table. It was not Miss Prescott, however. That young lady is still unmarried, the landlady Mr. Colton having transferred his affections elsewhere.

He had—Yes, Winkler urged me to go into the saloon with him, and I had to.

Benedict—A baby asleep always makes me think of heaven.

Bachelor—It always makes me think what a blessed thing sleep is.

McDorkle—"Did I tell you about a fish swallowing a snake that I saw while away on my vacation?"

McCrackie—"No; but before you begin I want to ask you one question." "All right." "Is this a snake story or a fish story?"

Judge—What is the charge against this man?

Officer—Cruelty to animals, Your Honor. He was blowing smoke in a horse's face.

Judge—I shall discharge him. This Court cannot have its time taken up with any such trivial affairs.

Officer—But, Your Honor, it was cigarette smoke.

Judge—Ninety days.

"What time is it now?" asked Mrs. Fangle, as she puffed and panted into the waiting room, followed by Mr. Fangle and a miscellaneous assortment of small Fangles.

"Fifteen minutes to wait," replied Fangle, as soon as he could disengage himself from the boxes, bundles and bags with which he was loaded, and look at his watch.

"Fifteen minutes to eight!" gasped Mrs. Fangle. "And the train went at half-past seven. Then we've missed it Mr. Fangle and it's all your fault," she went on, without stopping to punctuate her speech by so much as a comma. "I knew you would be late with your exasperating slowness. You just wasted all that time shaving when you might just as well have shaved when you got to Aunt Mary's. What in the world will she think of us, I'd like to know, after driving five miles to meet us at the station, only to find we haven't come. I'm sure your cousin Joe never treats her invitations like that, and dear knows our children need Aunt Mary's money as badly as ever Joe Hawkin's did. I declare it's enough to aggravate a saint. Now we can't go till to-morrow, and we'll have to telegraph right away that we've missed the train. It's very stupid of you, and it's all your fault. I never saw such a man in all my life."

Then Mrs. Fangle sat down, exhausted, and tears stood in her eyes.

"I don't know why you are going on like that, I'm sure," said Fangle, now that he had an opportunity to speak. "What in the world do you mean? We haven't missed the train, and we have plenty of time even now."

"Don't it leave at half-past seven?" Mrs. Fangle asked.

"Yes."

"And didn't you tell me it was a quarter to eight?"

"No; I said we had fifteen minutes to wait."

"Well, I think you are a real govt. Mr. Fangle, and I believe you said it that way just to aggravate me. So there! Now go and get the tickets, or we'll miss the train after all."

FREE



















## TO WEAK MEN

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indicate the number of the code in which the  
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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 11, 1890.

### An able Document—on the Whole.

President Harrison's message is a very voluminous one. He presents his views very clearly and makes some good points in support of them. He commends the work of the last session of Congress and urges the passage of those bills that were held over. He especially commends the Federal Elections bill and the Steamship Subsidy bill. The first of these would defeat its own object, as the testimony of the most reliable witnesses proves. The second would take a large amount of money out of the pockets of the people and put it in the pockets of steamship owners, without any gain to the people that would be at all commensurate with the cost. The true way to build up ocean steamship lines carrying the American flag is to give Americans a fair chance to compete with foreigners in general trade and in the building or buying and repairing of ships. Then they can take care of themselves without Government pay. This steamship subsidy scheme is just another outgrowth of the idea that it is the business of the Government to provide subsistence for the people. Every step that the Government takes in that direction leads naturally to another. Each individual as he comes to realize that he is being bled for the benefit of somebody else, begins to think how he too can get a share of the plunder. By and by we shall come to live like the monkeys in a menagerie—each with his hands in his neighbors' dishes instead of eating on' of his own.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5.—Senator Gorman, who proved himself such an able and capable leader during the last session of Congress, was by general consent recognized as commander-in-chief of the democratic Senatorial army as soon as it became evident that Mr. Harrison and the radical republican leaders had succeeded in whipping the weak-kneed republican Senators into voting to take up the Force bill, and this spontaneous choice was officially ratified by the democratic caucus which met Wednesday evening. The policy of the democrats in the fight over this infamous partisan measure, which is likely to become one of the most famous Congressional assaults, is to reserve their strength until the republicans begin the attempt to change the rules of the Senate, which is a necessary prelude to the passage of the bill. Unless some lowering tactics are adopted this change cannot be accomplished, because it must otherwise be accomplished under some very plain rules. When the attempt is made, and it seems to be the intention, to change the rules, the democrats will be ready to fight.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Blaine chanced to be a visitor to the diplomatic gallery of the Senate, in company with the Brazilian naval officers who have been visiting us just at the time when the Force bill was being read, and it must have required all his self-possession to prevent the contempt he feels for that measure from showing itself in his countenance.

Mr. Harrison has caused it to be semi-officially hinted that he would veto a free silver coinage bill should Congress pass one, but that fact has not prevented a dozen or more Senators and Representatives, at least half of them republicans, from introducing bills providing for free coinage, and Senator Teller has stated that he has positive assurances that such a bill will pass the Senate, and that he believes it will also go through the House. Mr. Harrison seems to learn nothing by experience. He made a similar bluff at the last session in regard to the River and Harbor bill, which he afterwards signed notwithstanding it carried one of the largest appropriations ever carried by a similar measure. He made no suggestion in his political harangue to the republican party, called by courtesy his annual message to Congress, for the financial relief of the people, and he compelled his Secretary of the Treasury to cut out of his annual report a recommendation for the issue of an inconvertible 1 1/2 or 2 per cent bond, which might have afforded some relief by increasing the volume of our currency; therefore he should not be surprised if the Senators and Representatives fresh from personal contact with the people and conversant with their needs should attempt to supply them.

One bill has been introduced in the Senate by a republican—Senator Callom—which most of the democrats would gladly vote for, if they could get a chance. It provides for one cent letter postage, which Mr. Harrison, in his onivety to talk partisan politics, forgot to even mention in his message.

Quite a number of bills have been introduced in the House and Senate to repeal certain sections of the McKinley tariff act, one of the most notable of which is that introduced by Representative McCrory, of Kentucky to put what he very aptly calls the seven blessings of mankind, tin and tin plate, cotton ties, agricultural implements and edged tools, binders twine, blankets, worsted for men and women's clothing and salt, upon the free list. If Boss Reed and his henchmen would allow this bill to get before the House it would go through the House "quicker than a streak of grained lightning," as the saying is, but you may be sure that they will not do it. It would hurt some of the wealthy men for whose "protection" the republican party exists.

The Pension appropriation bill for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891, has been reported to the House. It appropriates \$135,000,785, and those well informed say that it is like by from thirty to seventy millions of dollars than will be required to pay the pensions during the year. Look out for us when this bill is discussed in the House. Some peculiar republican pension methods are to be shown up by the democrats.

The House, after one day spent in filibustering and one in discussion, passed the International copyright bill by a vote of 141 to 95.

Formation of the administration, as the part of the administration, by the promise of future patronage, has been the subject of much discussion.

## TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

1891.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

The most popular Weekly Newspaper in the United States, the largest circulation, and the only strictly Weekly Newspaper that ever succeeded in obtaining and holding year after year, a circulation in every State and Territory (and nearly every county) of the United States. All the news, better departments and more first class entertaining and instructive reading than in any other dollar paper published.

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New story to commence first of the year, written especially for the BLADE by Oliver Optic. "Money Maker Series." A series of special articles on "Side Issues," written for the BLADE. BLADE China Tea Sets and Dinner Sets given to club-raisers. Send for specimen copy of the WEEKLY BLADE and read our interesting announcements for the coming year.

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A specimen copy will give you a better idea of the WEEKLY BLADE than any description we can give in an advertisement. We therefore invite everybody to write us for a specimen, which we will cheerfully mail you free; and at the same time please mail us a list of names of your friends and neighbors, and we will also mail them specimens.

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For 1891.

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Largest and Cheapest Newspaper in  
the Field for 1891.

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The premium copies will be sent to any address desired. It is equivalent to a cash commission, as they can readily be sold and the money retained by the getter up of the club. It is not necessary for all the names of the club to come from one office, nor is it necessary to send all the subscribers at one time. Subscriptions may be sent as fast as received, one or more at a time, and a record of them will be kept at this office. The premium copies will be sent at the request of the agent as soon as he has sent sufficient subscribers to entitle him to them.

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PER YEAR, BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID  
DAILY, six days in the week \$5.00  
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Specimen copies sent free to any address.  
We want an Agent at every Post-office in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.  
Remittances made by Registered Letter, Postoffice Money Order, Postal Note, Check, United States Express or American Express Money Order will be at our risk.  
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Gen'l Manager.

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FOR  
1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party. It serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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Daily, per year . . . 6.00  
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To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy.

## BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 Little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Available for All Ages.

Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.  
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### Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. CLOUGH, M. D., 181 First St., N. Y.

## Are you Dry?



If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentucky bourbon.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES  
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing  
It is general debility. Try  
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.  
It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold  
by all dealers to medicine.



## LIQUORS.

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.  
Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

where. Please send full Part of a full dress, including Country, and also your shipping address, including railroad station most convenient to you. The cost of postage will bring to you a complete new and important for every family. For full particulars please send to No. 457 West 25th Street, New York City.



### Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.

vs.

Mary F. Malcomb, & others  
The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of proceeds of 200 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Elizabeth T. Cochran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that she, appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,  
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

### Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Vinnie F. Dameron Plaintiff.

vs.

Thomas J. Dameron Defendant.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff Vinnie F. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and to be awarded custody of the two children, Lena Page Dameron and Lewis Houseman Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,  
JOHN J. BEARD, (17)  
Rucker, p. q.

To Thomas J. Dameron, Esq.,

Take notice,  
that on the 18th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C. Hill dec'd, on Hill's Creek, Little Lovers District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the deposition of Mrs. Mary E. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MURIEL V. DAMON.  
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

Dec. 6th-4 w

## MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

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Monumental Architect

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Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices

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[illegible]



## Office of Pocahontas County.

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 Sheriff, L. M. McClintle.  
 Clerk, M. J. McNeal.  
 Assessor, L. W. Harold.  
 Tax & Co. Courts, J. J. Board.  
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
 County, C. E. Board.  
 County, S. B. Hannah.  
 County, G. P. Moore.  
 Co. Sec., Geo. Baxter.

### COURTS.

Court convenes on the first Monday, 2nd Monday in June and 4th in October.  
 Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday, January, March, October and Tuesday in July July is 1st.

### ATTORNEY.

Attorney-at-Law,  
 Huntersville, W. Va.  
 Office in the courts of Pocahontas adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

### SOLITIC.

Attorney-at-Law,  
 Huntersville, W. Va.  
 Office in the courts of Pocahontas adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

### STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,  
 Huntersville, W. Va.  
 Office in the courts of Pocahontas adjoining counties.

### RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,  
 Huntersville, W. Va.  
 Office in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

### ARBuckle.

Attorney-at-Law,  
 Lewisburg, W. Va.  
 Office in the courts of Greenbrier Pocahontas counties.  
 Practice given to claims for notes in Pocahontas county.

### W. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,  
 Beverly, W. Va.  
 Office in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

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West Pocahontas County every day and night. The exact date each visit will appear in the paper.

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Office in new large and comfortable building. The exact date each visit will appear in the paper.

## CURE FITS!

For the cure of fits, epilepsy, and all other nervous diseases, see the advertisement in this paper.

For the cure of fits, epilepsy, and all other nervous diseases, see the advertisement in this paper.

For the cure of fits, epilepsy, and all other nervous diseases, see the advertisement in this paper.

### A PIKETOWN ROMANCE.

Old Peter Cummins was "down with the rheumatiz," consequently he was very peevish.

He lingered and batted all who came within hearing of his stentorian voice, from his youngest daughter Martha to his meek, pale faced old wife.

He found fault with his one hired man to such an extent that the latter "quit," leaving the plow in the furrow in the back lot, and went in search of a place where, as he expressed it, he could "show his back in peace, and not be cussed at whenever he went in ear shot of the house."

The hired man had not been a rapid worker, and as Peter had been idling for weeks his farm work was in a very backward and chaotic condition.

The plowing was no more than half done, the potatoes were unplanted, the corn ground was not "fitted," and it was already the middle of May.

The farm hands for miles around had all secured situations, and had been at work for weeks. There was not one to be had for love or money.

It looked as though Peter Cummins would have to wade through the season as best he could without a hired man.

Under the circumstances Peter did not improve either in health or temper.

"What the rheumatiz!" cried he, "if I could only get about I'd hitch up old Jerry and drive till I found a hired man—'n' one good for nothing, too. But here I am tied down—tied and gagged—with this pesky rheumatiz. Ow, wow, wow! what a thing that air was."

Although Peter was, in a certain sense, bound to his chair, he was very far from stating the truth when he said he was gagged, as his wife, his daughters and every chance passerby could have testified.

Although plowing and planting were at a standstill on the farm the dairy work went on as briskly as ever, with Miss Susan Cummins as general manager and Miss Martha an able assistant.

The seventeen cows were milked bright and early every morning; the milk was "set" in large shallow pans, and the cream, at the proper time, was churned, salted and "worked" into the sweetest of golden butter.

This was not considered hard work by the tall, broad shouldered, red checked blue eyed, fluxon haired Susan, who at 19 years of age was as strong, healthy and cheerful as a girl well could be.

Martha, two years younger, although equally as light hearted as her sister, was different in many ways. She resembled her mother, who, when a girl, "air" also often had her days there. But considered a great beauty.

Martha had inherited her mother's beautiful hair and eyes, and her mother's form, and was very pretty, and not a far cry from her mother's beauty. She loved the green fields and the blue sky, and the sweet music of the birds.

The Cummins household was a very comfortable one, and the family was very happy. The father was a very good man, and the mother was a very good woman.

"rheumatiz," wailed with much dexterity and accuracy a No. 10 cowhide boot.

So, because of the voice and the bent the girls, though greatly admired, had no "steady" company."

The nearest approach to it was the three calls Hiram Stubbins had made on Susan.

On his first visit Hiram was very anxious, apparently, to secure Peter's advice as to what he had better do with his "nine acre lot—seed it down or plant it ag'in."

Peter, being in a cheerful mood, for a wonder, expatiated and dwelt on the delightful subject at such great length, and Hiram, in propitiation, gave him such marked and undivided attention, that Susan remained unnoticed, save at such rare intervals as Peter went to the door to expectorate. On those occasions Hiram rolled a prominent pewter eye toward the damsel, and made a hurried and whispered observation on the state of the weather, or solicitously inquired as to her health.

The youth's second visit, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a recipe for a sprain liniment, passed off in much the same way.

When Hiram, in his store clothes, presented himself at the kitchen door of the Cummins homestead for the third time there was a coolness in the reception tendered him by the old husbandman that should have warned him of breakers ahead.

Peter, being tired and cross, retired early, and the young man, not to lose any precious time, at once commenced edging his chair toward the blushing and expectant damsel.

He reached her side as soon as could be expected under the circumstances and had just succeeded in partially surrounding her buxom form with an arm by no means too long, when the two were thrown in part as by an electric shock. They had heard the following words, uttered in a tone of voice that could be heard a full mile:

"Hi, there Susan! Send that air tow-headed fool here, an' mog your boots tew bad. Dew ye hear?"

It was well understood that when Peter said a thing he meant it. He was not only hoarse with his No. 10 boots, but was a very muscular man and a noted "rough and tumble" wrestler.

In fact Peter stated no more than the truth when he said:

"I kin down anything within ten mile in Picketown, with one exception—that's the rheumatiz."

He was also a great worker, being able to "out hoe, out plow, out chop an' out eat" any man that he ever had in his employ.

"Martha said Susan a day or two after the hired man had taken his departure, 'we are out of sugar, molasses and spice, and you'll have to go to the village with some butter and do some trading.'"

Of course Martha was perfectly willing to do so.

She would not only have a pleasant ride, but would also have the pleasure of seeing Joe Smith, who "worked to" in Picketown's "one day."

Accordingly, after picking a few more things to take and placing a few more things in the wagon, she started out with a goodly load.

She reached the village without mishap, did her trading, and after conversing for some time with Joe Smith headed old Jerry for home.

She had left the village about two miles behind when she saw a young man trudging along ahead of her in the dusty road, a dilapidated carpet bag in hand.

He seemed to her footsore and tired, and as Martha was a kind hearted little thing, and as there was plenty of room in the big cotton box baggy, she halted and asked him to ride.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and Martha found herself seated beside a broad shouldered, trim built young man, perhaps 25 years of age. His curly chestnut hair was closely cropped, and his sandy mustache had been recently trimmed. His dark and flashing eye proclaimed him to be a quick tempered individual, while his square, massive jaw denoted determination, if not obstinacy and pugnacity.

"Have you walked far?" queried Martha after old Jerry had jogged on some distance.

"About fifteen miles," was the reply. "Fact is I'm looking for a job. Do you know of any one around here who would like to hire a man for a few months?"

"Why, yes," said Martha. "Pa's hired man has left him, his farm work is in terrible shape and he is sick. I am quite sure he will hire you. You, however, will find him very cross. He is always that way when he is ill."

"Oh, I shall not mind that in the least," replied the young man cheerfully. "I am out of a job and out of money, and under the circumstances would work for Lucifer himself. May I inquire your name?"

"My name is Martha Cummins. And yours?"

"Is Robert Sharp."

At that moment old Jerry turned into the Cummins door yard and sedately walked up to the kitchen door.

Martha, with the assistance of Robert Sharp, unloaded her purchases, and taking Jerry by the bridle started for the barn.

"Let me be your hostler," said the stranger, stepping forward. "You go into the house and I will attend to the horse."

The young man soon returned to the house, and was ushered into the old farmer's presence.

As Peter was greatly in need of help, and Robert Sharp was greatly in need of employment, a bargain satisfactory to both was soon struck.

Peter at once saw that his new hired man was a great worker.

Within a week he had the plowing all done and a part of the ground ready for planting.

The old husbandman's mind being thus placed at rest he soon got the better of his rheumatism and went to work with a will.

As has been already stated, Peter prided himself on the fact that he had never had an employer who was able to do as much work in a day as could he.

It had always been his custom to "crop it" with every new man he hired.

When after a man or two close and exacting control his outages in either reality or openly admitted he did not Peter would say:

"Well, you dew wot ye kin. Yew more dew men an' of a cut than the other dew men. It won't to be expected."

kin." One evening, having fully recovered his health and strength, Peter said to Robert Sharp:

"I'm goin' down tew Picketown this evenin' tew buy me a new hoe. Tew-morrow, yew know, we air tew plant the Green lot tew white flint corn. Yew go to bed arly an' rest jest all yow kin, fer yew'll hev tew git right to w the front tew-morrow an' don't yew forget it."

Bright and early the next morning the two men started for the "Green lot," the hired man carrying a bag of seed corn, while Peter furnished two bright new hoes.

Said the farmer as soon as the lot was reached:

"I'm jost n-going tew make this new hoe fly tewday. This piece has got tew be planted afore night."

With these words, having filled to overflowing his planting bag with corn and his mouth with tobacco, he struck out at a terrific rate of speed, the hired man following after.

The sun having just arisen Peter had discarded his wide brimmed straw hat, and for greater freedom of movement had thrown his suspender from his right shoulder. This latter useful article of wearing apparel having become detached in front, streamed out behind like the tail of a kite. His long gray hair was blown about his swarthy face, his blue checked shirt, filled with wind, puffed out like a balloon; his tan colored overalls bagged at the knee, and his mammoth boots, pushed along through the soft, sandy soil, made a shallow canal on each side of his row.

Firmly grasping in one big hand his new hoe and in the other no less than a half pint of corn Peter, puffing and blowing like a locomotive, worked himself across the field at a high rate of speed.

Looking behind him occasionally the exulting husbandman would yell:

"Come on. Come on. Thought you knew how to plant corn. Git a gait on ye. Git a gait on ye. Haw! haw! haw!"

At the end of the first "bout" the hired man was several yards behind, and Peter, in a high state of exaltation and perspiration, took a double shuffle on a fence board which chanced to lay upon the ground near by. He then took a "chew of tobacco," refilled his planting bag, spat upon his hands, and, seizing his new hoe, struck out with renewed vigor.

"I guess I'll let out a'llak or two this time," said the saucy mountebank young man to himself.

He did so, and not only passed the hitherto invincible one, but kept the lead until the dinner hour sounded.

Yes, Peter had at last found his match—and a little more.

Although he struggled manfully and well, and received the assistance of many clouds of tobacco; although he shoved his elbows far above his shoulders, removed his boots and rolled up his tan colored overalls; although he wielded his new hoe with a desperation born of despair, and paid no attention as to whether he dropped one or twenty kernels in a hill, he at length had to own himself outplanted, beaten, vanquished. He did it in these words:

"This ternal new hoe haags out tew wot I kin."

Robert Sharp could not only outplant Peter, but he could, and did,



**SOLD WET AND DRY**



—Snow, snow, snow.  
—One week until Xmas.  
—Locals are scarce this week.  
—Mr. J. H. Rader, called to see us today.  
—The bridge abutments are nearing completion.  
—Capt. Stoffer, is able to be out again.  
—Attorney L. M. McClintic attended Court at Warm Springs, last week.  
—Mrs. C. F. Moore, went last week to meet her husband at Clifton Forge where they were going to start for a trip to N. C., we understand.  
—Rev. Lautenschlager, preached on Deatbard's creek last Sunday. We understand he expects to preach there every two weeks.  
—Marriage license were issued since our last issue to W. H. Wood and Alice C. Williams and to Isaac F. McCollum to Mary M. Gay.  
—Rev. W. T. Price held a quarterly meeting at this place last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday during which time he preached a series of very excellent sermons indeed.

—Roverette business men have taken steps to secure an electric light plant. Four hundred of the five hundred lights necessary to secure the plant have already been subscribed.  
—As we go to press the snow is 37 inches deep and still snowing. Ships and barn roofs are breaking down.

**Dunmore Delays.**  
Rev. J. P. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Liberty church, Green Bank, on Saturday night, the 27, at half past 6 o'clock; Sunday morning the 28th at Baxter church at 10 30 o'clock and Sunday night the 28th on Deatbard's creek, at 6 o'clock. He will preach at the above places about every two weeks.  
The Dunmore school will commence next Monday.  
We are glad to see that our Farmers Alliance is still bonding up.  
TOM SAWYER.

The following we clip from the *Pendleton News*: "Circleville Items, Nov. 24th. The protracted meeting commenced at Cherry Grove (Big Bon) three miles from this place on the 2nd inst still continues with unaltered interest and success. Such a glorious work has not been accomplished in our midst for many years. At this writing there has been forty conversions up in twenty sessions and many others will join the church. There are twelve or fifteen penitents still at the altar. This is certainly a noble work, and we hope its influence will be felt and seen in our midst for years to come.

With the different charges of our County placed in the hands of men with such zeal and energy for the cause of Christ as that which characterizes the Rev. G. S. Welford we think the mighty reformation so much needed would be brought about. This noble Christian work was assisted by the Rev. Bennett, Love and others has worked with untiring zeal for more than three weeks and is still willing to labor as long as there is hope of being instrumental in the saving of a single soul.

**Winter undertakers of greenbank**  
undertakers of the pastor of Hanover church M. F. Church, Greenbank.  
J. H. Rader, 11 a. m.  
H. H. Rader, 8 a. m.  
H. H. Rader, 11 a. m.  
H. H. Rader, 11 a. m.  
H. H. Rader, 11 a. m.  
H. H. Rader, 11 a. m.

On the night of the 12th inst. about one hour after dark, the quiet of our village, was vigorously broken by the wild cry of fire, fire, fire! and the ringing of bells, blowing of horns and yelling of men, soon informed the people that Mr. James R. Ponge, Senr's, house was believed to be on fire. Mr. W. C. Hall's family, who reside within eight of Mr. Ponge's, first noticed the fire, apparently on top of the house, and heard Mr. Levi Wanhg's children who with their father reside with Mr. P.—crying and excitedly saying the house is on fire. Mr. Hall very promptly raised the alarm, and in a very few minutes, every available man and boy in town with buckets, hand pumps, and willing hands were running to the scene of action,—but before the crowd got there some of the most fleet footed, began to return, and reported, nothing but the soot in the fire burning out without damage. So after a terrible scare and a hard race of a half mile, we were very agreeably disappointed. But at a distance, it looked to your correspondent, as though the house was burning rapidly. The night was very dry and windy. Moral, keep your fires clean, for dry weather.

X. X. X.

**Farmer's Alliance.**  
The several delegates appointed to meet Mr. J. Crawford, the deputy organizer of Greenbrier county meet at Marlinton church, Friday, 2 p. m., Dec. 12, 1890.

The delegates present were H. A. Yenger and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank Alliance; E. N. Moore and J. A. Taylor, of Dunmore, Mildred Herold and Points Moore, of Frost; Levi Guy, Levi Wanhg, A. M. McLaughlin and S. D. Price, of Edray, also E. L. Beard and two unknown brethren from Randolph county.

On motion of E. L. Beard Levi Guy was elected chairman of this meeting.

By request of the chair E. L. Beard stated the object of this meeting to be to receive instruction from Mr. Crawford in the secret work of the Union. Mr. Crawford then proceeded at once to instruct in the unwritten work, which was done in an impressive and business like style.

What he committed to us he says he had direct from the lips of the National sec. He further urges that this County at once have a deputy organizer and that the members of the Union stand together as a unit. He bade us notice the determination and zeal displayed by our leaders at the recent National Convention in Omaha, Plu. and be inspired to more earnest and united effort against class legislation and the money power appealing to us to know whether the citizen or the dollar shall rule in this land of freedom. Hannah moved that we return a vote of thanks to Mr. Crawford for his presence for the valuable services rendered us; and as a proof of our appreciation we give him \$2.00 from each Union here represented. All of which was given with a will.

Moved by A. M. McLaughlin that the minutes of this meeting be furnished *THE TIMES* for publication.  
J. A. TAYLOR.

**List of Transferred Real Estate.**  
The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of November:  
A deed from St. Lawrence Lumber Co. to Dan O'Connell for a tract of 600 acres lying on west side of the Beaver Creek wagon road.  
From P. L. Clark and wife and W. H. Clark and wife to Holt and Matthews for 100 acres lying on west side of the Beaver Creek wagon road.

for their interest in real and personal property in Pocahontas and Webster counties.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r. to Wm. H. Boblet for land sold in the Chancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs lying on Stampling creek.

From John J. Beard and wife to M. L. Beard for land near Hillsboro.

From F. J. Soyler, Com'r to Mrs. H. S. Rucker for land sold in the Chancery cause of Jacob Piles vs. Jno. Piles, lying on Beaver creek.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r to Jno. Silva for land sold in the Chancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs.

From G. W. McKeever and wife to Aaron Kee and wife for land near Buckeye.

From R. S. Turk com'r to Nancy J. Bird for land sold in the Chancery cause of R. S. Turk vs. Nancy J. Bird lying near Green Bank.

From H. Darnell and wife to W. S. Darnell for land near Green Bank.

**An Investment Company Chartered.**  
The Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company has secured a charter with the following list of officers:

H. M. Lockridge, President, R. S. Hutchinson, Secretary; Hugh Adams, Treasurer. Directors: H. M. Lockridge, R. S. Hutchinson, Hugh Adams, I. B. Moore, A. F. Matthews, C. C. Hansel, B. F. White, Amos Barlow and Isaac McNeel all of West Va., except Messrs. Adams and Hutchinson, who are well known in Rockbridge.

This company was organized by its efficient president, Mr. Lockridge of the real estate firm of Adams & Lockridge, who placed nearly all its stock with his personal friends in West Va. They have purchased \$60,000 worth of well improved property in our city, the rents from which will make this a handsome dividend paying stock from the beginning.

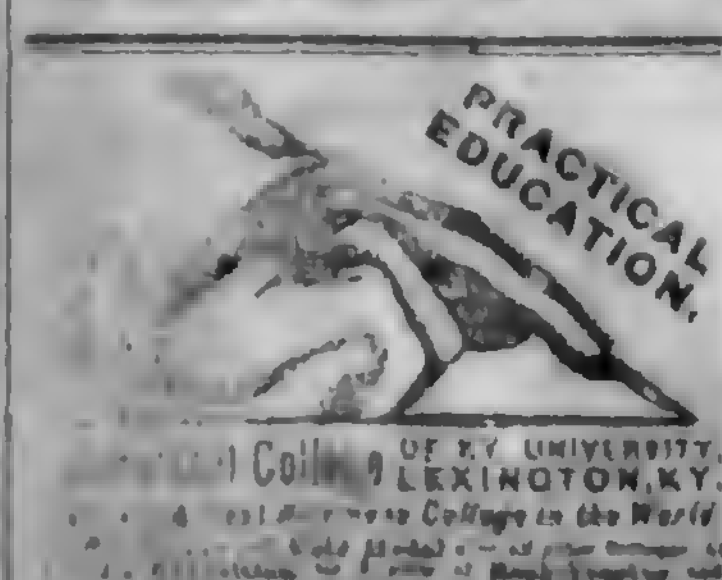
We will say to the gentlemen from our neighboring State, who have invested with Mr. Lockridge that they have doubtless bluffed even better than they knew. Investment companies are all paying well here and we predict a very bright future for this one.

Mr. Lockridge has been a successful operator in real estate here for the past year, has fine business judgment, is well posted in values and when backed by so competent a board of directors the success of the Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company as a solid financial institution stands fully assured and we congratulate the stockholders on the solidity of their investment in it.—Buena Vista Advocate

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1890.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 76c.



Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

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Daily and Sunday, per year - 8.00  
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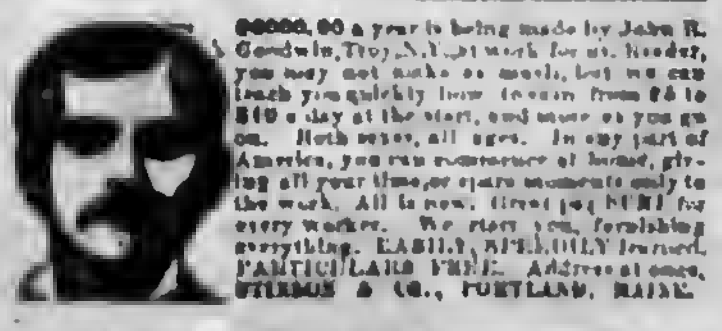


If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentucky bourbon.

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MONUMENTAL WORK, and also  
Dealers in  
ALL KINDS OF WIRE FENCING.  
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E. H. MOORE, Agent,  
Academy, W. Va.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the most dreaded disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. MCGOON, M. D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.



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H. W. ALLEGRA,  
Save money. Washington, D. C.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless vs. John F. Wanless & others. In Chancery.  
The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appears by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hulse and Hetty his wife, Verie and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.  
Test:  
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.  
Rucker p. q.  
Dated 10th 4 w

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger vs. H. F. Crigger. In Chancery. Def't.  
The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James W. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.  
Test:  
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.  
Rucker p. q.  
Dated 4 4 w

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:  
Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.  
If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.  
Respectfully,  
RHODA E. CRIGGER.  
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.  
Dec 4 4 t

OR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FR. MS. LOOK GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to  
C. B. SWECKER,  
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND  
CABINET MAKER.  
Dunmore, W. Va.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court-house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.  
On the coming in of petition signed by H. H. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 82 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the *POCAHONTAS TIMES*, a newspaper published in the said county of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.  
A copy teste,  
JOHN J. BEARD,  
Clerk.

**Advice to Mothers.**  
Mrs. WIRELOW'S ANTHELMINTIC should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers from all the troubles of teething, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always kills, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Academy, W. Va.



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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.  
December 18, 1890.

[Continued from first page.]  
the farmer would have been greatly pleased with so able an assistant. He was not, however. He disliked the young man because he had taken from him his prominence as a worker.

It was known for miles around that Peter Cummins had at last found a man who was his superior at all kinds of husbandry.

The old tiller of the soil grew to hate his vanquisher.

The young man's presence was a constant reminder to Peter of the many defeats he had suffered at his hands.

And so he began to cast about for an excuse, good or bad, for discharging him.

He found one sooner than he expected.

One moonlight evening in August Peter paid his nearest neighbor a visit, and coming home through his back line at about 9 o'clock came upon a couple seated on a log beneath the white spreading branches of a chestnut tree.

The young man's arm encircled the maiden's slim waist, her head rested on his broad shoulder, and their hands were clasped.

As they were deeply absorbed in taking an astronomical observation the presence of a third was for a moment unobserved.

Then Martha, lowering her eyes from the man in the moon to the man on the earth, saw and recognized her step-son. Robert Sharp saw him at nearly the same instant.

"Martha!" roared the irate husbandman as though his daughter was a mile away, "you nog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, now, git. As far yew (turning to the hired man) yew come with me an' I'll pay yew off, an' then, yew tarred nog, git off'n my farm. Yew an' him'nt a pesky, no-account tramp, anyway. If I served yew right, I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

Peter started toward the young man as though he really intended to bring into action his noted No. 10.

Why didn't he do so?

Perhaps he was a glazier in Robert's dark eye, and an ominous clucking of his unbuttoned band that reminded him that "dis cretious was the better part of valor."

Robert Sharp went to the farm house, mounted his wagon, and thrusting his leg between the wheels, he drove off, leaving the young man standing there, looking after him with a puzzled expression.

When taking his departure he called to the young man, "You nog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, now, git. As far yew (turning to the hired man) yew come with me an' I'll pay yew off, an' then, yew tarred nog, git off'n my farm. Yew an' him'nt a pesky, no-account tramp, anyway. If I served yew right, I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

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town, and falling in with some old cronies did not leave the village till nearly 10 o'clock at night.

When within about a mile of his home he met a rapidly driven wagon in which were seated a man and woman.

Although the woman was heavily veiled and the man pulled his hat well down over his eyes the old farmer at once recognized his younger daughter and his former hired man.

"When I" roared Peter, swinging his horse across the road, thus stopping the further progress of the evidently eloping couple.

"When I? What does this mean, you ternal tramp? Git out ov thet wagon at once, Martha, an' come with me. I've hear! Come, now, nog yer boots."

As the young lady made no move preparatory to obeying the order, but on the contrary clung hysterically to her companion, Peter, in order to enforce his command, leaped from his wagon and approached the other vehicle.

No sooner had he done so than Robert Sharp, freeing himself from Martha, jumped to the ground, seized the husbandman by the collar of his snuff-colored coat, pulled him forward, pushed him backward, and, tripping him with lightning-like rapidity, threw him with such force as to make the ground fairly shake.

Having done this he bucked Peter's horse into the roadside ditch, clambered into his wagon and drove rapidly away.

Although Peter was so dazed by his fall that he saw ten thousand stars, he notwithstanding managed to get to his feet before the rans ways had completely disappeared from view.

"Whoa! Whoa! Come back! Come back, Martha, an' git married tew him. Wait till a week from tew-night, an' I'll git ye up a weddin' that'll beat anything ever seen within ten miles ov Pikelown."

Martha and Robert, being less than a mile away, heard Peter's words, and after a moment's consultation the ex-hired man turned his horse about and drove to the scene of the late impromptu wrestling match.

"Rob," shouted Peter, holding his hand out toward the young man, "yew kin hev the gal in welcome."

"D'ye hear? In welcome. Ye're worthy ov her. Aoy man that on-plants, outthoes nod outmows nill Pete Cummins, an' tew cap all shams him on his back the way yew hev, is worthy ov the best gal within ten mile ov Pikelown."

The week following the above related incident Robert Sharp and Martha Cummins were married.

The wedding festivities were of a high order and on a very elaborate scale.

The supper went beyond anything in the culinary line that had been known to that vicinity within the memory of "the oldest inhabitants."

The Pikelown full string band was in attendance, and Peter, resplendent in a white shirt with a very high collar, a long tailed black coat, blue jean trousers and newly polished boots, danced a break-down with a vigor and abandon unknown to the rising generation.

The boys all "danced till broad day light and went home with the girls to the morning."

Peter is very proud of his son-in-law, and permits him to do nearly all of the farm work and a share of the planning.

He is willing at any time to lay a wager that "Rob Sharp—my son-in-law—kin outplant outthoe, outmow an' outmow any man within ten miles ov Pikelown."

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

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"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. S. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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The Sponge is Mighier than the Brush.



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The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to. It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and soap will do as well as off a dock's back. Men's shoes require dressing ONCE A WEEK—women's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.

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Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Oiliness after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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HEADACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find them little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them but after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In retail at 25 cents; two for 50. Sold every where, or sent by mail.

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# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII      JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,      Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 25, 1890.      Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR.      Subscription, IN ADVANCE.      No. 22

## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
Jury of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beards.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Com'rs Co. Ct., (C. E. Beards, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore).  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

### THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.  
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July in levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER.

**Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,**  
Huntersville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Lewisburg, W. Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

**Atty.-at-Law,**  
Beverly, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH.

**RESIDENT DENTIST,**  
Beverly, W. Va.  
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

**Hotel by G. W. Wagner,**  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is now, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Rooms well provided for. Charges reasonable.  
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

## ICURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to say I cure, and then leave you to your fate. I mean I cure you of your disease.

**EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.**

I have cured many of this disease. I have cured many of this disease. I have cured many of this disease.

**TO WEAK MEN**

## DUNCAN'S WARD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"You see Bob, there's nobody else I can leave her to—" The dyer's man's voice grew faint, and Robert Duncan leaned over him to say, kindly:

"Has she no relatives in the East—and no friends of her mother's?"

"Absolutely none," replied Dr. Malcolm. "I left her in the care of some old friends, to board her while she was in school. Carter is the name, but the husband is dead—died since I came out to the mines—and the widow, if she were here, could not take charge of Mollie's affairs as well as you can. She will have a mint of money, and I want somebody who will not let her be wronged—"

The voice broke there, and in fifteen minutes more Dr. Malcolm had gone "over the range," as they call it out there, and Dr. Carter, in spite of the place outside looking, an hour later. "Well, I haven't been a saint, but I swear that a hair of that child's head shall never be harmed, if I can help it. I'm rather a young fellow for the guardian of a little child, but I'll do the best I can for her and hers. I wish the doctor had known his danger in time to tell me more; but this morning we didn't think of this."

Bob broke down there and wept like a child, big six-footer as he was. He had formed a strong friendship for the doctor in the short time he had known him—men come very close to each other so far away from home—and there were few congenial friends near him in Colorado.

An accident had happened at the "Lone Star Lodge," the day before, and in trying to save one of the miners, Dr. Malcolm was hurt. No one thought it vital, at first, but a sudden change had given him but an hour to prepare for the last end now he was gone.

Bob saw that everything was done in the best possible manner, and turned away from the lonely grave to write to the little girl, who was now his charge, of her father's death.

"I hardly know how to do it," he said, to himself. "I never had much to do with children. I suppose I ought to send her a present, too. All guardians do that, I believe. Wonder what it ought to be?"

He finally decided on a tiny ring set with garnets, rode twenty miles to purchase it, and then to guess at the size. But nearly all children of eight or ten like jewelry, he reflected, and what would fit one, would another. So he tried the ring on the jeweler's little daughter, and sent it, with his letter, back to Pennsylvania.

In due time he received a nicely written reply, expressing the daughter's grief at her father's loss, and thanking him for his gift.

"What a very good letter," remarked Bob. "Must be a smart girl. Mary's mother wrote it for her, though. Well, I'll go to see her when I return to the States next spring."

But when Dr. Duncan did not go, the next spring nor the next year. He had required his presence in the Green Valley, and it was not until the winter after the death of the doctor that he was able to return to the States.

It was late in October, and the trees had almost flung off their gay robes of russet and crimson; but the air was as balmy as a May morning and Bob, when he left the train at the little station of Williams, took a fancy to walk to his destination through the woods.

It was not unfamiliar ground to him. He had relatives living near, and had frequently visited the region. A little inquiry at the station had informed him that the widow Carter lived on the old Gresham place, and he set out to find it unaided.

"Let's see," he mused, walking along with grip over his shoulder, "there used to be a bit of woods, then a creek, and then more wood-land; yes I think I'm right. I've done my best with Mary. Money—she needs it—grows up, things she for I am a respectable fellow myself, and takes a notion to some worthless scamp who is after her money! Ah, these daughters! they do worry a fellow awfully, when he has to look after the future for them!"

And Bob heaved a deep sigh, and felt very aged and responsible. He hurried on, wondering what the little girl he had never seen was like—whether she resembled her father or not, and how she liked the great box of presents he had sent her from Colorado last Christmas, said box containing a big wax doll, a set of China dishes and doll's furniture, and several other trifles such as are dear to the hearts of small children, and had cost Bob quite a penny to send so far.

At this point in his meditations, he came to a spot where two paths met, and was a little in doubt which one to take. But, glancing up, something to his surprise, he saw, coming toward him, a tall, slender figure—a young girl, dressed in the quiet style which always marks the true aristocrat, carrying a small russet leather portfolio in her hand.

"An artist, of course," was Bob's thought. "Wonder if she couldn't direct me?" As the lady drew near, he removed his hat, and with a gallant bow, said: "Pardon me, but can you tell me whether this path leads to the home of Mrs. Carter?"

He caught one flash from the largest, sweetest pair of dark gray eyes he had ever looked into, as their owner answered:

"Yes, sir. You will find the gate just beyond those trees yonder."

"Thank you." And with another bow, Bob passed on, wishing he knew that beautiful girl, and half-resolving to stay in the neighborhood until he got acquainted with her, if possible.

"Perhaps Mrs. Carter may know her. An artist with gray eyes and red lips—that describes her. I'll ask about her, anyhow. I don't care much for girls, in general, but that face strikes me, somehow."

He rang at Mrs. Carter's door, with a vision of the lovely face and dark eyes still haunting him. Yes, he was even so crazy as to think how nice it would be if she belonged to him, and they had a pleasant home somewhere, and took his little ward to live with them; and he did not know her name, or even whether she was not already married.

But life in the mines makes any one quick and decide rapidly, and Bob was not a man to tarry. He decided to go to the house of the artist, and see if he could not find out something about her.

excepting an old colored woman, who, learning who he was, showed him into a handsome parlor, saying that her mistress and Miss Mary would soon be at home, if he would wait.

"Dey wasn't a 'spectin' nobody to day, or dey wouldn't a went out," she added.

"Oh, it's all right!" responded Bob, cheerfully. "I didn't let them know just what train I would arrive on. It's all right, amny. I'll wait."

Just then a light step sounded on the porch, and the old woman looked around.

"Needn't to wait, ash, h'yars Miss Mary comin' now," she said.

"Yes, amny Hagar in the pres- answered a gray-eyed artist of the dogs.

"I am sure you are Mr. Duncan," she said, frankly, coming forward with her hand held out to welcome him.

"That is my name," replied Bob, slightly mystified at her knowing him, and wondering if she were not his little girl's teacher in drawing, or something of that sort.

"As soon as I passed you, in the woods, I felt sure you were my guardian, and I turned back immediately. I am very glad to see you."

The words brought Bob to his feet, with a sudden sense that something awful was happening, and he fairly caught his breath, as he made out to stammer: "But you—you surely are not—little Mary Malcolm?"

"I was once, though I am not very small at present," was the laughing rejoinder.

"But—but—I always thought you—were—you were—"

"Did you think I was a little child?" asked Mary, pitying his embarrassment, yet with a laugh in her eyes. "Was that why you sent me the little rug, and the doll and dishes?"

Her laugh rang out merrily, then, but poor Bob actually had to wipe the sweat from his brow, at the thought of what he had done. That dreadful doll, and those riddle-box little toy dishes rose before his vision, and wrung from his tortured soul a remorseful cry:

"Oh! Miss Malcolm, what must you have thought of me?"

Again the sweet laugh rang out, as she answered:

"I thought you were mistaken, that is all. See here, Mr. Duncan."

She held up her watch chain, and Bob saw attached to it a familiar little garnet ring.

"What? Did you care to keep the silly thing?" he exclaimed, flushing again with very shame at his blunders.

"I cared very much, Mr. Duncan. It came to me almost as if from— from poor papa." The tone faltered an instant, then she went on:

"I could not wear it on my finger, and so I wore it here. Thank you for it now."

"It is I who should thank you for being so patient with my stupidity," said poor Bob, humbly. "Oh! Miss Malcolm, why didn't you tell me?"

The smiles lighted her eyes anew, as she spoke:

"Aunty Carter did want me to, but the joke was so delicious, I couldn't spoil it. Did not papa tell you—"

She stopped, and Bob said, very gently:

"He had no time to tell me any-

wished me to undertake the guardianship of his daughter. You remember I wrote you there had been an accident?" She bowed her head, and Bob went on: "I accepted, because he was my friend, and I loved him." Mary's hand was held out instantly, and he added: "I honestly supposed you to be a child of ten or twelve, at most."

"I am almost nineteen, Mr. Duncan," she hesitated a second, smiled at him again, and frankly added: "Don't quarrel with me, for what I can't help, please very near her, you have been making a fool of me on the spot; but he managed to be reasonable, and talk with her about her father and her interests both in Pennsylvania and Colorado. He found her a sensible, intelligent girl, quite able to understand business details. What she thought she expressed, when she said to him:

"New, Mr. Duncan, I have a little confession to make, as well as you. If I was older than you expected, you are very much younger than I supposed. I really thought," and the gray eyes danced again "that the guardian papa had selected for me, was a grave, elderly gentleman, possibly with grandchildren of his own."

Bob couldn't help laughing here in which Mary joined as she went on:

"It was not until after I remembered that you were to come to day that I had the least idea you were my guardian, when I met you in the woods. But I am sure you have been so kind and so faithful to my affairs, that I have reason to be glad papa did choose you."

"Thank you, Miss Mary. It was hardly a case of choosing—there was nobody else at hand," said Bob, honestly. "But," he couldn't help adding, "since I have seen you, I never was so proud or so glad of anything in my life. I shall try to be a father to you, indeed I shall."

Bob did try to look very fatherly and dignified just then. But, nevertheless, he saw the mischief in Miss Mary's eyes, as she demurely answered:

"I am sure you will Mr. Duncan."

Mrs. Carter came in presently, and her astonishment at learning that this young man was Mary's guardian, was very evident.

"Mary, my dear," she said, after Bob had gone to the hotel, (he declined stopping altogether at Mrs. Carter's), "Mary, my dear, he is very nice. But I'm afraid it won't do, I am indeed my dear!"

"Afraid what won't do, amny?" asked the girl, with such an air of innocence that the good lady could not explain.

"I see just how it will end! Oh, yes, I do!" she said to herself, in the silence of her own room that night. And a month later, when she had come to know Bob better, she added, to the same hearer: "I don't care if it does, either! He is just the one she ought to have, and I'm glad of it!"

Bob stayed in the neighborhood for three months. Then it was necessary for him to go out to Colorado, for a short time, at least. Of course, his rights as her guardian gave him a great deal of access to Mary's society, and they were together almost constantly. But as he began to think about going back to the mines, he became more and more silent. Constantly in the







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... 1911



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 8, 1891. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. Subscription, IN ADVANCE. No. 23

## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
Clk of Cr. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.  
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## TO WEAK MEN

## Too Much for Him.

BY K. STUB GRAPES.

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ARUNDAL—A house on a marshy creek, letting up from the bay; lawn laid off agreeably, walks diagonally and elcled; A third class swimming resort, strictly private, free bathing in murky water, skirted by the tide; free fishing for snapping turtles, wandering crabs, cutfish and snappers; free boating in a east-away drift vessel; free drives in an ox cart, through swamps and gated avenues; free promenades across the cornfield to the turnip patch; It all summed up in the ad. is as follows:

"Boarders Wanted at Arundale, elite Summer Home. Strictly private. Best of references required. Beautiful lawns. Free bathing, boating, fishing, driving, promenade; 4 dollars a week. Address, Miss Alicia Tompkins, Arundale, Chatham's Point. Care Capt. Blawick, Steamer 'Wawa'."

[2]

The boarders had come and gone, and the cold drizzly rains of Autumn had set in; and with it all there was a dissatisfied expression in the countenance of Miss Alicia Tompkins, a reckless, baffled, but not subdued, disappointed, as if a certain investment had failed to make a coveted return, but with a morbid determination to invest again.

Miss Tompkins was an odd character. Undorbed, she was tall, gaunt, bald headed; only a patch of hair and that swirled as by the sun; her eyes had a keen eccentric blaze and her face showed the wrinkles of sixty autumns. Thus a link black dress was her usual robe. But adorned; that is, rigged up according to her ideal of beauty—a store-flaxen coil and girlish bangs upon her head—an unusual vermilion flush upon her cheek—the stroke of the pencil where ordinary eyebrows ought to be—slippers with New Port ties and a heavy sash drawn gracefully around her contracted form, she posed as the consummation of the aristocratic intellect and erudition of a long and honorable ancestry; priding herself, not upon what she is, but has been. Her tongue is glib and she can talk most fastidiously. She is what the world terms an "old maid"; but she prefers the more comely expression "bachelorette." However she wants it, above all things, distinctly understood that she has had many bleeding hearts cast at her feet, but she pitifully rejected them all and made a thoughtful choice of her present situation. Her father and mother were dead, and her three sisters married and went away and left her to stem the torrent with Nancy the old colored cook and her son little "Woody Head" and Jack Mace, a white man servant who was reared by the family.

Jack was afflicted, not only with physical ugliness—in fact an under lip, stooped and knock kneed, but with an impetuous, wild and mulish temper. He was also ignorant, rude and spiteful, especially so when things did not move to suit him. He was raised as a knock about boy, and in youth a sphere when his aloof, disheveled his duties and I am all of his had quite a few times a good beating which was only paraded. He was about that time as his mother and not

take a fancy to him, and second, who relished the position of house-maid for the mistress of Arundale.

As for Miss Tompkins, there were some very queer things said about her among them was that she had been a defeated candidate for matrimony ever since she was thirteen years old, that she had vainly endeavored to trap many of the masculine kind by "setting her cap" for them; but each defeat had strengthened her determination, so that she clung on to her intention with such a tenacity which only warranted her rigging at the age of sixty the fixtures of a sixteen year old girl, the shy girlish capers she would cut before a contemplated possible case and the askant glance from amid a profusion of blushes and graces while reciting amusing instances which happened "just eighteen years ago when she was a very young girl." Her case had long since been pronounced a woulf one by the neighborhood. Marriage to her was as much of a mirage as a block. But a woman is a woman, and not often to be outwitted, I tell you. It seems that she had made a "catch as catch can" rash for a man and was determined to have him against all odds. Finding all her schemes and smiles exhausted to secure one of the elite or clever stock, and that all others were beyond the reach of her decoy, she thought of one and only one possible case—and that one was—even—poor Jack. Yes, in him rested her last hope, and after due contemplation she made up her mind to bait, and cast out her hooks when the first opportunity presented itself.

[3]

Jack was emptying a hod of coal in the grate when Miss Tompkins, who had her feet prepped up on the fender "baking" them, began by way of introduction, hoping at the same time the introduction, would be so favorable as to be the link. She looked upon him with a wistful eye and said, "Poor Jack, poor, poor fellow."

"Yess, I kuo' wot yer bewyini' me erhout naw; yo wants ter git er ride but I got sumpin' else ter do; I 'as" he replied with much emphasis.

"O ue, poor dear. I was just thinking about how sad was your lot—nobody to care for you—to—to—love you." And with these words she jobbed her fingers in her eyes and began weeping.

"Git out; none o' yer bawlin' 'bout me; I int a keerin'. You 'ud better ge an' look arter ole granny an' not come o' round botherin' me," he responded as he gave the door an ill-humored slam behind him.

Jack gone, she tottled into her room, which, by the way of cosmetics, head gears, crayons etc., reminds one of an immense modley composed of an illy kept barber shop, dental office, studio and apothecary shop. She glanced into the looking glass and frowned—then smiled—then looked sideways—then over her shoulder—then put her finger on her temple, and smiled again, and murmured sweetly, "Jack my boy,"—then with a frown "He is such a stupid goose, he can't understand anything!"—then more encouragingly—"But he will think about what I said to him while he goes and understands me next time. I will talk so plainly my horse Morgan can understand."

Her plans formulated, Jack at the wood pile chopping, she went out for a basket of chips. "Jack my boy," with finger on her temple

applied.

"Wouldn't it be nice for you to be a master and not a servant?"

"Well, I int, an' that's no use o' thinkin' er bout it," decidedly answered Jack.

"But Jack dear, have'nt I got the power to make you so?" she said tskingly.

"You! you!" he exclaimed resting his axe on the chopping block, "I knows as well as you'r standin' thur thit you aint a goin' ter glu me eny lan' ter call my own. Yer wouldn't glu me two green cents wuth ef yer thot yer'd never get'm back agin. Talk erhout you givin'; All the lan' I spects ter git I'n you'll be uff ter berry me in."

"But Jack you dont understa—"

"Ne-o use'r talkin', I aint no fole" he interceptingly put in as he resumed his chopping.

Baffled again she retreated into the house. She thought Jack was the dumbest, hardest headed, stubbornest piece in the shape of a man she ever saw; he crossed her in every particular. But while thinking of this peculiarity of Jack's, her eyes glistened with a new thought freshly coined. "Aha!" she ejaculated "I'll work him this time. I'll cross him, and scold him; I'll tell him if I were his wife I would horse whip him. That's the very thing." And she laughed and clapped her thin old hands in a demure sort of style. All her experience art and genius was brought to bear upon the pendant issue. Like one driven to desperation, she hesitated not.

[4]

The next morning was cold, chilly and beunmbug. Jack was carrying water from the spring to supply the kitchen for the day. He was out of fix because little "Woody Head" had failed to bring down an extra bucket for which he had spent his patience calling.

"That little carnfuted brat, I'll blast 'is bade offu 'hu; the's wot I'll do, an' 'is missus don't keern, wot the little night suplu' don't do." And with these words the poor wretch made an unhicky step, slipping down, falling headlong down a little incline, the water from his only bucket spilling itself completely upon him.

"Curfunt it" he gasped between his breath while struggling to get up.

Miss Tompkins saw it, and recognized it as her supreme moment. She had kept the negro back in order to provoke Jack, but she had hardly hoped for such a favorable circumstance to aggravate him. She bounced out in a torturing flurry menacing him with, "New, there, new there, you have gone and carelessly spilled the water and we have been waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and you only had him enough any way; you ought to have had two buckets. O my! how provoking; you are a good-for-nothing rascal. O wakes! if I were only your wife I would horse-whip you so you couldn't get up, I would; now, there."

"Hun," he groaned, "yer would, would yer? well I reckon yer wouldn't naw. I'd teach yer some sense, comin' loatin' round me with er hoss whip."

"Yes, I would; I would thrash you with-in an inch of your life for being so careless. I believe I would treat you to the howlido every day any way, now, there," she persisted.

"Hun, yer'd giv me a gude row 'hilen' every day, would yer? well, I'd like fer yer ter be my wife fust to

don't keep your mouth shut, I'll go straight over and get Mr. Carr to bring the license and a preacher and a horse whip, so I will, now, there."

"I'm gittin' mad now," yelled Jack, "go and git yer preacher and hoss whip, an' I'll take an' use it on yaw—yer ole scarecrow. I wouldn't have yer fer a dozen of yer, but I'll let the preacher do the job jest ter glu yer a gude soon' thrashin—wot yer need," with a flourish of his fist while sitting flat upon the ground in the water and mud, "I'll show yer how much thrashin' yer'll do if yaw was my wife."

"All right Mr. Snigglefritz, you stir your stumps and get out old Morgan and I'll go straight to Mr. Carr's and will very soon show what I will do; you speak in distortion, you," stamping her feet fiercely on the ground.

"Hun, hun? all right ole buzzard, we'll see" said Jack as he cracked his teeth together, giving the empty bucket a furious kick and starting for the old horse.

The horse was soon gotten and Miss Alicia Tompkins spent no idle time in getting off to Made Carr's, an eccentric old neighbor. She heartily congratulated herself upon being so victorious. She must rush the matter through and make quick work of it, for if Jack would suspect anything her last opportunity would be gone. She must keep his wrath boiling so that he will not stop to think.

In the meantime Jack jumped up and cracked his heels together and dashed his fists against each other and gave vent to half audible words to his insulted spirit. "Git yer gone ole gal, I'll teach yer that I'm the biggest rat in this mss."

[5]

The next morning bright and early brought by Jude Carr came the horse whip, the license and the preacher; the preacher evidently not knowing why he was called. It is needless to say that a very strange surprise was meted out to him when he was taken into a dilapidated room and instructed. After fishing his ritual out of his hand satchel he glanced around him, the chandelier was made up of odd lumps, the antiquated furniture was merely propped up and the equally old piano had not been tuned for forty years, and while he was dizzily wondering which had gone crazy, Miss Tompkins or Jack Mace, the door opened and the duo, accompanied by Jude Carr, Nancy the cook and little "Woody head" came in. Jack had on his Sunday clothes and his face was set and determined. The license was tendered by Jude Carr and Miss Tompkins extended her hand with a bill.

The minister was now pressed and dazed; in a sort of bewitching dream he read the ceremony and pronounced them man and wife; and through his habit he began his usual blessing which was brought to an unfinished terminus by Jack, who turned around to his aged wife with, "Naw yer's my wife git yer cow hule an' hua abade. I'll see which's the biggest dog. I means hie, I dooz."

"What! what?" exclaimed the minister and dropping from his hand and his eyes almost leaping from their sockets, "What do you mean Jack? I that the way you commenced you married I fust?" "Yess" he answered, prattling his hands and gutting his teeth, "I set up on't are you ready or



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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.35; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 8, 1891.

The residence of Hon. Jas. G. Blaine burned to the ground on the 1st inst.

Two theatres and a hotel were destroyed by fire in New York on the 3rd inst.

Sadie Martinot paid \$115 for the doll dressed by Mrs. Cleveland for the New York charity doll fair.

The McKimley bill was milk punch and ice cream for huge manufacturing corporations, but skim milk and ice in the wash bowl for millions of farmers and their families.

While the republican party has raised the tariff on imported goods it has raised the taxes that all farmers must pay on what they buy for home consumption, and have not so raised—!

It is announced that the New York and London committees on the Virginia State debt have definitely agreed upon a plan which it is expected the Virginia Legislature will readily approve.

December 30th the Gem City Store Works, in Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by an explosion of natural gas. Loss \$35,000. The business portion of St. Augustine, Tex., was burned. Loss \$100,000. A fire in Milton, Del., caused a loss of \$39,000. The Marshall County Court House, Kan., was burned. Loss \$50,000. Granite Hall, in Augusta, Me., was burned. Total loss, about \$50,000. The village of Noble, Ill., was partially destroyed by fire.

The New York World was moved into its new quarters in the Pulitzer Building at the end of Brooklyn Bridge, December 23, and now it is in its best appointed printing office in the country. With 150 other tenants in the same palatial edifice, it is quite a business town of itself. Aside from those having rooms for its own use, the World, or its owners, the Press Publishing Company will receive about \$200,000 a year, rental from their tenants.

The man who still clings to the old party machine, expecting general benefits thereby, reminds us of the jackass of the olden time who swallowed a bad oyster twenty-nine times and twenty nine times threw it up. Then he ordered it pickled and showed down his throat after he was dead, that he might prove that he could and would hold fast to a rotten system.

A very severe engagement took place between 150 Indians under Chief Big Foot and 500 U. S. troops, in the Bad lands, Dec. 20, in which more than 50 Indians were killed and several of the troops were wounded. The latest advice is that the Indians are being pursued in every direction and are being killed wherever found, so quarter

The bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, for the Jackson monument in Lexington, arrived there on Wednesday night, the 24th Dec.

N. A. Dauphin, for twenty years president of the Louisiana Lottery Company, died Sunday at New Orleans, aged 53 years.

The following is a model of New Year's resolutions, self-depreciation, and resolution, which shows the heart from which it springs to be pure and disinterested:

"New Year resolutions.—What shall they be? Nothing good, pure and noble, for those things I am incapable of being. What under the light of heaven I ever was made for, to me is a mystery. Is there a single person who has been benefited or made happier in any way by me? I don't know. Yet this instant am I committing a sin by questioning the wisdom of the All-Wise in placing me here.

Retrospection! 'tis vain and useless. Live for the future, not for the past.

"What is done, is written in a rock, yea, with a pen of iron."

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2.—Senator Hoar enjoyed his New Year's day dinner less even than his Christmas dinner, if it were possible. Senator Stewart spoiled his Christmas dinner by his speech against the Force bill and appetite for his dinner yesterday was killed by a grand triple attack upon his pet scheme for getting even with the South by Senator's Wolcott, Teller and Hale. The first named Senator fired broadside into the Force bill of unanswerable argument; the groundwork of his logic being opposition to enacting a law for the purpose of pinching an acknowledged ignorant and incompetent majority over an intelligent minority. He stated plainly that if there were a majority of ignorant negro voters in the State of Colorado, solidly opposed to the united intelligent white votes, that in some way and by some method the white vote would govern. That he is a broad gauge man the following words from his speech fully demonstrate: "For a quarter of a century, not from poverty and despair, the South has been reaching forth in efforts to plant its foot on the solid rock of material prosperity; and in view of the marvellous growth and transformation now taking place in the Southern States I believe it would be unwise and unpatriotic for us to interfere in the conduct of its internal affairs."

Senator Teller's speech was a ringing demand for the shelving of the Force bill and the enactment of the financial legislation demanded by the people of the country, which he described as being on the very verge of a financial panic.

Senator Hale's remarks, which probably hurt the would-be leader from Massachusetts more than all the rest, was an attack upon Mr. Hoar charging him with being responsible for the month's time which has been wasted in consideration of the Force bill, and demanding the speedy disposal of that measure in order that other and more necessary legislation might have a chance. Mr. Hale also took occasion to give the closure or gag rule now pending, which he says is altogether needless, a few hard raps. Take these all in all they were three of the most remarkable speeches ever made in Congress outside of a secret caucus against a party measure by members of the same party.

And yet, there is a well grounded fear on the part of democratic Senators that by the vigorous use of the party whip and the administra

tors can by any means prevent it. In order to defeat it upon a vote, assuming that ever Senator will be in his seat or paid, it is necessary that eight republicans should vote against it, and only three have yet openly announced their intention of so voting, although there are a dozen or more who have privately expressed themselves as being opposed to it.

One thing is evident it will have to be passed or laid aside within the next ten days; other legislation, particularly financial, is crowding it, and Senator Hoar is reported to have said to-day that if it was not passed next week it would never pass. The administration has all the detectives of the Post-office department working on the recent killing of the post master at Carrollton, Mississippi, in order to try to make capital to help push the bill through, notwithstanding letters in the possession of Senator George from the leading citizen of the town, including its most influential minister, stating that politics had nothing whatever to do with the killing.

Treasury department officials are now preparing the annual deficiency bill. It will be the largest in the history of the country, aggregating about \$75,000,000, nearly half of which is for pensions. These deficiencies were deliberately made by the republicans in Congress at the last session for the purpose of blinding the voters of the country to the amount of money that was being spent by that party.

Senator Hoar is somewhat better than he has been for several weeks, though still a very sick man.

The Civil Service Commission has jumped on Mr. Wabank to the extent of several newspaper columns because of his criticism of its methods in his annual report. This is regarded by many as an attack upon Mr. Harrison, who approved the report of the Postmaster General or it would not have been made public, and some people think that there may be vacancies in the commission before long. The country could get along if the whole business was abolished.

Democrats are by no means anxious for an extra session of Congress, but if, as now looks almost certain, one be made necessary by the failure of the republicans to pass the regular appropriation bills they will not complain. They are ready to do their duty, but they wish the responsibility for an extra session to be placed where it right fully belongs—on the republicans.

Want Light Sullivan.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 3.—McAuliffe and Madden left here Thursday on the Bristol. Madden told a newspaper representative that he was commissioned by Arthur Cockburn, the well known English sport, to bet \$1,000 to \$5,000 that Slavin would knock Sullivan out in six three-minute rounds.

Slavin told Madden that he was willing to undertake the task if his backer consented. Madden, on his arrival, will deposit \$500 to bind the match.

Madden was also asked by Charlie Mitchell to match him against Sullivan in a ring as small as twelve feet with skin gloves or bare knuckles, to fight in America, for \$5,000 a side. Mitchell will start immediately to hear from Madden that the match is made.

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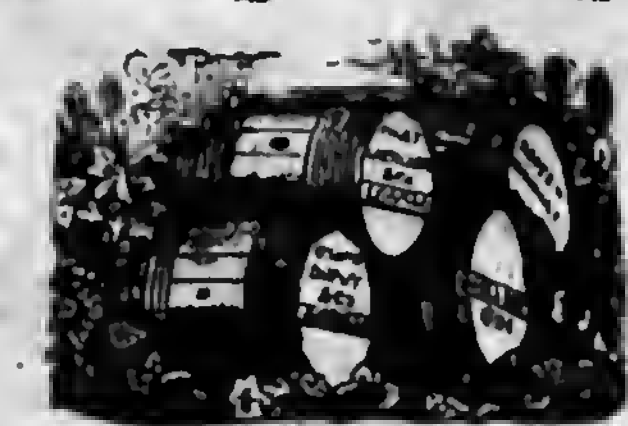
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FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.A. W. GLEASON,  
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For the Apple II, it's hard to know how much will be up to the manufacturer. Disk II, for example, is still in development.

The next important feature, of the system, which provided the solution of the free exchange problem, was the grant of foreign exchange in form of free exchange. It was found that this was a most important factor in the free exchange system. The system of free exchange was based on the fact that the foreign exchange was not given to the foreign and not to

# TO WEAK MEN

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Attorney, M. J. McNeill.  
Attorney, I. W. Herold.  
Attorney, J. J. Board.  
Attorney, C. O. Arbogast.  
Attorney, O. E. Board.  
Attorney, R. R. Henshaw.  
Attorney, U. P. Moore.  
Geo. Baxter

## COURTS.

Next conference on the first of April, and Monday in June, and in October.  
Next conference on the 1st of January, March, October, Tuesday in July, July in

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## The Lover's Cup.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I LEAVE you with a heavy heart, Genie," said Ralph Meredith. "While I am gone, Ben Brander will have it all his own way. I may lose you."

Genie laughed.

"We are engaged to each other, Ralph," she said. "I like you, and I care nothing for Ben Brander. I shall not begin to flirt as soon as you are out of sight, I assure you."

They were sitting side by side upon a fallen log. Ralph pulled a bit of moss off the bark and picked it to pieces before he answered.

"Well, Genie, with a woman out of sight is out of mind, very often. A year is a long time to be parted; many things may happen."

"Our hearts will not be parted," said Genie. "Come now, I'll go to the witch well and drink the lover's cup with you, and then whatever happens we'll meet again and be happy."

"You seem to mean that," said Ralph. "Do you believe that nonsense?"

"Well," said Genie, "our folks all believe it. Mother has great good sense, and she does. They say a girl cannot break her vow if she tries to do it after drinking the lover's cup with a man she is promised to. There was Miss Nancy Vaughn, who, as we all know, drank the cup with Jack Gray. She jilted him and engaged herself to a richer man, but he dropped dead at the very altar, and Jack made up with her, after all. And Captain Sheer was on a desert island five years, grandmother says, and his wife had fifty others, but refused them all. 'We've drunk of the lover's cup,' she said, 'and he'll come back.' So he did. Come, Ralph."

She arose and tripped away, Ralph following her. They plunged into the heart of the wood, and soon came to a natural fountain gushing from a rock into a sort of basin below. On a ledge above the flowing water stood a cup, cut from translucent white stone—a curious thing with a handle on either side, and a figure of Cupid carved upon it.

It was not known who cut the cup, nor how long it had been there. It was a miracle that in all those years no one had broken or stolen it.

Probably the superstitions that hung about it protected it.

It was said that in the course of three generations it had been twice in the hands of dishonest folk, but each time as the thief turned away a lion was dealt him by an unseen hand and he fell to the ground, and was only too happy to crawl away alive. True or false, every boy in the village believed this solemnly, and the lover's cup was as safe as though guarded by a regiment of soldiers.

As Genie stepped before the fountain she turned and lifted her finger solemnly.

"Remember," she said, "we must not say anything about this to any one. If we do, the fountain will dry up, and the cup will be lost. We must keep this a secret, or else the witch will be angry, and the witch is very powerful."

prove true. Distance scarcely seemed to divide these lovers. Their letters were frequent, and grew warmer as time went on. Six months were gone when one day news came of trouble with the Indians; then mails were delayed then a strange letter came. It began this way:

"DEAREST GENIE,—As I write to you my rifle stands within reach. I am watching a devil of a redskin who is looking about the edge of the woods near the Widow Taggart's little house. There may be more behind him. He does not guess that there is any one near. Now he has gone away again. He may only be hungry. God help the poor creatures—they are often enough, only they are such demots that one feels like saying, 'Serves them right!' Perhaps if white men—"

There was nothing more, not another word, so the letter ended. Genie was terrified at first, but the letter was enclosed in an envelope, directed in Ralph's well known hand, and she could not fancy it a mistake of some sort. However as time went on her anxiety increased. No other letter followed this. Vainly she wrote, there was no answer. Meanwhile the family had hidden a paper from her, in which was given full description of a foul Indian massacre in "Lonely Village." Twenty bodies, mutilated and unrecognizable, had been buried when the soldiers at last put the redskins to flight.

At last Genie wrote to an old clergyman of whom she knew, who, though he did not reside at Lonely Village, sometimes preached there. The answer that came confirmed her worst fears. Lonely Village, the old man wrote, was no more, those residents who had not been murdered had departed thence.

Ralph Meredith had been seen in the thick of the fight. A girl, one of the widow's daughter's the only one living of her family, had told him that Ralph had asked her, if she escaped, to post a letter she would find upon his table; she had done so.

A garment, marked with Ralph's name, had been found on one of the mutilated bodies, and so with kind and pious words, the letter ended.

When she actually realized that was dead, lost forever, Genie felt he that all happiness was gone from her life.

She thought at first that she should not live, but grief rarely kills the young. After awhile she began to go about a little, still dressed in the mourning she wore for Ralph, and one day she put a bunch of violets in her belt, and in two years she left her black off altogether. Time has a healing power, say what we will, and Ben Brander began to follow Genie Bell about again. He was a handsome fellow, and had a charm about him.

At first she was very cold to him, but in time he changed all that. She could never love him as she had loved Ralph, she knew, it was too late now. But she might have years to live, and she might have a chance to be happy. She thought of the good that was offered.

At last she began to feel that it would be best to marry him, and she said so. But she said nothing about it to any one.

night. Its eyes seemed to reproach her.

"I have been false to him," she repented. "False! false! false!"

But she had not the courage to break her promise to Ben, and so the day before that of the wedding day came.

By this time Genie's conflict with her emotions had become too dreadful to endure and she had formed a terrible resolution.

It was that she would not live to marry Ben Brander, but would join her only true love in the other world. She had procured some poison, at once fatal and painless, and it was her intention to go to the old fountain in the forest, swallow the poison, pledge her faith to Ralph in life or in death in a draught from the "lover's cup," and then lie down to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Then all would be over; no one would blame her, and she believed that Heaven would forgive her.

"You must not come this evening," she said gravely to Ben Brander. "I cannot see you if you do."

"Too busy with the fairs and fixings," he said. "Very well, I'll stay away."

He was not quite contented with her manner. He knew that she often thought of Ralph Meredith, and until to-day he had rather feared that she would break her promise after all.

He thought of this a great deal as he went his way, which led past the railway station. A train had just come in, passengers were alighting. Suddenly he saw a figure that he thought he recognized. The blood seemed to leave his heart. He started forward. Yes! it was Ralph Meredith, and their eyes met and they uttered each other's names.

"How strange that you should be the first to meet me!" Ralph cried.

"We thought you dead!" gasped Ben.

Neither of the men held out a hand to each other, or made any sign of friendly greeting.

"The Indians took me prisoner. My skill in drugs saved my life," said Ralph. "They made a medicine man of me. I have just escaped. Genie Bell? Tell me about her."

"We are to be married to-morrow," said Ben. "This is the wedding ring"—he took from his pocket a little box. "You cannot blame Genie," he went on. "She wore black for you as if she were your widow. If I comforted her at last, remember we thought you dead. She is very happy now. You'll make her wretched, I suppose."

Ralph turned away and leaned his head against the trunk of a great elm that shaded the road, for awhile, then he turned again to Ben.

"Luck is against me," he said, "but I have not come back to make folks unhappy. She has forgotten me—she loves you. There is no one else in the place I care much to see. I have no relatives here. Good-bye—you may consider me dead now," and he turned upon his heel.

"Does he mean it?" asked Ben of himself. "All he does go back it will be all over for me. Genie cannot love me now. She will never

walked away again. Instinctively he turned toward the great woods where he had so often rambled with Genie. The memory of the fountain and the lover's cup was strong upon him. He turned his feet that way and saw the pearly water flowing into the shallow basin, the strange stone cup standing in its niche, the shadow of the great trees falling over all, the whole place unaltered as if he had left it only yesterday.

"Why did they not kill me with the rest, there at Lonely Village?" he sighed.

Suddenly a light step sounded on the path, he stepped back into the shadow and saw a woman approaching; the next instant he recognized Genie!

She was pale and there was a strange look in her eyes. She reached across the basin and took the lover's cup in her hands, she filled it at the fountain, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"Ralph, my beloved, to whom I plighted my troth beside this fountain," she said, "listen while I repeat it, this time for eternity." She emptied the cup. "Now God forgive me and receive my soul," she sighed.

Ralph saw her take a rival from her bosom and lift it to her lips; he understood all, and springing forward, clasped her in his arms, while she clung sobbing to his breast.

"The charm of the lover's cup is fulfilled, darling!" he cried, "we meet again! You are mine and I am yours! And since you love me still, no man shall come between us while we both live!"

A little later a messenger came to Ben Brander; he brought with him a note containing only these words:

"Ralph has returned to me."

SOME CLEVER CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws heard.

What are many wrinkles in a merchant's forehead? Trade marks.

What is the proper length of ladies' crinolines? A little above two feet.

Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

When is a man a muff? When he holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Why don't the American girl like the English dude? The yankee dude'll do.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? She will lay wherever you put her.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common tatur.

Why don't they charge policemen on the horse car? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.

What's the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One wishes to burn the cheese, the other to charm the cat.

What's the difference between homicide and pig sticking? One is a fault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to eat.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of christianity? Because they are doing it in the open.



## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
Treasurer, J. J. Beard.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'r. Co. Ct. { O. E. Beard.  
S. B. Hannah.  
G. P. Moore.  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.  
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July in lay term.

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## The Lover's Cup.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I LEAVE you with a heavy heart, Genie," said Ralph Meredith. "While I am gone, Ben Brander will have it all his own way. I may lose you."

Genie laughed. "We are engaged to each other, Ralph," she said. "I like you, and I care nothing for Ben Brander. I shall not begin to flirt as soon as you are out of sight, I assure you."

They were sitting side by side upon a fallen log. Ralph pulled a bit of moss off the bark and picked it to pieces before he answered.

"Well Genie, with a woman out of sight is out of mind, very often. A year is a long time to be parted; many things may happen."

"Our hearts will not be parted," said Genie. "Come now, I'll go to the witch well and drink the lover's cup with you, and then whatever happens we'll meet again and be happy."

"You seem to mean that," said Ralph. "Do you believe that nonsense?"

"Well," said Genie, "our folks all believe it. Mother has great good sense, and she does. They say a girl cannot break her vow if she tries to do it after drinking the lover's cup with a man she is promised to. There was Miss Naney Vaughn, who, as we all know, drank the cup with Jack Grey. She jilted him and engaged herself to a richer man, but he dropped dead at the very altar, and Jack made up with her, after all. And Captain Shicer was on a desert island five years, grandmother says, and his wife had fifty offers, but refused them all. 'We've drunk of the lover's cup,' she said, 'and he'll come back.' So he did. Come Ralph."

She arose and tripped away. Ralph following her. They plunged into the heart of the wood, and soon came to a natural fountain gushing from a rock into a sort of basin below. On a ledge above the flowing water stood a cup, cut from translucent white stone—a curious thing with a handle on either side, and a figure of Cupid carved upon it.

It was not known who cut the cup, nor how long it had been there. It was a miracle that in all those years no one had broken or stolen it.

Probably the superstitions that hung about it protected it.

It was said that in the course of three generations it had been twice in the hands of dishonest folk, but each time the thief turned away a blow was dealt him by an unseen hand and he fell to the ground, and was only too happy to crawl away alive. True or false, every boy in the village believed this solemnly, and the lover's cup was as safe as though guarded by a regiment of soldiers.

As Genie stopped before the fountain she turned and lifted her head warningly.

"Remember," she said, "we must fill the cup together, and if one of us has a drop to throw into the fountain, and neither must release the cup until it stands in the place again, and we must both be spoken by either to all that while."

Just as Ralph bent through

prove true. Distance scarcely seemed to divide these lovers. Their letters were frequent, and grew warmer as time went on. Six months were gone when one day news came of trouble with the Indians; then mails were delayed then a strange letter came. It began this way:

"DEAREST GENIE,—As I write to you my rifle stands within reach. I am watching a devil of a redskin who is looking about the edge of the woods near the Widow Taggart's little house. There may be more behind him. He does not guess that there is any one near. Now he has gone away again. He may only be hungry. God help the poor creatures—they are often enough, only they are such demots that one feels like saying, 'Serves them right!' Perhaps if white men—"

There was nothing more, not another word, so the letter ended. Genie was terrified at first, but the letter was enclosed in an envelope, directed in Ralph's well known hand, and she could not fancy it a mistake of some sort. However as time went on her anxiety increased. No other letter followed this. Vainly she wrote, there was no answer. Meanwhile the family had hidden a paper from her, in which was given full description of a foul Indian massacre in "Lonely Village." Twenty bodies, mutilated and unrecognizable, had been buried when the soldiers at last put the redskins to flight.

At last Genie wrote to an old clergyman of whom she knew, who, though he did not reside at Lonely Village, sometimes preached there. The answer that came confirmed her worst fears. Lonely Village, the old man wrote, was no more, these residents who had not been murdered had departed thence.

Ralph Meredith had been seen in the thick of the fight. A girl, one of the widow's daughter's the only one living of her family, had told him that Ralph had asked her, if she escaped, to post a letter she would find upon his table; she had done so.

A garret, marked with Ralph's name, had been found on one of the mutilated bodies, and so with kind and pious words, the letter ended.

When she actually realized that was dead, lost forever, Genie felt that all happiness was gone from her life.

She thought at first that she should not live, but grief rarely kills the young. After awhile she began to go about a little, still dressed in the mourning she wore for Ralph, and one day she put a bunch of violets in her belt, and in two years she felt her blink off altogether. There was a healing power, say what we will, and Ben Brander began to follow Genie hell about again. He was a handsome fellow, and had a charm about him.

At first she was very cold to him, but in time he changed all that. She could never love him as she had loved Ralph, she knew; it was he whom she hoped to meet in heaven. But she might have years to live; her friends brought her to take the good that was offered.

After awhile she began to feel that it would be best to marry Ben, and she said "yes" to him one day and their wedding day was set.

That day Ben was happy and she was wretched. Her own friends brought her to take the good that was offered.

night. Its eyes seemed to reproach her.

"I have been false to him," she repeated. "False! false! false!"

But she had not the courage to break her promise to Ben, and so the day before that of the wedding day came.

By this time Genie's conflict with her emotions had become too dreadful to endure and she had formed a terrible resolution.

It was that she would not live to marry Ben Brander, but would join her only true love in the other world. She had procured some poison, at once fatal and painless, and it was her intention to go to the old fountain in the forest, swallow the poison, pledge her faith to Ralph, in life or in death in a draught from the "lover's cup," and then lie down to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Then all would be over; no one would blame her, and she believed that Heaven would forgive her.

"You must not come this evening," she said gravely to Ben Brander. "I cannot see you if you do."

"Too busy with the fairs and fairs!" he said. "Very well, I'll stay away."

He was not quite contented with her manner. He knew that she often thought of Ralph Meredith, and until to-day he had rather feared that she would break her promise after all.

He thought of this a great deal as he went his way, which led past the railway station. A train had just come in, passengers were alighting. Suddenly, he saw a figure that he thought he recognized. The blood seemed to leave his heart. He started forward. Yes! it was Ralph Meredith, and their eyes met and they uttered each other's names.

"How strange that you should be the first to meet me!" Ralph cried.

"We thought you dead!" gasped Ben.

Neither of the men held out a hand to each other, or made any sign of friendly greeting.

"The Indians took me prisoner. My skill in drugs saved my life," said Ralph. "They made a medicine man of me. I have just escaped. Genie still? Tell me about her."

"We are to be married to-morrow," said Ben. "This is the wedding ring"—he took from his pocket a little box. "You cannot blame Genie," he went on. "She wore black for you as if she were your widow. If I comforted her at last, remember we thought you dead. She is very happy now. You'll make her wretched, I suppose."

Ralph turned away and leaned his head against the trunk of a great elm that shaded the road, for awhile, then he turned again to Ben.

"Luck is against me," he said, "but I have not come back to make folks unhappy. She has forgotten me—she loves you. There is no one else in the place I care much to see. I have no relatives here. Goodbye—you may consider me dead again," and he turned upon his heel.

"Does he mean it?" asked Ben of himself. "All he does go back it will be all over for me. Genie cares more for him now than she will ever care for me while she lives."

"Yes, he really means to mean it," he added, as he watched Ralph out of sight. "He has gone back

walked away again. Instinctively he turned toward the great woods where he had so often rambled with Genie. The memory of the fountain and the lover's cup was strong upon him. He turned his feet that way and saw the pearly water flowing into the shallow basin, the strange stone cup standing in its niche, the shadow of the great trees falling over all, the whole place unaltered as if he had left it only yesterday.

"Why did they not kill me with the rest, there at Lonely Village?" he sighed.

Suddenly a light step sounded on the path, he stepped back into the shadow and saw a woman approaching; the next instant he recognized Genie!

She was pale and there was a strange look in her eyes. She reached across the basin and took the lover's cup in her hands, she filled it at the fountain, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"Ralph, my beloved, to whom I plighted my troth beside this fountain," she said, "listen while I repeat it, this time for eternity." She emptied the cup. "Now God forgive me and receive my soul," she sighed.

Ralph saw her take a rival from her bosom and lift it to her lips; he understood all, and springing forward, clasped her in his arms, while she clung sobbing to his breast.

"The charm of the lover's cup is fulfilled! darling!" he cried, "we meet again! You are mine and I am yours! And since you love me still, no man shall come between us while we both live!"

A little later a messenger came to Ben Brander; he brought with him a note containing only these words:

"Ralph has returned to me."

## SOME CLEVER CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws heard.

What are many wrinkles in a merchant's forehead? Trade marks.

What is the proper length of ladies' crinolines? A little above two feet.

Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

When is a man a muff? When he holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Why don't the American girl like the English under? The yankee smile'll do.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? She will lay wherever you put her.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common tater.

Why don't they charge policemen on the horse race? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.

What's the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One wishes to harm the cheese, the other to charm the host.

What is the difference between homicide and pig sticking? One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to eat.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would do unto them.

Why are ladies so wicked? Because they are only boys that stay



George & Loretta Loring Pines are very much  
and may be taken from 100 yds north  
a day. They are surely common and the











# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol VIII      JOHN L. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.      Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 12, 1891.      Terms of: \$1.00 PER YEAR.      No. 28.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McLintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.  
J. C. Court, S. L. Brown.  
J. H. Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Com'r. Co. A, (C. E. Beard, S. R. Hannah, C. M. Ross).  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

### THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 2nd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is term.

C. F. Moore, N. C. McNeill.

### Moore & McNeill, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McLINTIC,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,  
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KRE,  
Atty.-at-Law,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

## Hotel by G. W. Wagner, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Houses well provided for. Charges reasonable.  
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

## ICURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to pay for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a **PERMANENT CURE**. I have made the disease of

### FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.

A long study. I have made it my business to study the disease, and have found the cause, and have found the cure. I have made the disease of

M. G. WOOT, M.D., 120 PLAN ST., NEW YORK

## Vera's Escape.

Vera Lyons had been wandering through the woods for nearly three hours.

She was a student of botany, and had gathered a number of beautiful ferns, her enthusiasm leading her farther and farther into the heart of the wilderness, until at last the sudden decrease of light warned her that it was past the hour of sunset.

Now that the last rosy glow that had deceived her had faded, it seemed to darken very fast, and in nervous trepidation she turned to seek the path.

A half-hour's walk convinced her that she had mistaken her way; she had not noted the path particularly, but now she found herself in an unfamiliar spot, a wide cleared space, in the center of which stood the ruins of an old country house, an oddly built built cottage, the lower half of which was formed of rough stones, surmounted by wooden peaks and gables.

Part of the structure had fallen into decay, but the stone foundation stood in fairly good condition, and creeping vines lent it a picturesque effort.

"This must be the place I have heard of," she thought. "The home where that fierce captain brought his lovely Spanish bride, and left her to pine in solitude. He was so jealous of her beauty, so fearful lest she should seek the society of others during his absence, poor thing! And one day—so the story goes—he came home and found her gone. "Then he started out to find her, and in Spain he saw her in the company of a handsome young man, and, without waiting for a word of explanation, he followed and challenged him, and it the combat that followed the young man was killed. "He proved to be the brother of the young girl, and in grief she took her own life."

"Then the captain came back, shut himself up in this lonely place and ended his days in solitude, an old servant his only companion."

"Yes, I remember the story; but really, I would have preferred visiting the place at some other time. It is getting alarmingly dark, and I'm not sure I can find my way to the road again."

Even as she glanced anxiously at the gray sky, a flash of lightning deft its surface, while a dull rumbling sound rolled up from the distance.

"Lost in the woods and a storm coming!" she thought. Dear! how foolish I was to take so little note of my surroundings! I can not possibly reach shelter before the rain falls, unless—"

She turned her eyes upon the ruined cottage. It was not a pleasant alternative, but a sudden fall of raindrops decided her.

She gathered up her skirts and darted across the square, disappearing through the doorway just as the storm burst in all its fury.

The thundering peal shook the lone foundation, and Vera shrank with a cry from the blinding flash that illuminated the apartment.

She saw that she was in a large, low-roofed room, from which several broken doors opened upon inner apartments.

"What a dismal place I thought!" she said. "I wonder if one of the inner rooms would not be more cozy."

She opened the nearest door, but when she saw a dark

like a vault," she reflected, peering into the next opening with less confidence than she had hitherto displayed. "I don't wonder the poor young wife ran away from this place! Oh, this is better, and here's a seat by the window. Why, it seems to be growing lighter; but how it rains! Suppose I have to pass the night here—well, there's no danger of any one disturbing me, and I'm not easily frightened, but I would rather be in my own cozy room. And then to-morrow—"

A wario glow crept over Vera's face, and her eyes brightened.

To-morrow would be her wedding day—to-morrow would see her the bride of a man she had not known but who had taken her heart by storm—a darkly handsome, elegant man, whose love all the women envied her, who had seemed to be her ideal, and embodiment of all her girlish fancies.

Suddenly she was startled to hear a man's voice, borne on the air from the outer room.

"Come in, Cassy, and don't be a fool! You're drenched now. What do you think I would do to you? You act as if you were afraid of me."

Vera's heart stood still. Surely the voice was familiar, but not the cold scorn and contempt with which it was intoned.

Yet—could Harmon Dupont speak thus?

A woman's plaintive voice replied:

"It's so dark and ghostly looking. Harmon! I don't see why you brought me here. I expected to go to a hotel or your boarding place."

"Could we talk there? You must think I want my business known," said the man impatiently. "Did I know it would rain when we left the station? Come in; here's a seat."

A moment of silence, during which Vera sat upright, with her eyes fixed upon the door.

"Now we can talk matters over," said Harmon Dupont. "But I warn you to be reasonable, Cassie—I'm not in a mood for nonsense."

"Reasonable!" echoed the other bitterly. "Suppose I said I had come here because you neglected me and deceived me, that my patience was worn out, and I demanded my rights?"

"Demand?" said Dupont with a short, ugly laugh. "No one ever gained anything by making demands of me!"

"Then I will not waste my energy. I go straight to Miss Lyons," said the girl.

"Ha! you knew—"

"I know that to-morrow the day set for your marriage, but Cassie Trueman is the woman who should stand beside you!" said the woman passionately.

"Harmon, I left my home and kind parents at your bidding; I put a barrier forever between me and—and the old life. I thought you would keep your word, but I found that you were false. When you discovered that I was not the weak fool you took me for, you threw aside the mask, yet even then you would not tell me the truth, but I knew you never intended to be true to your word. Harmon I could not believe that you had ceased to love me; I would have mourned you even when I knew what a selfish, cruel man you were, for I loved you, but when I heard you were to make another woman your wife I crushed out that love and resolved to make a last appeal, and then if you re-

she was about to trust herself with "So that is your game?" sneered Dupont, and the sting of his tones pierced the heart of the silent listener—it killed the fancy she called love. "And you dare tell me this—in this place?"

"Why—?"

"Oh, you may well shrink, then, for you have roused the demon within. I tell you I love Vera Lyons, and I know your story would turn her from me, and rather than have that belief shattered I would still your treacherous tongue, do you hear me? Do you think I would let you come between me and happiness now? Great heavens, I would kill you first!"

"Harmon"

The word ended in a muffled gasp, for he sprang upon her and clasped his arms around her slender form. Vera rushed to the doorway, forgetful of herself, but she paused when she saw that the man was not about to commit the dread deed she feared.

He had lifted the girl from her feet and borne her to the vault-like closet. The next instant the door clung to, and the rusty bolt slipped into place. From the inside came a shriek, responded to by a sardonic peal of laughter from without.

"Good-by, Cassy," said Dupont, sarcastically. "I hope you'll have a pleasant night. No one comes this way once a month, and you'll have time to reflect upon your folly."

"Harmon—mercy. I'll die here!" came the muffled tones.

"Very well. I dare say it is not a good place for living."

And with a last malicious laugh, Dupont walked out.

The storm was nearly over, and evening gloom hid his form ere he crossed the clearing.

Vera waited a few moments, during which utter silence reigned. Then she crossed to the closet door and drew the heavy bolt.

"I am Vera Lyons," she said to the girl who approached her, with fear and wonder on her face.

A beautiful bright morning.

Harmon Dupont approached the cottage home of his betrothed bride with a face as radiant and calm as if his conscience was as clear as that of the pure lovely girl he sought.

Very went to meet him, clad in a simple lawn dress, and there was a strange look on the fair face. She held him back with a single sweeping gesture.

"Vera, what is the matter?" he cried. "Why are you attired like this? What do these strange looks and actions mean?"

"It is your wedding day, is it not?" she said, composedly. "Well, there is a bride for you, ready and waiting. See here is a woman to whom your promises were made."

And catching back the curtain that fell before the alcove, she allowed a slender figure to step forward.

A slender woman dressed in Vera's pale, silvery-hued wedding dress, with Vera's bridal bouquet and veil adorning her dark head.

"Cassie!" cried Harmon Dupont; and then silence fell.

At last he turned to Vera, ghastly pale, but with a line smug upon his lips; he knew that there was not the ghost of a chance for him.

"Your ability for dramatic effect is worthy of praise," he said. "I congratulate you both."

"Yes, we need congratulations," answered Vera with a burning glance.

the rule of that old house to escape from the storm, that the act would bring about my escape from a worse fate than even you planned for this poor girl, for death would be preferable to life with you. I know now that I never really loved you. I am glad it was so, for if ever I do truly love, the heart I give will be without a scar."

Harmon Dupont did not prolong the interview. That day he disappeared, and the two women he had deceived never saw him again.

In time they were wooed and won by honest men, and the episode of that stormy eve and following morn became a vague, undisturbing memory.

TO PREVENT BEING BURNED ALIVE.—The will of Harry Moss, who is an electric man, was filed at at Elkton, Md., last week. In it he directs:

I desire that my body be dressed in reasonable apparel and placed on its back, with a pillow under its head, in a supine position sufficiently close to keep out mink, and with a good roof, shutting but one way, with a bottle of water on each side tightly corked, a door in the pen fastening on the inside with a latch with out any string to it. There I wish to be left forty days and nights. If after that time any one chooses to bury me he can do so, if he is certain that I am good dead, beside my father out to the graveyard at Bermsburg, but I don't enjoin it upon any one to bury me at all."

AN ARKANSAS REPUBLICAN ON HIS PARTY.—W. Jasper Blackburn, editor of the Little Rock Republican, has decided to discontinue his paper, now the only Republican paper in Arkansas. Announcing his intention, he says: "We all must confess—every well informed and candid man will confess—that the Republican party, compared to what it once was, has become the mere plaything of tricksters, of few brains and smaller hearts—traders in politics for personal aggrandizement—for the purpose of pelf and plunder; indeed, has become literally a den of thieves, recalling what Christ said to the money changers who trafficked in turtle doves for gain: 'Take these things hence; and make not my Father's house a house of merchandise—about what Abraham Lincoln would say to the so-called leaders of to-day could he speak from the tomb, and his words and actions, while living, still say as much with burning rebuke; and if this be true from the national standpoint—and, alas, it is only too true—what hope can be found reasonably to remain in Arkansas or for Arkansas from this standpoint is simply a question too palpable ah—said to be propounded."

Young men of ambition, intelligence, energy, who choose well their work, are pretty certain to succeed in it if they persistently stick to it. Failures are commonest to those who lack earnest, continued endeavor, and only less frequently to those who change from one pursuit to another, and who being Jack, of all trades are master of none, and succeed in none.



FOR DYER'S PAIR  
The Dyer's Pair  
The Dyer's Pair  
The Dyer's Pair







# HOME NEWS

—Locals are scarce this week.

—Knapp's creek got full Monday and Tuesday.

—We want every body in the County to subscribe for THE TIMES.

—Don't forget that Saturday is Valentine day.

—See ad. in another column of C. C. Burner's auction sale.

—Bobt. McGlaughlin, Esq., of Danvers, called to see us last Saturday.

—About all the logs, a million or more feet, have gone out of Knapp's creek.

—We haven't heard, as yet, who wants to be our next County Superintendent of schools.

—Mr. O. Gray, who has been sick for the past month at Hotel by Wagner, is about well again.

—Mrs. Henry Sharp, who has been sick for the past 16 days is very much better.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp will leave for Randolph Macon College next week.

—Mr. Geo. R. Curry, of Academy, has been enrolled as deputy organizer of the Farmer's Alliance.

—Mr. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Split Rock, passed through town Wednesday.

—We learn that the contract for the extension of the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern railroad to the mouth of Willman's river will be let on the 16th inst.

—The Governor sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 3rd instant for confirmation: Brigadier-General on the Governor's staff, B. H. Spillman, Parkersburg; Directors of the Penitentiary, H. R. Howard, of Mason; Frank Brown, of Marshall; J. A. Miller, of Ohio; P. J. Graham, of Preston, and Wm. Vandevort, of this county.

**NOTICE.**

To the person securing a fine specimen of the White Rabbit, of the Cheat mountains, and willing the skin of the same, carefully packed to address given below I will give two dollars cash. The skin must be entire, ears, feet, tail and all perfect.

Address for further information, THAD. SURBER, Basic City, Va.

**NOTICE.**

Having bought Zane W. Moore's interest in merchandise at Frost, W. Va. All persons indebted to the old firm either by hand or note, must come forward and settle and pay up at once. My former partner will assist me in collecting and paying up all the old firm's debts settle in once and save cost.

Very Respectfully,  
H. F. HEROLD.

**Academy News.**

Plenty of rain and mud.

Messrs. Geo. McGlaughlin and Geo. Baxter, of Edray, went in town Monday.

Mr. R. C. Shrader, of Dilley's Mill spent a few days in our city last week. He was accompanied by Miss Etelle Dilley and his daughters Etta and Minnie, who have enrolled as pupils of the H. T. School.

Wm. Sharp and wife of Edray are spending a few days with their daughter who has been quite sick.

Miss Alice Clark, who has been teaching at Dilley's Mill has returned home.

John O. Small passed through town Monday.

Mr. Charles Herold is an excellent pupil of the M. and T. Academy.

Thomas Campbell took leave for home last week.

David Smith taught in school last week.

Spencer is coming to the front, Messrs. Geo. McGlaughlin and Geo. Baxter are going to the front.

James H. Smith, of Jones, has been enrolled as a pupil of the M. and T. Academy.

**Company I, 25th Va. Regiment.**

Below we give a list of Company I, 25th Va. Regiment, "Pocahontas Reserves," which left Huntersville, on the 18th day of May, 1861, and was mustered into service at Grafton. Those with an x after their names died while in service:

D. A. Stoffer, Capt., James H. McGlaughlin, 1st Lieut., Beverly B. Reon, 2nd Lieut., Wm. H. Carpenter, 1st Sergeant.

**PRIVATES.**

Timothy Angus, James Akers, Andrew C. Alderman, x Daniel August, x George Burr, x Wm. Burr, Frederick Burr, x James Bradley, x Geo. H. Chish, M. H. Corbett, P. L. Cleek, Wm. Cole, Charles Engman, M. A. Friel, Peter Grimes, John Gransfield, Potts Griffith, x C. S. Gannon, Wm. T. Gannon, Geo. A. Helmick, A. G. Hamilton, x Isaac B. Haines, x Robt. A. Hannah, J. C. Hannah, x Wm. H. Henson, x C. B. Herold, x B. F. Herold, x Wm. R. Hogsett, Wm. H. Irvine, Joseph J. Jordan, x Enoch Lyons, Levi Moore, x H. P. McGlaughlin, Michael Moore, x Sylvester Mitchell, x Patrick Mahor, x Pat. Mararty, J. W. Mathews, Wm. F. Piles, x John W. Penol, John Piles, Cain H. Sivey, Chesley A. Shumons, B. F. Shrader, x James Shannon, Michel Shannon, Lanty W. Seobert, x Wm. W. Slaven, Louis Smith, James Swadley, x David A. Varney, x Pat. Willibon, x Michel Willibon, Eugene M. Ware, x George C. Ware, x Wm. F. Ware, C. W. Weaver, R. L. Weaver.

**Our School Books.**

ED. TIMES: As servant of the schools of this county, I beg leave to say through your paper that a change in the text books of our State would be very injurious to our people, as it would increase the burden of our taxation on them.

A change of books would throw the schools of the State into confusion, and compel the people to spend a large sum of money unnecessarily.

This matter is with our Legislature, and I hope that our Representative, Hon. I. B. Moore, will do what he can to prevent a change in our school books, and only fight for a reduction in the price.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

**Fire at Roncaverte.**

A big fire at Roncaverte, Greenbrier county, West Va., about four o'clock Thursday morning, Jan. 25th, destroyed several thousand dollars worth of property, goods, etc., the losses are as follows:

The building owned and occupied by Rodes, Whiting, & Co., valued at \$8,000, with \$35.00 worth of stock. Insurance \$23,000.

Miss Hemming's building, valued at \$3,000, occupied by White as a drugstore with a stock of \$2,000. Insurance \$2,400. Williams & Co. with \$1,000 stock—Assured for \$2,500.

The upper stories of these buildings were occupied by two families, and also contained Mrs. Hunt's millinery establishment and Dr. De Veder's office.

It is stated that Mrs. Gardner's house, next to the hotel, is destroyed and Hotel Dickson is badly wrecked.

The fire originated in Messrs. Williams & Co.'s store, and was accidental.

James Farber, who was convicted of assault on Baltimore is sentenced to be hanged.

Representative McKidley and Senator Spencer are mentioned among the possible successors of Secretary Winder.

The first area of the State of West Virginia is 24,780 square miles. The water surface is given as 100 and the land surface is 24,680. The largest county is Mason with an area of 1,175 square miles. The smallest is Boone, with an area of 311 square miles.

**Found Dead.**

On Sunday last an unknown man was found dead in the country road near Stafford's Ferry on the north side of Cheat river. An inquest was held on Monday, but the cause of his death was not determined. There was nothing on his person that would give the least clue to his identity. No marks of violence were found on his body, and some people supposed he had poisoned himself, as on Saturday afternoon he called at several houses near where he was found and asked for a drink of water, each time taking inordinate quantities. Judging by his queer acts some persons think he slightly deranged. Deceased was apparently about 30 years of age, of medium size, with blonde mustache and dark hair. He was dressed in rather good clothes, and his hands were soft and white, showing that he was not a laborer.

There was not a letter nor anything valuable upon his person except an empty purse. The official report of the inquest has not been received. The remains were interred at the churchyard at Zion.—Dominion.

**Destitution in Kansas.**

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 31st.—W. S. Shrimp, of Loyal Township, Rawlins County, Kan., was in the city yesterday soliciting aid for the destitute farmers of his county. He says the people of the township are in a deplorably poor condition, their crops have failed for three seasons, and many of them have neither food nor fuel. He says they will be unable to withstand the rigors of the winter, and will freeze and starve to death without assistance. They were unable to raise any corn last summer, and their cattle, pigs and chickens are dying from starvation. Many families have been obliged to burn their furniture for fuel. Mr. Shrimp collected enough money here yesterday to buy a carload of flour, which will be shipped immediately to the suffering people. The Rock Island Railroad is giving free transportation.

**Needs A School Teacher.**

A correspondent writing from Porthran, Mich., says that one of his good republican neighbors, a tax payer and a church member, declares that—

An import tax on products of other countries brought to this to be admitted on payment of custom house duties is not a tax.

That if it is, it is paid by the exporter and that the exporter is the one the old country that has to pay the duty charged by this country before he can sell in this country.

That the higher the duty or entrance fee he has to pay the more our Government is benefited and the more of a tax the foreigner has to pay.

This man should hire a little cotton-picking durkey to come up from an Alabama plantation and open a school for his benefit.

The importer is the resident of this country who buys goods in other countries at prices there ruling, brings them over here, pays an importation tax thereon, and adds the sum thus paid as "duty" to what he has to pay for the goods, the freight, insurance, etc., and thus jolts the entire kahoodle on the consumer.

The exporter is one who sends goods out of his country, and no tax is laid on what goes out of the country seeking the markets of other countries.

A friend of ours imports watches. He pays a large tax on the goods he imports. This tax, when he charges it up on the goods he sells, becomes a 10% on the consumer, whether he will or no. He says that if it were not for the tax he would be a much better off man.

Our country is no longer a body of cloth. It is a body of goods, and it would be a body of goods if it were not for the tax.

Our country is no longer a body of goods, it is a body of goods, and it would be a body of goods if it were not for the tax.

The first digging began last week on the lake front, opposite Harrison street, Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair.

Young Frank Singer, son of the sewing machine man, was married to Miss Blanche Marcelin, an February 7, in Paris.

The Nebraska Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress asking an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers in that State.

Col. John C. Taylor, of Dayton, Ky., has fallen heir to estates in Ireland that makes him the Earl of Tyrone, and better still, give him property valued at \$7,000,000.

A true tale of indictment has been tonted against the publishers of the Harrisburg Call for libels on Governor Pattison during the campaign.

An English farmer forwarded some apples to a London commission merchant to sell. Then he disguised himself as a costermonger, went to the dealer and bought his own apples at eleven shillings a bushel. Returning after and disguised, he was informed that his apples had been sold for four to five shillings. An interesting scene followed.

If you wish to hear a fly walk you can do it without the aid of the magnifying glass. You can find the fly at this season of the year. Having made friends with the fly spread a silk handkerchief over your ear and induce the insect to crawl across the handkerchief. As he approaches your ear you will distinctly hear a harsh, rasping sound made by the contact of the insect's feet with the filaments of silk.

A cattle dealer from the Indian Territory purchased last week of Mrs. King, of Corpus Christi, the Texas cattle queen, 17,000 two year old steers for \$82,000. This is probably the largest order filled in Texas at any one time for cattle, and the King ranch is said to be the second largest in the world. It is taxed at \$800,000, including 150,000 horses and cattle. Mrs. King owns several others in other portions of Texas.

It seems a little queer that these republicans who shout the loudest for a protective tariff high enough to shut out all the world, claiming that America can exist without any commercial dealings with the rest of the world, are the very men who oppose an American system of finance—the free and unlimited coinage of silver—basing their opposition upon the ground that America cannot have free coinage without consent of the great commercial countries of Europe. We merely give this as a specimen of republican consistency. Our readers can make their own comments.

## Auction.

I will offer for sale at public auction on Friday 10th day of March, the following personal property:

Five or six Cows, two 2-year-old cattle, 1 two year-old Bull, fifteen or sixteen head of Calves, one or two Horses, and probably some Sheep.

I will also offer for sale privately, the farm on which I now reside.

G. C. TURNER

Wm. Bradley, a brakenham, who resides in Paury, Ill., heated on iron rod red hot while drunk and ran it through his body. He will die.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania has vetoed the resolution in granting the Senators from that State to vote for the force bill.

With one exception all the fruit canners in California formed a trust with \$5,000,000 capital, to last for fifty years.

**FOR THE BEST FURNITURE**  
C. B. SWECKER,  
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND  
CABINET MAKER.

Dunmore, Va.

A. R. SMITH,  
Academy, W. V.



**UNDERTAKER.**

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

**SMITH'S BILE BEANS**

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 Pills) Beans with the BOTTLE. THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

**KISSING** 17-17-70

J. F. SMITH & CO., MANUFACTURERS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

**Commissioner's Notice.**

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.

vs.

Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named case on the 21st day of October, 1860, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 2nd day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:


1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value thereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the \$475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

J. F. MOORE, Clerk  
Printers (co. \$8.00) July 29, 44



**NEW HOME**

**SEWING MACHINE**

THE BEST ATTACHMENTS THE WORLD

W. W. WOODWARD

NEW HOME



If there is a tendency to end at the same ends of the disturbance, there is a tendency to unroll.

"As I want your opinion of the

...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
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...the ...





1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February, 30 1891.

The McCurdy House in Covington has been sold for \$10,000, possession given on the 1st of March.

Will Mr. Harrison make speeches on the financial question when he visits the Pacific coast this spring?

"Fighting Bob" Kennedy, of Ohio, should make a reply to Senator Quay's speech.

If Mr. Harrison can stand the coat of white wash that has been given to Commissioner of Pension Exam, he can stand anything.

Mr. Cleveland has written a letter against the free and unlimited coinage of silver. No flies on that man's nose.

New Foundland wants to join the Union at once, whether or not and she hasn't even asked the consent of either John Bull or Uncle Sam. Better wait awhile, brethren. There are some little formalities that must be gone through with first.

The death of Admiral Porter and General Sherman, the two great commanders on the Union side, during the late Civil war, reminds us that death has been kinder to the great commanders on the confederate side, of whom Johnson, Longstreet, Early, Gordon, and Beauregard are still living.

These inde bound high protection republicans who are just now shutting themselves house over the little reciprocity treaty that Mr. Blaine has negotiated with Brazil, seem to forget that reciprocity and free trade are synonymous. But they are, all the same.

Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, says he does not like prize fighting and intends to quit it, but that before doing so he intends to challenge John L. Sullivan to a bill for the championship, and that the Boston pugilist must fight him or surrender.

What cowards be these congress men. Voting by tellers the house of Representatives by a large majority voted for giving each member of that body a clerk at \$1,200 a year, and upon a roll call upon the same question it was overwhelmingly defeated. The reason is obvious. In the first place the vote was by nomination and the members were not and visibly recorded, while in the latter it was by roll call, and each member's vote was permanently recorded in the Congressional Record.

Senator Quay has at last broken his long silence with a speech making a general denial of all the charges against him. This will certainly remedy of his innocence. May it be said here, however, that he is a cowardly man, and that he is not taking advantage of the situation created by the New York World and other wealthy newspapers in using a suit for libel.

George William Lewis, of Italian county, Ky., was killed by his son, Sidney Lewis, on the 12th, seven bullets having been shot into his body. Judge Lewis had been a terror to the desperadoes of that county and among them was young Lewis. He had threatened his father's life, and as a protection to himself he had his son placed under peace bonds. He visited his father, with the result above stated.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has undertaken, in connection with a number of patriotic ladies, a crusade in which she and they are entitled to the good wishes of every American who loves his country, and he is a poor stick who doesn't. The object of these worthy women is to persuade our young men and women of the absurdity of adopting foreign customs in talk, deportment and dress. The campaign was opened in New York city by a stirring lecture on the formative period of American history.

The men who achieved reputation are usually the ones that take care of themselves. Senate, German, the great democratic leader of the Senate, gets up every morning at 6 o'clock sits one hour at his dinner, and never allows himself to be interrupted when at his meals. He never uses either tobacco or liquors in any shape, and makes it a rule after a bath, which is taken daily always at the same hour, to take a long walk in the open air. No physician could give you better health rules to follow than these.

The republicans in Congress are evidently determined to make hay while the sun shines. The latest subsidy scheme is the adoption by the Senate of an amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation bill granting a subsidy of \$3,000,000, in annual installments of \$250,000, to a company that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwich Island. All this business will be stopped when the Government is controlled by the democrats.

The New York Herald on Thursday interviewed by its representative, the Democrats in the Legislatures of twenty six States and one Territory as to their preference for President in 1892 as between Hill and Cleveland. The result showed a vote of 1,515 for Cleveland, 109 for Hill and 276 scattering or doubtful.

The Democrats in the Legislature looked upon as representative Democrats and their expressions as being practically the expressions of the people they represent. With the single exception of New York, where the vote stood: Hill 31, Cleveland 2, scattering or doubtful 47, every State gave Cleveland a large majority. In West Virginia the vote was Cleveland 56, Hill 6. The Herald's headlines over the various telegrams express in a few words the contents of the telegrams, are as follows:

Gov. Hill apparently the favorite of New York Legislators.  
Cleveland almost monopolizes Massachusetts.  
Little Rhode a Cleveland State.  
Cleveland divides Texas with all others.  
Alabama unanimous for Cleveland.  
Kentucky knows Cleveland only.  
Colorado gives Cleveland the lead.  
Nobody but Cleveland for Wisconsin.  
Massachusetts Democrats undecided.  
Ohio prefers Cleveland to Hill.  
Kansas Democrats in restless mood.  
Harrison State a Cleveland stronghold.  
Great strength of Cleveland in Nevada.

Michigan solid for Cleveland with a proviso.  
Hill has one friend in Nebraska.  
Nearly four to one for Cleveland in Arkansas.  
Cleveland a strong favorite in North Carolina.  
South Dakota almost unanimous for Cleveland.  
Two men in Minnesota favor Hill.  
Hill not in sight of Cleveland in Connecticut.  
Montana for Cleveland three to one.  
West Virginia overwhelming for Cleveland.  
A single vote for Hill in Washington.  
Big lead for Cleveland in Pennsylvania.  
Hill scarcely in it in Tennessee.  
Oregon would rather have Cleveland than Hill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There are said to be a flood of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. They are made of Babbitt metal, washed with silver, and are very near the same weight and appearance of the real dollar.

### Fiduciaries.

The accounts of the following fiduciaries are before me for settlement, viz:  
Uriah Heyener, adm'r of David McGlaughlin, dec'd.  
James D. Kerr, Ex'or of Washington Nottingham, dec'd.  
Geo. W. McCarty, Adm'r of Jacob McCarty dec'd.  
Perry A. Buzzard, adm'r of John M. Buzzard, dec'd.  
Wm. Audridge, Adm'r of Joseph Rogers, dec'd.  
L. M. McLINTIC,  
Com'r of Accts.

### CENTRAL VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of  
HEADSTONES and ALL KINDS OF  
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Monumental Architect  
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Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices

### Are you Dry?



If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentucky bourbon.

Consumption Surely Cured.  
To the Reader—Please inform your friends that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been cured.

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." R. A. ANDERSON, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."  
CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,  
New York City.  
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Erysipelas, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."  
EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,  
"The Winthrop," 115th Street and 7th Ave.,  
New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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Attorney at Law.

C. D. LAM.

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Real Estate Agents,  
Covington, Va.

Handles all kinds of real estate, stocks &c., also agents for the sale of stock in the Covington Improvement Co. This stock is sold at \$100.00 par value, 10 per cent. paid down, balance in monthly installments of 10 per cent. The Company will receive this stock at \$150.00 per share in payment on lots.  
Correspondence solicited.



A. M. McCLINTIC & CO.  
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)  
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,  
—DEALERS IN—  
All brands of

## LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Good Morning!  
You Are Hoarse!

Lightning Cough Drops

are something new in the way of a throat and lung balsam, are safe, certain and prompt in their action, and are a sure cure for CROUP, BRONCHITIS, and SORE THROAT.

Lightning Vegetable Liver Pills

are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constiveness, Piles and Inactivity of the Liver. 25 CENTS A BOX. Sugar Coated. One pill a dose. Don't argue or make you sick.

Lightning Hot Drops

A panacea for external and internal use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Lameness, Burns, Cuts, Colds and all painful affections. A sure cure for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Flux. 25 and 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Keep them in the House, they will often save Doctor Bills.

If you feel no relief after using two-thirds the contents of a bottle of these medicines return the remaining one-third to the dealer from whom you bought it and he will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Prepared by

HERB MEDICINE CO., - Weston, W. Va.

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Washington, D. C.

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DOES CURE  
CONSUMPTION

in its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertook to supply...  
W. C. ALLEN, 100 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.



Several cases before justice cross lately.

—Drommers have been numerous in town for some time.

—Lavi Gay, Esq., of Marlinton, was in town Tuesday.

—We are having some fine weather for the time of year.

—The croak of the frog is heard in the distant swamp.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., of Academy was in town the first of this week.

—Mr. Geo. McGlaughlin of Edray, was in town on Tuesday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore has returned from a month's sojourn at Clifton Forge.

—Mr. N. J. Brown, of Mill Point, was in the city the first of the week and called to see us.

—John Gregg contractor on the bridge abutments, has returned to finish his job.

—Mess. Mitchell McGlaughlin of near this place, and A. M. McGlaughlin of Marlinton are, we understand in Monroe Co. this week prospecting for a farm.

—Dr. M. Wallace of Mill Point is very sick, with something like heart disease. Dr. Patterson of this place is attending him, with other physicians.

—Dr. James McGraw, of Brooklyn N. Y. died suddenly on the 17th inst. He was a brother of Col. Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton who is at the head of the large land purchases recently made in our county.

—Charlotte Scott, the old colored nurse of Atty H. S. Rucker, of this place, and the woman who contributed the first \$5.00 paid toward a monument for Abraham Lincoln, in Washington, and whose name is on that account inscribed in bronze on the base of it, died recently.

—"Jack the Ripper" has been captured, and now a syndicate of American newspaper publishers are trying to purchase him in order to bring him to this country and turning him loose among delinquent subscribers.

—The boom at Marlinton seems to be on. Extensive excavations are now making by E. G. McNoll for the erection of a large store. As this store is to be across the river from the town, we suppose it is his intention to do business in the corporation with out paying corporation taxes.

—An experienced school teacher says that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are better readers, better spellers, better grammarians, better punctuators, and obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires the others. The news paper is decidedly an important factor in modern life.

—In the House of Delegates last week, Mr. Moore of this county offered a resolution asking the Auditor to furnish a statement showing the amount of monies paid into the State Treasury by commissioners of school lands during the last ten years, the statement to include the name and county of each commissioner making the payment and the amount paid. Adopted.

—The bill to prohibit the sale of "cigars, pipes, cheroots, cigars and tobacco" were stricken out. They are made in this state and the interests of the people who make them are of more importance to the minds of some people than the health of our boys. If cigars and pipes were produced in West Virginia in large quantities the bill would have passed at once. The cigarette dealer and the cigar maker are not to be overlooked.

Mr. Abraham Sydenstricker and wife, who have been in China for ten years, are visiting her parents at this place.

Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, was in town Monday.

Misses Mary and Pauline McNeel, who have been visiting at Staunton have returned home.

Mr. Joe Gay, of Elk, spent Monday night in town.

Mr. Sam Sheets, one of the lumbermen on Driscoll's drive had the misfortune to get his leg so badly broken, that it had to be amputated.

W. H. Overholt, has returned from a business trip to Ronceverte.

Misses Addie Williams and George Collins have entered as pupils of the H. T. School, also Page Barlow in the M. & F. Academy.

A terrible excitement prevails among the Academy boys. Football in progress.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

Green Bank Items.

Rev. W. H. Baillegee preached his last sermon for the Conference year last Sunday. He will leave for conference the 28th inst. Should be he sent back a hearty welcome awaits him.

The ground is bare of snow and the weather is nice at this time.

Our heart was pained to learn of the sad accident which befell Mr. Sam. Sheets on the log drive, that losing his leg.

J. H. Curry, Jr., is on the sick list.

There will be an entertainment at the Green Bank church on Friday night 27th inst. at 8 o'clock. There will be reading, recitations and addresses, also ice cream and cake will be served. Proceeds to used for missionary purposes.

Dr. C. L. Austin, of this place is in Florida.

Dr. J. P. Mooman, who has been sick is out again.

The roads have been opened across the Alleghany mountains.

We understand the Green Bank tannery will be opened up in a short while.

Success to your paper.

JUDY.

Marlinton Movements.

The floating camp, under the pilotage of Capt. Boles, passed down on St. Valentine's day. A night was passed at Marlinton. It is better than a circus to see the feats of agility played by the men, taking immense logs on the shallows and rapids. It is doubtful whether the famous Blondin could handle himself on rolling plums as well as many of these woodmen can.

Pilot McCollum, started the last raft on Wednesday morning. About next spring a year hence, some of the material he took away, will be found at Edray, Huntersville, Buckeye and elsewhere, as fork handles, buggy shafts, and the like. Why should this be thus, and all those and many more things not be fixed up nearer the original stump.

One of the interesting things observed in the gay cavalcade of of young men, from Randolph on their way to and from Lewisburg, as pupils of the Lewis College Institute. It is among the possibilities that school, or some other will be at Marlinton should matters pan out to suit all around. Strange as it may seem, things are working, and resolute people are talking.

A red flag, attended by three or four persons, is seen passing in various direction, and notes are being taken very cautiously, and when they are printed, perhaps, your correspondent will be able to give you a pointer or two.

What your correspondent meant in reference to Mr. Thomas Sawyer, was, that much depended on him, whether the railroad from Dunmore would go to Frost or to Huntersville. These points should be secured, in such a way as to give all a fair

showing. No one could desire a better friend for he is, "just what he is," and he means for the best.

It is about time O. C. Cassional was fixing up another joke, as foxes and coons have come out.

With many kind wishes,

Yours as ever,

J. K. S.

PARKERTBURG, February 18.—

The grand jury of the circuit court brought in 130 more indictments this afternoon, making over 400 in all, and the jury is still grinding. Crap shooters, dice shooters, dice throwers, gamblers, saloon-keepers and houses of ill fame got it bad to day. If the number of indictments hold good three-fourths of the saloons will have to quit business. Several car loads of exodusting gamblers and sports are in Marietta and Zanesville. They keep the wires hot making inquiries. Something like 200 rales are in the hands of officers for runaways, who will be received, on their return with heavy fines and imprisonment. The town is all torn up and every body wants to know when the grand jury is going to let up.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20th.—

Quite a political sensation has followed the announcement of Senator Gorman; whose political astuteness cannot be gainsaid, that he was not and would not under any combination of circumstances be a candidate before the democratic national convention next year, and that he favored the nomination of ex-president Cleveland as the strongest and most available man and proposes to do all in his power to get him nominated. It is yet too early to see what effect this announcement will have upon those democratic Senators and Representatives who have expressed the opinion that Mr. Cleveland's letter against the free coinage of silver has destroyed his availability as a candidate, and what adds to the interest of the situation is the fact that some of those gentlemen have been, since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's letter, strongly in favor of nominating Senator Gorman.

It seems strange that three democratic Senators should have cast their votes for such a palpable "job" as that contained in the Senate amendment to the diplomatic appropriation bill, which gives a subsidy of \$3,000,000 to the company, which as yet only exists on paper, that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, but they did. It is not believed that the House will concur in amendment, at any rate no democrat should vote to do a thing so foreign to all the principles of the democratic party.

Rumors have been flying thick and fast this week about the new Secretary of the Treasury. One day it was Representative Cannon, the next Clarkson and today, it is ex Gov. ("Calico Charlie") Foster, of Ohio. It is believed that Mr. Harrison has determined upon the man, and his nomination is looked for every day.

Senator Quay's much advertised speech of vindication fell as flat in the Senate as one of Senator Blair's educational barrages, and he has gone to Florida to seek consolation in fishing.

The general deficiency bill is this year \$30,000,000. Is it strange that the surplus has disappeared?

The international copyright bill has been passed by the Senate with several amendments, which makes its becoming a law at this session very doubtful.

Mr. Harrison and all of his cabinet, except Secretary Proctor, went to New York to attend Gen. Sherman's funeral. They returned last night.

The republicans in the House are as much alarmed lest the wicked

their plans during the closing rush of the session, that telegraphic appeals have been sent to all absent republicans begging them to come and remain until the end of the session. What they are wanted for is to pass the subsidy shipping bill, which is opposed by nearly all of the democrats.

Representative-elect Jerry Simpson and several of his Farmers Alliance to the colleagues in the next House, are in town. They are the recipients of a great deal of attention at the capitol.

The House committee on postage today reported the free postage bill to the house, but the general belief seems to be that its friends will not succeed in getting it before the House, but they intend to try very hard to do so.

Senator Plumb despairing of getting his joint resolution providing for the violation of existing law by the transfer of the employees of the Census bureau to the classified department service without the formality of a civil service examination, has offered it as an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill.

It is commented upon rather unfavorably that congress did not adjourn the day of Admiral Porter's funeral.

Probably the most disagreeable legislative duty ever performed by Senator Ingalls was the presentation by him this week of the credentials of John A. Puffer, Senator-elect from the State of Kansas for the term beginning March 4, next. Notwithstanding the almost daily reiteration of the charge that somewhere in the neighborhood of one fourth of the enormous amount of money paid out by the Pension bureau is paid on fraudulent claims no republican in or out of Congress has proposed an investigation for the purpose of purging the rolls of such names as may be shown to be there fraudulently. This, as well as other things will be thoroughly looked into by the next House.

Representative Payton, of Illinois, was elected Speaker protem of the House, this week, during the sickness of speaker Reed.

The republicans are beginning to be frightened at the prospect of losing control of the Senate. It is now regarded as certain that the McKinley tariff law will be repealed outright or greatly modified in 1893, if not next year.

The increase in the white population of the South shows comparatively little difference from 1880, while the negro increase is but little over one-third of what it was ten years ago, although in the total is included the State of Arkansas, which has received the largest immigration of negroes. Additional returns only confirm the first statement that some million odd negroes were deliberately omitted from the census in the South in order to decrease the Southern representation in Congress and the electoral vote. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, an independent republican paper, expresses the opinion that the annual expenditure for pensions is likely to reach \$200,000,000 before it stops growing. It is already over \$145,000,000. The farther we get away from the war the bigger the pension list becomes. What an anomaly! Pensioners, instead of dying out, continue to multiply. How long will the taxpayers of the country continue to submit to this bare faced swindle?

According to the New York Herald Mr. Blaine's reciprocity treaties will not reciprocate.

A lump of pure gold weighing eleven ounces without any gravel or dirt about it, was found at the Heaton and Harbuck mine, near Albemarle, N. C. It was found only a few feet below the surface.

Lizzie Lightner, vs. Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c. IN CHANCERY. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz: 1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd; 2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate; 3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest. F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C. Feb. 19-41. Printer's fee \$7 95

# Auction.

I will offer for sale at public auction on Tuesday 10th day of March, the following personal property:

Five or six Cows, two 2-year-old cattle, 1 two year-old Bull, fifteen or sixteen head of Calves, one or two Horses, and probably some Sheep.

I will also offer for sale privately, the farm on which I now reside.

C. C. BURNER.

Traveler's Repose.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to C. B. SWECKER, AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, Dunmore, W. Va.

A. R. SMITH, Academy, W. V.



## UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Reasonable prices.

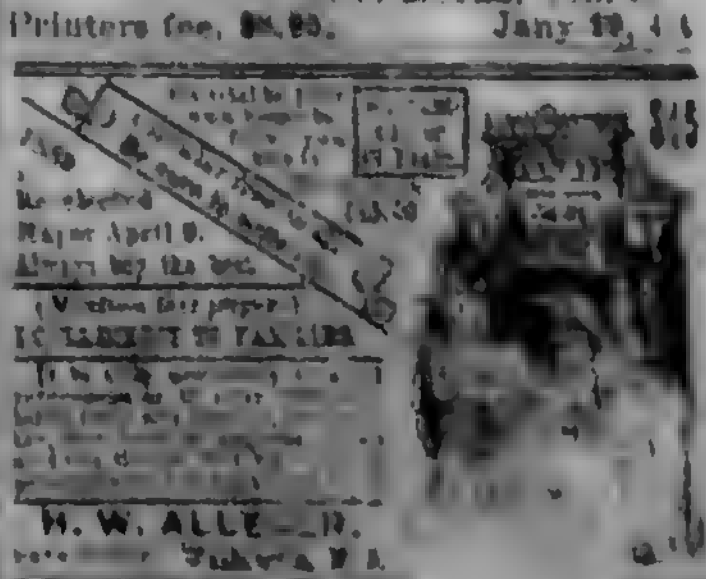
## Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c. vs. Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 23rd day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable. 2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value in gross. 3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the \$475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "C."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest. C. F. MOORE, Com'r. Printers fee, \$4.00. Jan'y 19, 41









## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
 Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
 Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
 Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.  
 2d Co. Court, S. L. Brown.  
 1st Co. Court, J. H. Patterson.  
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Constable, C. E. Board.  
 Co. Surveyor, S. B. Hannah.  
 Geo. Baxter.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.  
 County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. Moore, N. O. McNeil.

Moore & McNeil,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFFER.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,  
Lexington, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.  
 Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. F. WYEMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

## Hotel by C. W. Wagner,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is now large and comfortable and a patron will be spared to keep a comfortable room in every respect. Rooms and board for \$1.00 per day. (Cheapest in town.)

C. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

ICURE FITS!

ICURE FITS!

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THE PICKET GUARD.  
BY HIRSHLIN ELIOT REERT.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
 "Except now and then a stray picket."

Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

"'Tis nothing; n private or two, now and then,  
 Will not count in the news of the battle."

Not an officer lost—only one of the men,  
 Morning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;

Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind  
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;

While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,  
 Grows gentle with the memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,  
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,—  
 The night when the love, yet unspoken,

Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
 He dashed off tears that now welling,

And gathers his gun closer up to its place,  
 As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—  
 The foot-step is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
 Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?  
 Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?

It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"  
 And the life blood is ebbing and flashing.

## HENRY FLETCHER'S LUCK.

"What have you got there, John?" inquired Henry Fletcher of his fellow-clerk, John Raymond.

"A ticket to the concert this evening."

"Who is to sing?"

"Soprano, Alto, and one or two others whom I do not remember."

"How much are the tickets?"

"A dollar."

"Then I shan't go."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to pay a dollar for a ticket."

to exceed my income. But I shan't do it—I can live on ten dollars a week, and still afford myself a little amusement now and then. So could you if you only thought so."

"I do think so."

"Then why don't you go?"

"Because I want to do something more than live on my income."

"You don't mean to say that you expect to save anything out of ten dollars a week?"

"Yes I do."

"But you find you can't do it," said John credulously.

"I have done it."

"You have?"

"Certainly."

"Half a dollar a week, perhaps! But that isn't worth while."

"I should think it worth while if I couldn't earn any more."

"How much have you saved?" questioned John with some curiosity.

"During the six months that I have been here, I have been saved fifty dollars."

"Why, that's two dollars a week."

"Yes."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"Our board costs us five dollars a week."

"Well."

"I act apart from a dollar and a half to two dollars for clothes."

"It costs me more. And how much for sundries?"

"Enough to make eight dollars. The rest I save."

"But you have to pinch your self."

"No I am not conscious of it. I can't go to concerts where the tickets are a dollar, to be sure, but I take two or three weekly papers, and get out books from the Mercantile Library, and with these I have no trouble in passing the time."

"Well, I had no idea money could be saved on our salaries. If all the world were like you Henry, the signora would make a poor living. You approve of nothing expensive."

"I didn't say that. Some people have larger incomes than you or I. It is proper enough for them to pay for expensive amusements if they like."

"But after all, you can't save much. What is your object?"

"I'll tell you, John. I don't want to be a clerk all my lifetime. I want to go into business for myself. But I can't do that without capital."

"So that is what you are saving up for. Well, fifty dollars will set you up in a peanut stand."

"I hope to have more than that when I get ready to go into business. But excuse my lecturing. I hope you will have a pleasant time this evening."

"No doubt I shall. You had better give up your economy for once and buy a ticket."

"I believe not."

"All right. Perhaps you are wiser than I."

Six months later both the young men who took part in the preceding conversation had their wages raised to twelve dollars a week.

On the strength of this John Raymond went at once to a fashionable tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes which he particularly desired should be made in style. The suit was not needed for he was already well supplied with clothes, but the extra two dollars per week made him feel rich, and he took the way of looking down on his property

"I don't see that it does you any good to have your salary raised, Henry," said his fellow-clerk.

"Why not?"

"Because you don't spend any more."

"But I save more."

"How much?"

"I can lay by four dollars a week now."

"You can? I don't see how it is. It's two months since our salary was raised, and I haven't laid by a cent. Besides, I am in debt on my new suit."

"Better have waited till you could pay for it."

"O well, I knew I could very soon."

No more passed between the two clerks at this time. At the end of the second year their wages were again raised—this time to fifteen dollars a week. Constant to the original purpose, Henry Fletcher continued to live on eight dollars a week, thus saving seven. But it is not our purpose to follow the fortunes of the two young men in detail. Suffice it to compare their pecuniary positions at the end of two years.

At this time Henry Fletcher was master of eighteen hundred dollars.

His fellow-clerk, John Raymond, was just even with the world. He had increased his expenses as his income advanced, and this was the natural result. He had long since ceased to question Henry about his savings, and had no idea that he was so much in advance of him.

It has been marked that future often showers her benefits on those who do not deserve them. At all events John Raymond about this time had twenty-five hundred dollars left him by a near relative. This, of course, exhilarated him not a little. He had got tired of being a clerk. He determined to go into business for himself. He announced his determination to Henry one night.

"Well, Henry," said he, somewhat anxiously, "I've just given old Fairbanks warning."

"You have! When are you going?"

"I've dropped clerking. I am going into business for myself."

"I thought—"

"That I had no capital?"

"Yes."

"Well I am lucky enough to have received a legacy of twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I congratulate you. That with your saving—"

"Pooh! I have saved nothing."

"At any rate, that will give you a very fair start."

"I suppose you will go on clerking for some time to come."

"Then you are mistaken. I have engaged a store, and expect to begin business on my own account in a few weeks."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Raymond, in surprise. "Have you had a windfall, too?"

"No."

"Then where did you raise the funds?"

"I have saved up eighteen hundred dollars, and that must do for the present."

"Eighteen hundred! You don't mean to say you have saved all that?"

"With interest, yes."

"I had no idea you were worth all that. It is most as much as I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"I have."

"Both prosperous, I hope."

"So do I."

It so happened that the two young men went into their new stores the same day. Both understood their business. So far as that went, there was no reason to doubt of their success. But John Raymond at once went to a fashionable boarding house, where he paid a high price for a fine room, opened a bill at a fashionable tailor's, bought a horse and carriage and boarded the horse at a livery stable, and in fact, lived as if his income was equal to his stock in trade. He had no reason to complain of the patronage he received. If his expenditures had not been so great he would have been embarrassed. But he was continually drawing so much out of his business that he found it hard to meet his bills as they became due. But this never led him to retrench his personal expenditures. He must keep his carriage, and pay-high board.

So things got worse and worse, till at length a crisis came. In a little short of a year failure came. The money with which he started had somehow melted away, and he found himself thrown upon the world. He was glad to accept his old station at "old Fairbank's store."

How stood Henry Fletcher at the end of the year? He had managed his business prudently, lived economically, and put his surplus profits into his stock in trade. When he took account of stock at the end of the year, it totaled up to twenty-five hundred dollars—just where John Raymond had been at the beginning of the year.

Five years later Henry Fletcher found himself to be worth ten thousand dollars.

John Raymond is just even with the world, and so fixed has his habit of self-indulgence become that it is feared that he will never be any better off. He thinks Henry Fletcher "a very lucky fellow," but he knows that there is something more and better than good luck at the bottom of his prosperity.

WHEN THEY WERE NEW.

Pins made, 1450.

Needles used, 1545.

First cast iron, 1544.

Matches made, 1829.

First newspaper, 1494.

Coal used as fuel, 1834.

First gold coin, B. C. 206.

Lead pencils used in, 1594.

First steam railroad, 1830.

Window-glass used in, 694.

Kerosene introduced, 1826.

First postage stamps, 1840.

Electric light invented, 1874.

First insurance, marine, 533.

First American express, 1821.

First wheeled carriages, 1650.

First illuminating gas in 1792.

Musical notes introduced, 1338.

Iron found in America in 1815.

Bible translated into Saxon, 637.

Gunpowder used by Chinese, 80.

Old testament finished B. C. 430.

Bible translated into Gothic, 872.

Photographs first produced, 1802.

Paper made by Chinese, B. C. 220.

Bible translated into English, 1534.

Tobacco introduced into England, 1583.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To Test Success.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of human lives have been permanently saved. I shall be glad to send you bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their names and P. O. address. Please send me three Express and P. O. orders. Respectfully, T. J. McNEIL, M. D., 111 Front St., N. Y.

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To Test Success.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of human lives have been permanently saved. I shall be glad to send you bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their names and P. O. address. Please send me three Express and P. O. orders. Respectfully, T. J. McNEIL, M. D., 111 Front St., N. Y.

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Consumption Surely Cured.



1990



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### To the Voters of Rockcastle County

At the call of many friends to the County I have been elected a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. It is my duty to perform the duties of the office with fidelity and economy. Thanking you for your favor, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. O. MATHEWS.

### To the Voters of Henderson County

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,

J. M. BARKETT.

## HOME NEWS

—Mr. Isaac McNeal, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Subscribe for THE TIMES and get your county news.

—Messrs. Wise and M. F. Herold, of near Front were in Huntersville last Friday.

—The Baltimore conference M. E. Church South meets to day in Knoxville city, Va.

—A new line of mens', women' and children's shoes just received at Leary & Doyle's.

—Part of Mr. Jas. Dinkley's mill dam was washed out during the last high freshet.

—Mr. A. M. McClinton, of the firm of McClinton & Co., of Mt. Gove., Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—Messrs. R. K. Burns and M. A. Dunlap, of Academy were in the city Tuesday.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wm. Cole, of near this place lost his last and only horse a few days ago. It is supposed that some low lying son of a gun gave it glass.

—Mr. D. B. McElwee has sold his store house and lot at the Lockridge ford to Mr. H. M. Lockridge, also Mr. Jas. Barkley, Sr., has sold his mill property to same.

—In a week or two we will add largely to our job department, and hope that every body that needs nice job printing of any kind will give THE TIMES office a call.

—Mr. A. M. McLaughlin, of Pocahontas county, was here Saturday. Having sold his valuable farm at Marlinton, he is on the lookout for another. We should be pleased to have him buy in this county, for we like to get in such men as Mr. McLaughlin.—Independent.

—St. Louis is now the largest fur market in the United States. At a recent sale of pelts in that city more than a million skins of the coon, muskrat, skunk, mink, gray fox and opossum were disposed of.

—A few days ago a half dozen State Senators and a drummer were sitting at a supper table at the Hotel Baffner, Charleston. The Senators were painfully polite to one another, evidently desiring to impress the drummer with their importance. One statesman would say: "Will the Senator from So-and-so pass me the salt?" Another would say: "Will the Senator from Blank county pass me the pepper?" This was kept up until the drummer got weary. Turning to the negro waiter he said: "Will the Senator from Africa pass me the butter?" The Senators quit.

—It is an advice from a reliable source to the effect that owing to the large purchases of real estate in this county by Marshall and McClinton, the price of the permanent improvement fund is secured. It is a route to the improvement fund and all the money that is raised will go to the improvement fund. It is a route to the improvement fund and all the money that is raised will go to the improvement fund.

—The State Senate has agreed on an amendment to the World's Fair bill appropriating \$40,000 to make an exhibit of this State on that occasion. That will certainly be the limit to which the Legislature will go. We hardly think that the amount is large enough, but it is better than nothing. The Legislature has been in the appropriation by all safe guards necessary to secure a faithful application of the money.

—We are informed that Mr. Wm. Curry, of this place has sold his large and most magnificent farm adjoining this city to Mr. H. M. Lockridge. We understand that the price paid, was about \$23,000; also that negotiations are pending for the purchase of Mr. J. C. Long's farm, also adjoining Huntersville, and that an offer has been on Mr. Amos Barlow's farms, one adjoining this place and the other 3 miles from here. Ere another year rolls around we expect to see these farms laid off into lots and the foundation laid, and the boom, boom, for a grand and glorious city, in the very heart of hundreds of thousands of acres of the best iron ore the State produces and millions upon millions of feet of white pine lumber, as well as a good sprinkling of cherry, walnut, ash, chestnut, locust, white oak and other kinds. Our grand old mountain State is coming out of the furs faster than any other state in the Union, and ere she is five years older she will be one of the foremost.

—"Many people think newspaper men persistent duuners. By way of comparison let us suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of corn and sells it to 1,000 different persons in all parts of the country. When the sale is made a great many of them say, 'I will hand you the dollar in a short.' The farmer does not want to appear small and says, 'All right.' Soon the wheat is gone and he has nothing to show for it, and he thus realizes that he has frittered away his whole crop, and that it is due him in a thousand little dribblets, consequently he is seriously injured in his business because his debtors, each owing him a dollar, treats it as a small matter and think it would not help him much. Continue this business year after year as the publisher does, how long would he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for dunning." No sensible man should ever get angry because a newspaper man duns him for his money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity but simply the result of the publisher's necessities. He has to have his money to pay expenses. Consequently the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting on him so patiently and pay promptly.—Ex.

### Dunmore Doings.

W. J. Pritchard, has returned home.

Walter Bird has moved near Dunmore.

Rev. Luntenschinger was out last week.

Jas. Night, (col.) died at his home near Clover Lick last week. He was about 23 years old.

Y. J.

### Marlinton, W. Va.

Some of the good people of Pocahontas are getting things ready to boom Marlinton. This is the name of the postoffice near the bridge across the Greenbrier river in that county. Large tracts of land have been sold in that vicinity, recently, at good prices, and it is supposed that they were bought in the interest of a railroad company who will build a town at that place. It is an excellent location for this purpose, being where Knapp's creek empties into the Greenbrier. The land is comparatively level and very fertile. The boom seems to be

for that part of the county.—Elkins News.

### Farmers Alliance.

At a meeting of the Edray Alliance at Mr. Pleasant school house, the fact of the death of John Simmons, one of our members, having been called to the attention of the order the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1st. Resolved that it is with the deepest regret that we are called upon to chronicle the death of our esteemed brother and co-worker in the I. U. & F. A. but with the humble submission to the will of God, we humbly bow to the decrees of his providence.

2nd. That the death of this man, the community has sustained a loss which will be greatly felt, and the Alliance a faithful, consistent, and devoted member.

3rd. That we as an Alliance and as individuals heartily sympathize with his bereaved family in the great loss they have sustained in being deprived of his faithful example and loving companionship.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished his family and published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES.

By order of the Alliance.  
A. M. MCGLAUGHLIN,  
ANDREW PRICE,  
G. W. MANN.

JOHN WAUGH,  
Committee.  
M. G. MATHEWS, Sec.

### Rev. M. D. Dunlap Dead.

We clip the following from the Hillsboro Items in the Greenbrier Independent:

It is with a sad heart that we announce the death of Rev. M. D. Dunlap, which occurred at his residence near here on last Sunday morning the 24th ult., in the 83rd year of his age. He passed peacefully away, his last hours being attended with but little suffering. Death resulted from kidney trouble and a general debility, occasioned by old age. He leaves no family, his beloved wife and two children having gone on before. He leaves, however, a large circle of sorrowing friends and relatives here and in Monroe county.

Mr. Dunlap was born in Augusta county, Va., in the year 1809. At the age of 25 he graduated at Washington College with high honors, and was shortly afterward ordained as a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

He was married in the year 1844, and he and his wife, a most estimable lady, came to this county in the year 1845. For 11 years he taught school here, during which time he also attended to his duties as a pastor of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church. As a teacher he gained great distinction and was the founder of the old Academy, one of the finest institutions of learning near here in that day, and from which the postoffice at this place derives its name.

During his ministry, which covered a period of 40 years, he espoused the cause of his Master faithfully and zealously, and the Church prospered in his hands. How many of us remember the old brick Church that stood a mile south of here, and the able and stirring sermons that fell from the lips of Mr. Dunlap. He was one of the most exemplary christians we ever knew. If there ever lived a man that showed by his daily walk and conversation that he was trying to lead a true christian life that man was Mr. Dunlap. His life was made up of good deeds and his noble qualities of mind and heart have endeared him to every one who knew him. He is gone but he leaves behind a shining record that will never die, but ever remain fresh and green on memory's page.

It is a waste of space to say nothing of being very untidly for the newspaper to remind "me-too" Platt of the fact he took in nominating

### County Court Proceedings.

The following is a list of the County Court proceedings, which convened last Tuesday.

Geo. W. Callison, qualified as deputy sheriff.

Ordered that Geo. Sheets be paid \$111.34 for work done on Snake Den road.

H. S. Knecker and F. J. Snyder were appointed to examine the Clerk's office.

Ordered that Jno. Gregg be paid \$100 for work done on the bridge at Dunmore near this place.

Ordered that a voting place be established at Buckeye.

The following commissioners are appointed to conduct the school election to be held on the 19th day of May next:

District No. 1, Traveler's Repose—C. C. Barner, N. B. Arbogast and Henderson Durrnell.

Green Bank—J. R. Warwick, Wm. B. Wooddell and B. M. Arbogast.

Dunmore—J. W. Taylor H. N. Moore and Geo. Arbogast.

Dist. No. 2, Split Rock—A. C. L. Gatewood, Frank Vandevort and Harmon Sharp.

Edray—Jno. Wagh, S. B. Moore, and Wm. M. Sharp.

Buckeye—R. E. Orrholt, W. C. McNeil, and A. M. Kee.

Dist. No. 3 Huntersville—L. M. McClinton, C. F. Moore, and N. C. McNeil.

Frost—I. B. Moore, W. A. Sharp, and M. F. Herold.

Dist. No. 4 Academy—J. B. Kenison, Howard Clark, and C. W. Eskridge.

Chas. Cook was appointed justice in Edray district.

H. A. Yeager appointed Justice in Green Bank district.

**DENTISTRY.**—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Hupers) 28th 3 days; Huntersville April 1st and remain 4 days; Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

It is apparent from the speeches made at the Woman's Suffrage Convention at Washington that the woman of Kanawha elected Senator Pelfer, the successor to Mr. Ingalls. How long have the women of Kanawha been voting.

The death of Senator Hearst was a double misfortune to the country and the democratic party. The party loses the services of an honest level headed Senator, and owing to the Governor of California being a republican, that party will gain the vote of his successor for the unexpired term, which ends March 3, 1893.

Senator Wilcott thinks the Postoffice department has become a little chummy under the management of Mr. Wannmaker. Next time Mr. Wilcott wants a new postmaster appointed or an old one removed he expects to get it done more promptly than heretofore.

No wonder Quay got disgusted with his republican colleagues and went fishing. The beginning of the republican Congress was bad enough, but the ending was worse. Well, the people will see that the country isn't burdened with another soon.

Somebody said that Mr. Harrison's selection of ex Gov. Foster, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury, indicated the adoption by the administration of a new southern policy. If one may judge by the nomination of the disreputable negro, "Jim" Hill, to be postmaster at Vicksburg, Miss., the new policy is a glum or two blacker than the

Knapp's creek was higher Saturday night and Sunday than it has been this winter.

We would suggest to "Buffalo Bill" that he might add a new feature to his "Wild West" show, which is now in Europe, by employing the ex members of Congress to repeat daily, for the edification of the adherents of the "effete monarchical system," the "rint act," which they have enacted so often during the lifetime of the unlamented Fifty-first Congress. The expense would not be great, as most of the repudiated politicians would be glad to go for their expenses, in order to avoid having to return to their constituents before time shall have kindly glossed over some of their most glaring misdeeds.

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Franklin Square, New York City.

### COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891, the following tracts of valuable lands: to-wit: a tract containing 2845 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2892 acres situate on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 1814 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

### TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6, 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.  
Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.  
J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.  
mar 12-41. Printer's fee 50.00

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED



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AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND  
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Half column	4.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
One line	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.35; after 12 months, \$1.80. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 19, 1891.

Some Republican blatherskites having claimed that, "whatever may be the faults of President Harrison, there are no scandals connected with his Administration," the New York World gave two pages of fine type to a brief summary of the following fifteen scandals—all of them dirty, some of them infamous—though it does not take into account the Force bill and several other infamous jobs which failed because Harrison could not carry them through without the unanimous support of his party in Congress. Here is the World's list of scandals:

1. Selling protection for cash to a class of monopolists.
2. Appointing to a Cabinet position the vulgar hypocrite, John Wamamaker, who was the largest contributor to the fund that purchased Harrison's election.
3. Expending the money thus procured in the open purchase of votes.
4. Utter disregard of civil-service reform pledges, and a galaxy of respectable party service.
5. The shameful administration of the great Pension Bureau for the benefit of pension sharks.
6. Prostituting the most honorable office in the world to a purely family affair.
7. The President of the United States as a gift-taker and tool of real-estate boomers.
8. Stealing the representation in the United States Senate of a new State (Montana.)
9. Creating new States of mining camps for the sole purpose of retaining partisan control.
10. Evicting Democratic members of the House of Representatives for the same purpose.
11. Usurpation of power by the Speaker to insure the passage of partisan measures.
12. Disgraceful scenes and gross vulgarity in the House, the direct result of the Speaker's actions.
13. Making a fraudulent census for partisan advantage though a reappointment of Congressional representation.
14. Government officials looting public lands, regardless of a very mild rebuke.
15. Squandering the money of an overtaxed people to get rid of a troublesome surplus.

The whole history of Harrison as candidate, as President-elect, and as President is simply a huge scandal; and these specific scandals are merely a few of the spots on the skin of the leopard.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13th.—Mr. Harrison was fortunate in being out of town this week. He escaped the first exuberance of the Blaine blatherskites who have gone completely wild, because the alleged reciprocity treaty has been formally accepted by the President's government, instead

ment has agreed to submit the reciprocity dispute to arbitration, reserving the right to insist upon the payment of damages by this government for what it calls the illegal seizure of vessels sailing under the British flag. Before crowning Mr. Blaine king of the world of diplomacy the Blainers should procure a copy of the dispatch of Lord Salisbury, sent to the British Minister here last summer, which was a part of the correspondence submitted to Congress at the last session. They will find that the proposition then made by Great Britain to arbitrate was, with dispute, substantially the same as that now accepted by Lord Salisbury. If there has been any diplomatic victory won in these negotiations Mr. Blaine was not its winner.

Notwithstanding the statement that Mr. Harrison had concluded not to make the appointments of the nine United States Judges until Congress met again the republican appointments for these life time positions are patiently waiting for him to return to the White House in order to renew the seige. His ostensible reason for going to Maryland was to shoot wild ducks, but I think that his real reason was to escape the importunities of the "Tame duck" of his party. It is thought here that he will make these appointments before going to the Pacific Coast in search of voters in the next republican national convention, and the vote hauling just is to begin, very appropriately in the neighborhood of the first of April. Attorney General Miller is said to be studying the law under which these judges are to be appointed as doubts have been expressed of its constitutionality.

Secretary Foster is in Ohio, but there is quite as much consternation in the Treasury Department as there usually is upon a change of administration, and the impression is general that many heads are to fall in order to make places for Foster's machine republicans. Treasurer Hinton is expected, to return to Washington tomorrow but he will not, they say at the department, again resume his duties, although his resignation has not been officially accepted. There is a well defined rumor here that Mr. Harrison will try to get rid of Hinton by tendering him an important foreign mission. Private Secretary Hallford says there is nothing in it, but it finds many believers nevertheless.

Last night at the Hotel at which Hon. William R. Morrison, lives there was a gathering of delighted Illinois democrats exchanging congratulations upon the election of Gen. Palmer to the United States Senate, and no one expresses more pleasure than Mr. Morrison, who had been prominently mentioned as a candidate in case of the withdrawal of Gov. Palmer.

Republicans here take a special delight in the knowledge that the extravagant appropriations of the last Congress will make a deficit in the Treasury which the incoming democratic Congress will have to provide for, either by reducing expenses or increasing taxation, and they naturally have the "gall" to express their delight to the democrats. Perhaps when the democratic House begins to show up some of the financial crookedness of the majority in the last Congress, as it is almost certain to do these fellows with not feel quite so gleeful.

The Treasury Department has notified the claim agents that all payments under the direct tax act will be made to the States in trust for the citizens thereof from whom they were collected and that no one will be allowed to examine the direct tax records of the department unless authorized by one of the States to do so. This is a black

copies of favored individuals before the order was issued.

The illegal sealers in Behring sea will have a lively time this season as pending the arbitration the ships of Great Britain will assist those of the United States in putting an end to the business.

When Ruby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891.

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 1000 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investors, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal installment with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. McALISTER,

Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAlister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, CLK.

mar. 5-4t

VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County.

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891 the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situated on Elk, about 5 miles from Edary. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep up sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.  
SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,  
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN,  
march 5th.

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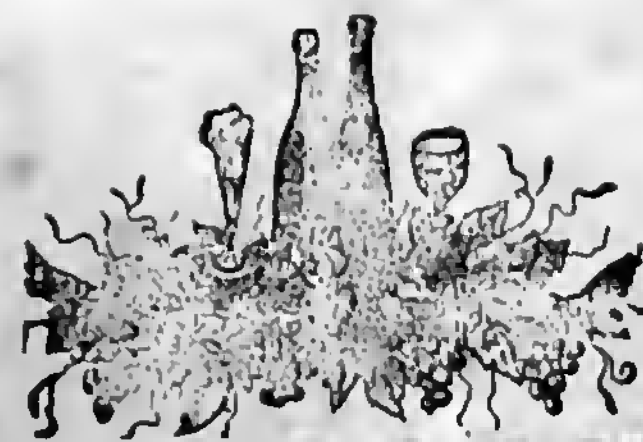
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Are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constiveness, Piles and Inactivity of the Liver. 25 CENTS A BOX. Sugar Coated. One pill a dose. Don't gulp or make you sick.

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A panacea for external and internal use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Sprains, Pains, Lameness, Burns, Croup, Colds and all painful Affections. A sure cure for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Flux. 25 and 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Keep them in the House, they will often save Doctor Bills.

If you feel no relief after using two-thirds the contents of a bottle of these medicines return the remainder, unopened, to the dealer from whom you bought it and he will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

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If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentucky bourbon.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINDHAM'S Boonville Baby should always be used when children are crying with colic. It relieves the little distressed creature, it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little baby wakes up "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Washington, D. C.

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James J. Van, Box 612, Portland, Me.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 26, 1891.

Terms of Subscription, \$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No. 34.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McLintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.  
Jrk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Com'r Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee).  
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

### THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July in levy term.

O. F. Moore, N. C. McNeil.

### Moore & McNeil, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

### L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

### D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

### H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

### J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewisburg, W. Va.

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## ICURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to say I cure, but I mean I cure with a sure and reliable cure.

### FEVER, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to say I cure, but I mean I cure with a sure and reliable cure.

### FOR MEN ONLY!

### TOM'S WIFE.

Uncle Trotcombe came driving up to Miss Medbury's employment office in an irritable frame of mind. He had not had any previous experience in engaging help, but as his wife was laid up with the rheumatism, and there was no one to look after farm, kitchen or house work, the case became one of necessities to look for a hired girl.

The women, young and old, waiting for employment, were none of them anxious to accompany Uncle Trotcombe home, because a firm was so lonely in winter, and a girl would die for want of society in such a place.

Miss Medbury was about to announce to the old man that it would be impossible for him to get suited that day, when a pale, lady-like looking girl whispered a few words in her ear. The speaker was willing to work on the farm, and though Uncle Trotcombe vowed she looked too delicate for hard work and too much of a lady for the position, he engaged her.

So Mary Llan went out to the old one storied farm house, with the huge butternut trees standing above and the little catarract pouring down the glen behind, and strange to say Uncle Timothy Trotcombe's "old lady" fell in love with the pale, sweet stranger at first sight.

"I made sure you wouldn't like her," said Uncle Timothy.

"That shows just how much a man's judgment is worth," said Aunt Betsy.

"To be sure she hasn't had much experience doing housework, but she is quick to learn, and handy in the kitchen, and, I declare, her hands are that soft and her ways that gentle and coaxing, it's a pleasure to have her to wait upon one!"

And by degrees Aunt Betsy wiled this stranger's sad story from her with womanly sympathy and artifice.

"Poor lamb! She's got a husband somewhere, but she don't exactly know where," said Mrs. Trotcombe there was meddlin' friends, and he was jealous without a reason.

"Or with one," said Uncle Timothy, shrewdly.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Betsy. "And she ran away to her own folks; and they was dead, and she was too proud to go back and tell her husband of all she suffered; and finally she fell sick and nearly died in a hospital. And when she came back to life, as it were, she saw everything in such a different light; and she begged and worked her way back to her husband's house; and when she got there—to and behold the house was shot up and he was gone to Europe. And she wrote to him, and she never got an answer; and now poor lamb, she's supporting herself as best she can. I wish you could a seed her cry, with her head on my lap. I cried too."

"I'll venture you did," said Uncle Timothy.

"Well, nobody could a helped it. And then I told her the story of our nephew, Tom, as we brought up just like a child of our own, and how he went west and married the play act in Kentucky, and how she ran off and left him, and broke his heart; and how he was wanderin' around now in Switzerland and Yung, and then he'll parts tryin' to forget her. And Mary looked up at me with her big eyes, and says she, 'Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Trotcombe, don't judge the poor girl too hardly. Look at me and think what she has, Mary, have you?' And I didn't say a word.

sides to that question too."

"Humph!" said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, and he took snuff. "Did you tell her as Tom was comin' back this week?"

"No," said Aunt Betsy. "Why should I?"

"Did it ever strike you as possible that he might come to-day?"

"No," Aunt Betsy answered wondering more and more.

Uncle Timothy wheeled the old lady's invalid chair a step or two forward so that it was on a range with the window, and then he pointed out toward the garden gate, where the crimson honeysuckles were just bursting into bud and a white lilac waved its crest of bloom back and forth in the soft spring wind. A tall figure brooded in the face, and bearded us to the chin was striding through.

"It's Tom!" said Aunt Betsy spasmodically.

"Yes, it's Tom," said Uncle Timothy. "Hush!"

For at that instant a slight figure which had been stooping over Aunt Betsy's white lilies, rose into the blind May sunshine, and the two young people stood face to face.

"Tom, oh Tom!"

"My Mary!"

And the next moment they were clasped in each others arms.

Uncle Timothy and Aunt Betsy stared at one another.

"Old lady," said Uncle Timothy "did you ever suspect this?"

"Never!" cried the old wife, with a mist fast gathering on her spectacle glasses.

"I did," said Uncle Timothy; "long ago. Well, it's all right now. Pull down the shade, old lady. It ain't hardly fair for old folks like you and me to be peeping. And Tom will think of us now."

"Well," said Aunt Betsy, huskily, "I'm glad of it. For I always liked that girl."

"So did I," said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe.

### THE CIRCUS DID IT.

Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee to a hillside constituent, according to the Arkansas Traveler.

"Yes, sir; captured the best looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes; I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circus rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mighty downcast for I thought there wasn't no use in buckin' agin' him. Well the day for the marriage was set, and a parcel of us come to town to see the wedding, for Rose vowed that she wanted to be married in town, then take the cars for home thereby gettin' a ten mile bridal tour. When we got to town to and behold there was a circus with more horses than a strong man could shake a stick at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin' my religion. Stay here till I go and get the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone, I says, says I, 'Rose wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"Yes, but Sam won't take me."

"That's bad; they've got a world of horses."

"Then she turned up and began to cry."

"I thought, says I, 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show, but if you

says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert after the big shows over?'

"Yes."

"An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?"

"Tibby sho."

"An' won't pull an' haul when I get interested?"

"No; sw'r I won't."

"An' when the shows over you let me look at the monkey agin'?"

"Yes."

"Nath, said she putting her hand mighty lovely on my arm. 'I'm yours.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, nu, in less'n half an hour we were dnu married nu' a lookin' at the monkeys."

### MAKING IT PLEASANT.

Owing to a confusion in the names of stations, I got off at the wrong one in Tennessee, and as there was no public house in the hamlet, the station agent said I could go home with him. His house was a humble one, as seen in the darkness, and as we reached the gate he halted and said:

"Stranger, perhaps I ought to tell you—"

"What?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"Well, never mind. Come along in."

He took me into the front room, which did not seem to be much used by the family. As we entered there came a loud yell from an adjoining room, and he explained:

"It's only my wife boxing the oldest girl's ears for snoring her. Let me take your hat."

He had scarcely taken it when a boy was heard whooping, and he explained:

"It's only wife pulling young Tim's hair for not bringing in the night wood."

The whoop was followed by a yelp and a howl, and my host calmly explained:

"One of the dogs got in the way, you see, and she lifted him."

I was trying to make his position a little less embarrassing, when there were two yells in quick succession, followed by a scramble, and he crossed his legs and remarked:

"The twins was prably hooking vittles off the table and got caught at it."

Half a minute later, just as I had got ready to ask about the crops in that locality, the door was banged open and a woman, who had a fork in one hand and a baby on her shoulder, bounced in and shouted out:

"You enery, lazy Jim Marlock, if you don't help take keer of those brats I'll—"

She saw me and stopped and retreated, and when she had gone the husband explained:

"That's what I was going to tell ye at the gate—that ye'd have to take chances on her being in a tantrum. She's got one, and if you don't mind being called squint-eyed, bald-headed, gander-shanked, and hump-backed, and if you can kick the dogs off, when she sets 'em on and put up with the children climbing over you, I'll try to make it pleasant otherwise."

"Did you ever see anything like that?" asked a young lady to her escort at a church fair where railing was in progress.

"Only once."

"When was that?"

"It was when a human man in New York stood one into a little crowd of five, and I was ridin' of \$75."

After all, next to a circus of body, there is nothing so desirable in a circus of character. A person who

### THAT BLESSED BABY.

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins," said a young Madison avenue mother, as one of her husband's bachelor friends arose to say good evening, "you must see baby before you go."

"I should be obliged," he answered rather meekly, "but isn't it too late?" he inquired, looking about for his hat.

"Not a bit," she insisted, and after a moment's absence the fond mother returned with a bundle of dainty wraps and lace, and presented an infant countenance for inspection.

"You never saw a dearer baby in your life," she declared, putting the wife of humanity into her guest's unwilling arms.

"I'm not up on babies," he ventured feebly, holding the infant as if it would explode, "but I should say it was—was beautiful."

"I knew you would think so," said the pleased mother.

"I hope it hasn't a fever," he rashly added.

"Fever?"

"Yes, looks finished you know."

"Nonsense," said the mother indignantly, "all babies are pink, and besides Mr. Wilkins," she continued coldly, "you keep saying, 'it.' My baby is a boy."

"I beg your pardon," stammered the unhappy bachelor, the perspiration beginning to stand out on his brow, "there wasn't any thing in the—the attire to indicate—but then," he blundered, "I might have known it was a boy because it—he is bald."

A look of horrified amazement came on the young mother's face.

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Wilkins," she said, quickly relieving him of the burden, "and when you get home if you will read up on babies you will find," she added a significant glance, "that red faces and bald heads are mostly confined to middle-aged bachelors."

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent unit on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before? I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that hat suit, but you ought not to follow me up and don me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money but also an order for a wedding suit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the young lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."

She—Dearest Frank, if I were to suppose for a moment that you were going to marry me for money, I should in despair put an end to my wretched existence.

"Oh my yourself, dearest, let us get married as soon as possible, and you shall see what efforts I'll make to get rid of your money."

Steen Parents—Hello, you young capitalist! Where are you going with that fishing pole on Monday morning? My pole, too!

Births—Glad to do so for you and welcome to me.

Deaths—The mother of you and

Deaths—The mother of you and



# Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 26, 1891.

The German legislative news will assume a new interest if Bismarck becomes the leader of the opposition in the Reichstag.

U. S. Treasurer Huston thinks this country presents greater opportunities than Russia for the political dynamiter, therefore he refuses to accept the Russian mission. He thinks probably that his proper mission is to prevent the nomination of Benjamin Harrison again.

The newspaper scrapping match between those sharp tongued republicans, ex-Senator Ingalls and Murat Halstead, is growing interesting. They can say nothing about each other so bad that the people of the country will not endorse it.

The election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate by the Illinois legislature was worth all the patient waiting through the apparently endless deadlock. Patience, persistence and popularity are valuable aids in "getting there", and don't you let it slip from your mind.

The British steamship Utopia, from Italian ports, bound to New York with 700 Italian emigrants aboard, collided with the British ironclad Rooney, anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and sank soon afterward off Ragged Staff. A southwest gale was blowing at the time of the collision. Many women and children were drowned. A large number, clinging to the rigging, have been rescued by boats from the channel squadron.

The Italian government has protested and Mr. Harrison has forwarded a communication to the Governor of Louisiana calling his attention to the treaty obligations which compel us to protect citizens of foreign countries. Mr. Blaine now has an opportunity. Let him show the world the why and wherefore of his unfortunate occurrence, and give the citizens of New Orleans the hearing they are entitled to.

The son of the late Senator Hearst will, it is said, shortly begin the publication of a great daily newspaper in the city of New York. As the young man has just inherited \$500,000,000 he will not be hampered by lack of capital, and if his paper shall be as sound politically as the San Francisco Examiner, the paper he now owns and edits, it will be a decided acquisition to the democratic party.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is looking up to the republican mind as the most candidate of his party. That suits us to a dot. It would hardly be possible for the republican party to put up a weaker man than Harrison, and it took Tom Reed, who for Harrison, to say that we had better not vote for him. We know that we have a better man than Harrison, and we will vote for him.

The negroes who foolishly went to Oklahoma expecting such great things are many of them actually starving while all of them are suffering from one or another cause. The negroes, in large bodies can never thrive and prosper in any place where the climatic conditions are widely different from those of the Southern States, and they will find no place in any of the other states where it is possible to live with as little work as they can in the South, which is their natural home, and to which the sensible members of that race will stick.

A terrible riot occurred in New Orleans on the 14th inst. in which thirteen Italians were shot and killed. These parties had been on trial for the assassination of David C. Hennessy, a policeman, which occurred some time ago. The proof against them was strong and convincing, but through the influence of money which was used to corrupt the jurors in the case, they were acquitted and would have been released on that day. This manifest attempt to defeat the ends of justice provoked the deepest indignation among the best people of the city, and in a few minutes a large crowd of representative citizens collected and proceeded to the city prison. They forced an entrance and the work of death soon began. When all was over they dispersed and went quietly to their homes. The action of the mob seems to have been justifiable.

Lynch law is always to be deprecated, even though the course of justice be sometimes turned aside by or through corrupt methods, but there are mitigating circumstances in the case of the citizens of New Orleans who recently lynched twelve members of "Mafia", an outlawed society organized for plunder and murder. These men had been acquitted by the intimidation and bribery of the jury, in the face of evidence of the most positive and convincing kind of the guilt of a number of them of having been in a conspiracy which resulted in the cold blooded murder of the chief of police of that city. The mob which lynched these prisoners was composed of the leading citizens of New Orleans, many of whom carried in their pockets the "death warrants" issued by the "Mafia", and who deemed it a question of life or death, whether they or the "Mafia" should be exterminated. Before condemning the action of these threatened citizens who have for months been compelled to take every precaution to prevent their own assassination it is well to read the opinions of those great commercial bodies, the Board of Trade, the Sugar Exchange and the Stock Exchange, of New Orleans, as expressed in the following preamble and resolution unanimously adopted by all on the afternoon of the day the lynching took place:

"Whereas the deplorable administration of criminal justice in this city, and the frightful extent to which the bribery of juries had been carried, has rendered it necessary for the citizens of New Orleans to vindicate our sacred rights to justice."

Be it resolved, That, while we deplore in all times the resort to violence, we consider the action taken by the citizens this morning to be proper and justifiable."

## The Pearl Vasey Man.

See that half grown man? He never will know as much again as he does now at the ripe age of 20. When he gets to be 50 when his hair is grizzled and his hopes are like the dawn of a new day, he will look back upon those years of youth and wonder how he got through them. He will wonder how he got through them without a little help from the Pearl Vasey Man.

child might stand in the doorway of his nursery and denounce what was going on in the drawing room. Most of the scathing things that are said about domestic felicity, and the sneers that are heaped on love, and the gibes that are flung at purity, and the scoffs that are launched at established religions, all the jokes at the expense of noble manhood and the witticisms that are lavished upon the old fashioned virtues, spring from the gigantic brain of the youth of the period.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891.

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 300 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm. Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd. These lands are worthy the attention of investors, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

## TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the sale aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal instalment with legal interest on the deferred instalments from the day of sale. The purchaser or purchasers to give bonds for the deferred instalments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. McALISTER,

Commissioner.  
In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAlister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, CLK.  
mar. 6-4t Printers fee \$14.40

## VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County.

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891 the lands belonging to Allie McLaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situated on Elk, about 5 miles from Edary. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McLaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.  
SUSAN McLAUGHLIN,  
Guardian of ALLIE McLAUGHLIN,  
march 6th.

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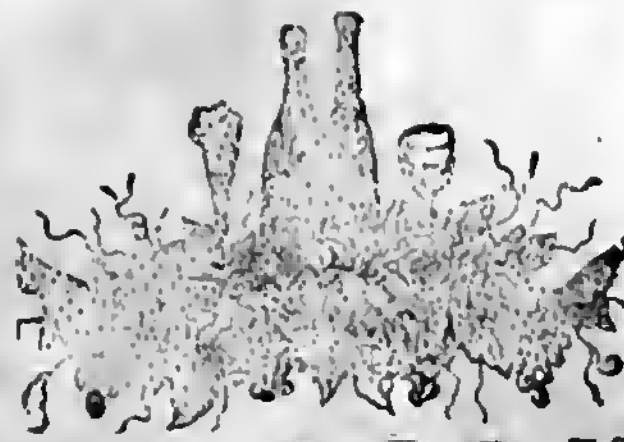
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Keep them in the House, they will often save Doctor Bills.

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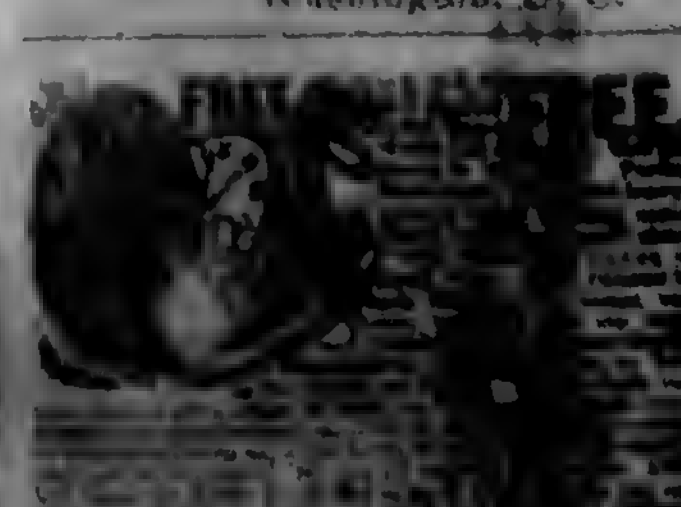
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Huntersville, W. Va.  
March 26, 1891.

### A FEW YEARS HENCE.

He was sitting before a great fire at the club, with eyes half closed, when a friend roused him.

"Dreaming, old man?" asked the friend.

"Half dreaming, half musing," was the reply as the young fellow stretched him self. "My grandfather has been telling of the hardships of early days, and I was wondering what I'd tell my grandchildren in that line."

"Couldn't think of much, could you?"

"Well, I don't know. Hardship is hardship only by comparison with luxury. The luxury of one age is the hardship of the next. Now I conjured up a picture of my grandchild sitting on my knee asking me for a story."

Several men had gathered around the armchair and one asked:

"Did you tell a story?"

"Oh yes," replied the dreamer. "I remember I told him that about 1890 I had a brother in New York. One day I received a dispatch that he was dying. I took the limited, and for twenty-six hours I was in an agony of doubt, fearful lest he should die before I arrived. I dilated a little on the terrible suspense and then how my appetite seemed to have left me."

"And what did the boys say?" asked one of the party.

"The boys? O, he couldn't believe it at first; wanted to know if it was possible that there was an accident that delayed me, and if there was, why it delayed me so long. He figured it out, too. He said:

"Regular time from here to New York, two hours. O, they couldn't have delayed you twenty-four hours, grandpa."

"And when I told him that twenty-six hours was the regular time he looked sorry for me and said:

"Poor grandpa. You must have had an awful hard time. And how slow you were in those days. Ate on the train, too. Dear me, I can go from here to San Francisco without getting hungry! Didn't the pneumatic tube work well?"

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"Then I explained that the pneumatic tube route wasn't in operation at that time, and drew out a little more sympathetically by telling him about the excitement you tell that I had received and had to pay, the cost of the supply, O, but he was sympathetic."

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"I explained that we used to light our houses with gas, and the gas couldn't pay for itself. And I must have been asked to have a lamp lit for me."

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"My boy, I said, 'we didn't have the comforts then that we have now, but those hardships are what made us the hardy race that we are.'"

Then the dreamer asked the crowd to leave him while he figured out another hard luck tale for his grandson.

### HE CARRIED IT.

Three or four of us had closed our umbrellas and gathered under a store awning at the lower end of Market street, Philadelphia, to wait for a grip car. Along came a colored man, carrying a faded and rent old umbrella, and we all noticed that he carried the shelter tipped forward at such an angle that his feet were protected at the expense of his back.

"Step, sir!" shouted the man at my left, who had the look and bearing of a Judge.

"Yes, sah—what's wanted?" queried the colored man.

"I want to show you how to carry an umbrella. Your toes are dry, while your back is all wet. I don't believe that one person in fifty knows how to carry an umbrella so as to get the most protection out of it."

"It's an old one, sah."

"Yes; I see, but you don't grasp the handle right. Here—take mine."

"Yes, sah."

"Take the handle with your right hand, and carry it on a line with your right shoulder. There—that's better."

"Can't get along wid sich stiffness, sah."

"Yes, you can. Now walk up to the corner and back. Hold the handle on a line with your shoulder. That's it—go ahead."

The negro marched off at a steady pace, and while he was stepping off the gentleman turned to us with:

"It's a knuck to shelter yourself under an umbrella, particularly if it rains hard, and the want of this knuck provokes me when I see it."

We agreed with him, and the minutes passed by and a car came down.

"Why, where did the nigger go to?" asked the owner of the umbrella.

We looked up and down, but he had disappeared. The man ran up the street two squares, but there was no African carrying a fine silk umbrella with a gold handle—not as he could see. We started to rally him a bit as we went up on the car, but he checked us by saying:

"If any of you think I can't lick you in one round all you have to do is to stop off the car! I won't detain you three minutes."

### CONSIDERATE.

In a certain school the teacher always went to her pupils when they needed help, instead of having them come to her. This habit led one day to a rather amusing incident.

Little Tommy Page was being punished by "standing in the floor," while he got his spelling lesson. Finding a hard word he raised his hand, and the teacher at once came to his assistance. A moment later this was repeated, and soon his call for the teacher became frequent.

But, by and by, Tommy's legs began to get tired and he lounged for a seat. A little later he walked boldly up to the teacher's platform and calmly seated himself on its edge.

What would the surprised teacher do? She stared at the strange conduct of the boy for a moment.

"What would the surprised teacher do?" she asked.

"The little poker party—she had captured the entire 'kitties'—in the Western addition about 2 a. m., the other night, when he observed that he was being followed by a couple of suspicious-looking characters who wore rubber shoes.

"Great Scott!" muttered Bigley, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"If they are footpads I'll be stood up and sandbagged, if they're policemen, and I run, I'll get shot sure."

But a successful poker player has loads of nerve, so Bigley struck an idea. He quietly made a pad of some letters in his pocket, slipped a pencil behind his ear and walked boldly up to the men.

"Can you gentlemen show me the house where the bank clerk suicided this evening?" he asked.

"Holy smoke!" said one of the highwaymen. Here we've been following a—journalist all this time."

And striking Bigley for a couple of cigarettes, the disgusted hoodlums pocketed their suit-lings and hurried off to lay for an assemblyman who had come down from Sacramento since the fire commissioners' bill passed, and was sure to be well fixed.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Swift was 59 when he published "Gulliver's Travels."

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

M. Eiffel, who built the tower, is seeking an election to the French senate.

When art is a day old it is a daisy. When it is 200 years old it is a masterpiece.

The once mighty Indian population of the United States has dwindled to 244,075.

The population of London is greater than that of Norway and Sweden combined.

John Stuart Mill was 53 when his essay on "Liberty" was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism."

The difference between a man's mind being turned on politics and his mind being turned is not a very, very vast one.

Black slippers are worked with pink beads, lined with pink and have a fluted bow lined with the same rosy shade.

The French chauvinists rebel against the use of English word "ynacht," and in deference to their feelings the word will probably be spelled "ynute."

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**CURE**  
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**HEAD**  
ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, and fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who ever try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all what head

**ACHE**  
is the cause of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure a variety of ills.

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## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, first Monday in June and first Monday in October.  
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What I say I do and mean exactly to say. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Palsy, St. Vitus' Dance, and all kinds of Nervous Disorders. I have made the cure permanent.

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## IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of night,  
To stray in her solitude vast,  
Pale memory whispers a confused delight  
And summons a shade from the past.

Let my Marguerite play the sweet passion  
And still  
That we loved speak again in her art.  
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,  
Like the chords of a human heart.

It is only a dream, such as travelers say  
Thrust gives in the lands of the sun;  
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass  
Away—  
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate world,  
If only one moment to stay;  
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds  
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloudland  
Of snow,  
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,  
And a sculptured statue, with its record of woes,  
To tell she is sleeping there.

—W. G. GREGG in Once a Week.

## WAYLAIED.

"Chip, you'd better start at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you."

The window was high from the ground, and the respectable-looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the gravelled walk.

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half crouched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly audible.

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale, a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's receipts from the man in charge.

"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milldale to see him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been overcome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "I've instructed him in the note to turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you know."

The man at the window did not wait to hear more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street.

"What kept you so long?" he growled. "Any luck?"

"I should say so," was the response. "You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we manage things right."

And he proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's eyes glinted.

"Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes now."

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.

"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them."

It was a clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and harnessed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it exceedingly.

About a mile from town, resting under a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time before.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "There are those fellows again. I wonder what they're up to now."

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, looking back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow, Chip put it into his head that they were talking about him.

"They can't know about the money, of course," he said, uneasily. "I don't mean to tell them a thing."

When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had come late to the village, and that he had no chance of seeing him.

For many weeks he had been up in the safe and in the box with him, so that he was well acquainted with the man's habits.

He was now in a state of great anxiety, and he was sure that the two tramps were up to some mischief.

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He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale, until the last of the straggling houses at its outskirts was left far behind.

The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," said Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money about me."

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

He selected from the roll of notes Mr. Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes. "Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool them."

He was half way home when he came to a large tract of woods, through which the road passed for some distance.

The thick foliage of the over arching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk.

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improbability.

Suddenly the horse shied, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut.

"No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go hard with you."

"How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that was in the man's hand.

"None of that," replied the rascal angrily. "You just give it up, that's all. If you don't you'll never drive this wagon again."

Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily snatched it from him.

"You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Not much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?"

With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and submitted to a thorough search of his pockets, after which he was bound, with his arms behind him, to a tree.

"There, I fancy that'll do," said the man, with a chuckle. "Turn the vehicle round, Bill, and let's be off."

"Are you sure you've got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook."

The two rogues jumped into the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him.

His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain.

Helpless and exhausted he awaited the outcome, turning pale at every noise that he heard in the woods.

He was as brave as any ordinary boy, but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominous sound of wheels drawing near.

"Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me!"

Never and never came the sound, and then, as the vehicle passed by, there was a sudden transition from despair to hope.

"Sup!" cried Chip wildly. "Help, help!"

"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What's the matter?"

"I've been robbed!" cried Chip. "I've been robbed!"

"What's the matter?" called the voice again. "What's the matter?"

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"What's the matter?" called the voice again. "What's the matter?"

Just as they were putting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of angry voices from behind.

"Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "The robbers are armed, and they are coming back!"

The farmer shook his head, but gave his horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit.

They emerged into the open, and looking back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them.

The rascals shouted out for them to stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before everyone in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abandoned by the roadside, the men having feared capture and taken to the woods.

But the telegram is effective, and the very next day the robbers were arrested in another county and got the punishment they so richly deserved.—New York World.

He Didn't Purchase the Shoes.

It was nearly 6 o'clock one evening when a gentleman, apparently 60 years of age, entered one of our leading shoe stores. He wanted a pair of shoes, he said, and the clerk proceeded to supply his wants. The customer selected a pair of \$3 shoes, and while the clerk, who was in a hurry to get home, was hastily doing them up the man looked at his pocketbook and after much exertion pulled out a fifty coupons in payment for the shoes. The clerk protested that the coupons were of no use, and the man insisted that they were. The clerk explained that the firm had published coupons in an evening paper with the announcement that they would deduct ten cents from each dollar purchased. The man had cut the coupons from thirty papers and saved them up, and he was a pair of shoes, and was deeply disappointed that he couldn't get them.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Shirley in the Rockefeller Family.

John D. Rockefeller's method of disposing of charity is described by The Cleveland Plain Dealer. It says that the great bulk of his mail is examined by his private secretary, and only the few appeals which impress the latter gentleman favorably are passed along to Mr. Rockefeller, who takes a stock of them to the breakfast table every morning and distributes them among his children.

These members of his family are charged with the duty of opening the letters and consulting their contents. Then each child decides what shall be done with the application, and the decision is written on the envelope and the name signed for reference if need be.

After breakfast, Mr. Rockefeller gathers up the mail and personally inspects each application. He then weighs the case and then acts as his conscience dictates. This decision is frequently contrary to the decision rendered by his child, but that doesn't end the matter; not at all. The father gathers his children about him and reviews the case, announcing his decisions, and when they conflict with those given by the children he explains the reason for the departure from the recommendation.

A Double Dog.

Tom Wyly, of Johnsonville, has a most remarkable freak of nature: it is a double female dog pup, about 1 month old. It has four well developed legs in the proper place. As the pup is the first-born of a pair, it is supposed to be a freak of nature.

From near the root of the tail and two grown about half the distance to the ground, at which point two well developed legs begin to form and become, in perfect shape, and both feet working on the ground as he walks. She is in perfect health and is a well developed double female, each part of her organization performing in order its separate functions.—Nashville American.

A Dog in High Life.

Mr. Bishop—Yes, that thing would not do.

Mr. Bishop—I have exactly the same for her, but I don't like to let her go. It is a beautiful dog.

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## NATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she fills my soul with joy that only true love thrills. So true, I cannot measure it if I would. This love unspoken you will understand.

It's never once the same, this tale of love. For now 'tis written in the blue above; And if the hand be hid, yet still I trace The fairest burnings of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it in my captured ear. No sweeter music than we mortals hear. For when among the trees the south wind plays, Even little trembling leaf her love betrays.

Or now she drops, all love-lit, a flower. As if to whisper some quiet hour. Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird Repeats the tale, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a courier, everywhere I stray She sends me word, as for holiday. As if to draw me in her close embrace. And, like a lover, wear me face to face. Mary Woodward Weatherbee in Boston Transcript.

A Saved Man Cries for His Hat.

"Yes," said an old lake captain, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is merely a figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it, Joe, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up. "That is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man. I would plunge in and rescue him just, let me say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he regains the least degree of strength, and, don't rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then, missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'Oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"Oh, seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headstrong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

—Detroit Free Press.

Who Originated the Epas Tree?

Perhaps the dearest artist in the department of fabrication was George Stevens, the Shakespearean commentator. Animated by an impenetrable spirit of rivalry, to which jealousy of rival antiquaries may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snipes for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustrations of Shakespeare's text in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entangled into adopting them, and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonym of Collins and Amner he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering.

Among these early tricks was the romantic story that has found its way into Table's "Life of Milton" of the poet having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamored of his beauty and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Quinlan, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of meeting her. Another was the story of the delectable tree of Juvn, which long obtained in one of the fairy tales of ancient times.

Three Skulls.

There are three human crania in the Washington museum which were found in the gravel at Trenton, one several feet below the surface and the others near the surface. The skulls, which are of remarkable uniformity, are of small size and are of the type of the early man.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 23, 1891.

## UNCONQUERED.

High over the city's roofs a storm blown gull,  
Driven landward from the sea,  
Battles against the winds without a fall,  
Yet inland farther, ever back  
Helpless is tossed with flying rack;  
But, messenger of constancy to me,  
I joy to see him facing ocean still,  
As beaten souls through storm and night  
May changeless face the hidden light  
By heaven's soft power and strength of mind,  
Not will.

—M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

## CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin' your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continual, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in; no use talkin' at him. 'Tonly makes him wuss." Poor little Mrs. Oleott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown haired girl with the determined frown and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had brought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Oleott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better, far better for her, for even after her going there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too, ef you don't ther; be awful fussy, so you'd jest better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Oleott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a warlike example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind, I would say. 'Keep yer house'—that's the way to keep 'em well, an' they'll fight along."

Jennie's behavior in opposing his judgment as to a possible heir that his daughter had not yet had time to bezafooth, but Mrs. Oleott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left her kitchen she glanced with her eyes at the girl. "Jennie, you had better marry that young fellow."

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off his heavy shoes with a cadence and deliberation which warned Mrs. Oleott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Oleott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me catch none o' yer city feller's comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm madder in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city feller's a-follerin' you; an' ef I catch yer aunt Kate madder matches fur you I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pale drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Oleott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's guttin' wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My Dear Niece—Your father needs managing, and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Cadding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryn, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Cadding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met she trusted to his unquenchable obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'." She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Cadding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, an'—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a snarl.

"There is a young man in town who I know admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich," he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on.

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Cadding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryn was introduced, and because the old man's head of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryn accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryn's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the girl of course his first young daughter.

Mr. Oleott took an early opportunity to introduce Jennie to her new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye he proposed to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryn were very happy. The days were so bright and the nights so warm that they seemed to be in the land of the living.

her that she should go to have to him. It's the only way to make a man mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not discuss him for anything—the happy young couple. But when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate. —Frances Burton Clarke in Drake's Magazine.

## Horses That Like Human Flesh.

There appeared in the papers some time ago a story of a horse which, standing in a Toronto street, mistook for new mown hay the blonde hair of a young lady on the sidewalk, seized it in its watering mouth and was rewarded by a blow between the eyes which could have been possible only in the days of rosy garments. One of the beauties of that story was that it was rigidly true, although the name of the horse's owner was withheld. But since then either the same animal or a full brother by the same sire and out of the same dam has been making a name for himself as a butcher off mutton coat sleeves, sealskin cups, bearskin bags and tweed capotes.

He is a pretty little roan beast, owned by Larry Cosgrave, and a very scrapping turtle in harness. He stood hitched to a little cutter in front of the Bank of Commerce and had five minutes of solid enjoyment, during which time he nearly pulled the arm out of an advertising agent. The arm looks as if it had been vacuinated. But Larry Cosgrave's horse is not the only one in the city that has fallen into evil ways. It is a common thing to see these ferocious animals pawled half way across the sidewalk, seeking whom they may devour. —Toronto News.

## Effect of Plenty of Air.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms, timely avail themselves of an abundance of nature's most generous gift. Pure air will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feelings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the intellect, and make new creatures of the old wrecks, who by their very presence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind. —Hull's Journal.

## A Matter of Charity.

Teacher—Why does Great Britain support royalty?  
Pupil—Because royalty cannot support itself. —Epoch.

## Rolling.

Ethel—Why are you so foolish as to be afraid of the dark? I am not in the least.

Mabel—You forget that the dark is not so kind to me as to you. —West Shore.

## A Plea for Indifference.

A little indifference to one's self, to one's food, one's personal appearance, clothes, and even one's mental and moral condition, is a wonderful aid in life. When I refer to indifference to one's moral condition I do not, of course, wish to be an advocate of license; but I do protest that it is well, having done one's duty to the best of one's ability, to await the issue with tranquillity. —All the Year Round.

## The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke. —St. Louis Republic.

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Is the best of so many first that I can't spare we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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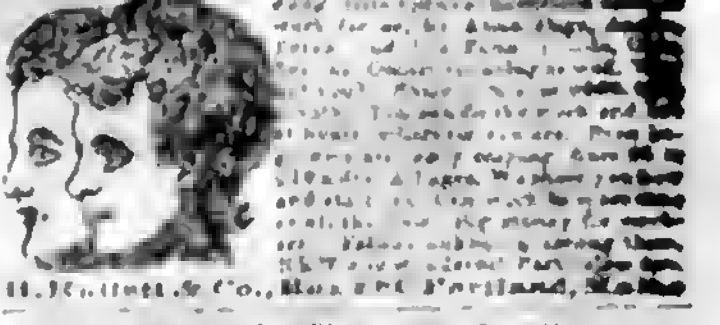
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Huntersville, W. Va.  
April 30, 1891.

In a Nutshell.

Here is the tariff question in a nutshell. The New York Sun a high protectionist newspaper, says: One of the benefits of the protective tariff is that it enables millions of men whose sole stock of goods is their day's labor to sell that stock at an advanced price.

This is the protectionist's claim. Suppose it to be well founded in regard to manufacturing goods what is the result? The laborers who sell their labor consume most of what they manufacture and pay a larger price for the products of their own labor than they would pay if prices were not artificially advanced. At the same time they make it impossible for what they produce to be sold in other countries and thereby greatly limit the possible production of manufactured goods in this country. It is asserted by the advocates of lower tariff rates that the laborers would be benefited and the prosperity and growth of the country enhanced by abandoning the attempt to maintain the prices of all exportable goods at a higher rate than they are sold for in the markets of the world.

But it appears that a prohibitory tariff does not really maintain the higher wages that the tariff protectionists claim for it. The United silk workers of North America have held during the present week their quarterly convention in Paterson, N. J., and here are the resolutions which they adopted:

**WHEREAS**, The silk industry of the United States, despite the high protective tariff, is at present in a most deplorable condition, wages being so low that skilled operatives are seeking other occupations and in view of the fact that since 1889 the wages of ribbon weavers have been reduced 58 per cent, be it

**Resolved**, That the representatives of the United Silk workers of North America, now in session appeal to the friends of American labor not to purchase silk fabrics of foreign manufactures which are actually inferior to those made here and to be further

**Resolved**, That in our opinion neither protection nor free trade benefits the workmen, and we therefore call upon all silk workers who are unorganized to band themselves together in the national body. And it is our further opinion that the only protection workmen will ever receive will be that they give themselves.

In as much as the experiment of free trade has never been tried in this country and no one proposes to permit to try it the experiment of opposing protection for the benefit of workmen could not be conducted. Was there is an opportunity to see the New York Times and all the high protectionist newspapers and what grounds they

people clothing they wear and a multitude of other things which they have to buy! We are glad they are studying the tariff question. —National Democrat.

# WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 24th.—The news of the snubbing given Mr. Harrison by the National Republican League convention at Cincinnati caused no surprise here, where every one who is at all posted on political matters knows the contempt felt for the present occupant of the White House by the leaders of the republican party, chief of whom is Mr. Blaine, who in now believed to have intentionally deceived Mr. Harrison when he promised him that he would not oppose his nomination. It is now conceded that Blaine may have or dictate the republican nomination next year, and if he allows Mr. Harrison to be nominated it will be simply because he will have become convinced of the impossibility of electing a republican.

A gentleman who is a warm personal friend of Mr. Harrison tells me that he is not the dupe of Mr. Blaine to the extent imagined by that gentleman and his friends, and that if after a careful observation of the political field he does not think he can be re-elected he will refuse to allow his name to go before the next republican convention. That may be Mr. Harrison's intention, but it would be impossible for a man with his overwhelming egotism to believe that he could possibly be defeated. So that it may be put down as certain that he will gladly take the nomination, if Blaine will let him have it. That's where the uncertainty comes in. Will Blaine let him have it?

The effect of the legislation of the billion dollar congress is beginning to be felt at the Treasury department, and already Secretary Foster has begun to scheme as to how he can get the \$30,000,000 that must be paid on the 1st of July for pensions. He has decided to utilize the \$18,000,000 in silver half dollars now in the Treasury by disposing of it in the National banks, thus making them available for the Government's current expenses.

Another item, aside from the Congressional appropriations becoming payable on July 1, that is taxing Mr. Foster's ingenuity to provide for is the \$50,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds that will mature in September. Although it has for some weeks been given out that all of these bonds would be taken up at or before maturity, I have it on good authority that it is the present intention of Mr. Foster to allow these in the hands of the National banks to remain outstanding at a reduced rate of interest, if the banks will consent to it. Whether he can legally do this without the passage of a special funding act of Congress is a debatable question.

Nobody has ever had much confidence in the honesty of Secretary Tracy's alleged reform in the employment of the foreman and master mechanics of the navy yard of the country, and now that it has been endorsed by Senator Chandler there isn't an atom of confidence left in it.

If Jerry Simpson isn't careful somebody will charge him with being in the pay of the Washington lobbyists. He made a speech here this week in favor of the Government's paying the Union soldiers or their heirs the difference between the value of the greenbacks paid them during the war and what they are worth today. Only

It has looked out through the

for a cooling station on the island for the United States. It fears, however, to dismiss him now lest it may effect the negro votes in next year's convention.


The remnants of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, of which Lieut. Gov. Jones of New York was commander when it was attacked by the mob in the streets of Baltimore in April 1861, visited Washington this week and was royally entertained. They left for home this morning.

The Senate Finance committee has designated as a sub-committee to investigate the working of the McKinley tariff law, under the resolution adopted by the Senate at the last session. Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hitchcock, Carlisle and Harris. The sub-committee begins work next week, and it is already apparent that no attempt is to be made to make republican campaign thumper, but the two wide awake democrats—Messrs. Carlisle and Harris—will see that their end is held up.

Thomas Garfield the only brother of the late President, who has lived on a farm in Jamestown township, Ottawa county, Mich., for the last twenty five years, is slowly dying. He is 68 years old and all his life has been a hard-working farmer.

The Pennsylvania World's Fair Bill provides an appropriation of \$300,000, and makes the Governor and Lieutenant Governor ex officio members of the commission.

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"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After the healing, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

## Thick and Strong.

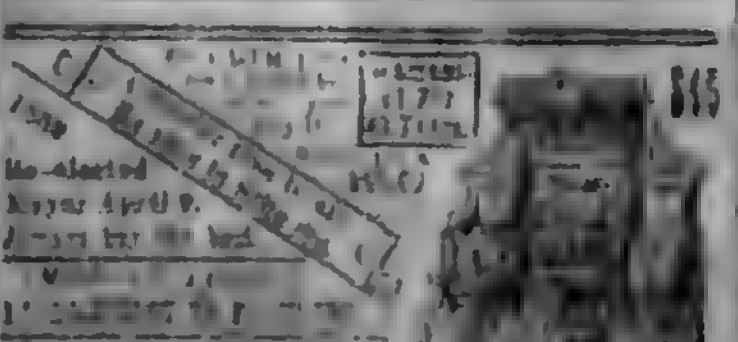
It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles Street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, and Indigestion of the Liver. Take a Box, Sugar Coat. One pill a dose. Don't expect to make yourself ill.

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A remedy for external and internal use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, Pains, Itch, and all the troubles of the skin. A sure cure for Hayfever, Summer Complaint and Cholera. 25 and 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Keep them in the House, they will often save Doctor Bills.

If you feel hoarse, after using two-thirds the contents of a bottle of these medicine, return the bottle to the dealer from whom you bought it and he will refund the price paid for the entire box.

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## Legal Directory of Pocahontas County

Attorney at Law, A. N. Campbell  
Attorney at Law, L. M. McNeill  
Attorney at Law, J. C. Artz  
Attorney at Law, Geo. W. Calloway  
Attorney at Law, S. L. Brown  
Attorney at Law, J. R. Patterson  
Attorney at Law, C. C. Artz  
Attorney at Law, E. L. Henshaw  
Attorney at Law, G. M. Kiser  
Attorney at Law, Geo. Haxton

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first day in April, and Tuesday in June and Tuesday in October.  
County Court convenes on the 1st day in January, March, October and Tuesday in July. July is term.

J. Moore, N. O. McNeill.

McNeill & McNeill,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

All practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State of Virginia.

M. McLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

All practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

All practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

S. RUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

All practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,  
Lawburg, W. Va.

All practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for action in Pocahontas county.

J. R. CAMPBELL.

DENTIST,  
Monterey, Va.

Visit Pocahontas County, at least, once a year. His visits will appear in the paper.

M. W. WYOMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Haverly, W. Va.

Visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the paper.

M. CYNNDHAM, D. D.

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# CURE FITS!

For my Cure I do not mean merely to cure the disease, but to cure the patient.

EPILEPSY or  
FALLING SICKNESS.

## MISS PARKER GREY.

BY NANNIE S. PARKER.

Jack Melton was Lady Crofton's only brother, and her great wish was to see him happily married, but to a wife who should keep up the Melton establishments in their former splendor. Lord Melton was not wealthy; but his title dated from the Norman Conquest, spread for him by money-making mammas.

But for the past eight years he had been attentive, in a lazy, half-indifferent way, to a certain Mrs. Mortimer, one of the beauties. It was to the influence of this bewitching young widow that Lady Crofton attributed her brother's continued state of single-blessedness, and she disliked her accordingly.

Six months before the opening of this story, Lady Crofton and her husband had traveled in California for the benefit of the latter's health, and had there become acquainted with Parker Grey, a Western belle. Miss Grey lived with her brother, and was chaperoned by a Mrs. Braxton, an English widow, who had formerly been her governess, and to whom she owed her English accent and modulated voice. But in every other respect she was thoroughly American.

Lady Crofton became very fond of the girl, and on hearing that she and a party of friends were to sail in April, to travel through Europe for a year, she invited her to come a month sooner, spend May at Crofton, and then join her friends on their arrival in London.

At first, Lady Crofton feared that her protégée had not made a favorable impression upon her fatidious brother. In fact he told her very frankly that he considered her friend the most free and easy young person he had ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"I don't think her conversation style is what one would term elegant. As a sample, I was quoting a French proverb this morning, and she politely asked me to 'come off of that, and talk United States.' Now she may be very beautiful; I don't deny it; but she isn't exactly the style I admire."

"How easily taken in you are, Jack!" laughed his sister. "Parker told me about that, and said she only did it to horrify you. I'll tell her she succeeded. She uses all that dreadful slang for your especial benefit; and as for French, she speaks it as well as you do."

In spite of Miss Grey's collection of long and typical American names, Lord Melton became aware that he liked the "wild Indian" more and more every day, until he confessed to himself that she was exactly the style he admired. Then being no other guests at Crofton during Miss Grey's visit, she and Lord Melton naturally grew a great deal of each other's society, both being a very attractive young person. It was not surprising that the interest of numerous letters, calls and rides, and dusts in the well-furnished drawing-room after dinner, should be an exceedingly pleasant duty, which promised to develop into something more. In the last two weeks of October, the last of the season, the two young people were engaged. Miss Grey's marriage was done

love.

One afternoon about dusk, when the only light in the drawing-room was from the open fire, Miss Grey entered, and, sitting at the piano, let her fingers wander idly over the keys. Evidently she was in a melancholy frame of mind, for she began to sing softly and plaintively:

"I know not why I love thee, then  
dost not care for me,  
And yet my heart will wander, for  
ever back to thee,  
For—"

Here the song came to an abrupt end, for an arm encircled Miss Grey's slender waist, and a low voice said passionately:

"But I do love you, my darling. Surely you know it. Will you make me happy, sweetheart? Be my wife."

With a quick exclamation, Miss Grey attempted to rise and to remove the detaining arm, but Lord Melton clasped her trembling hand in his and held it captive. She sank back upon the music-stool, and with averted face, remained silent.

"Tell me, my darling, that you love me," pleaded the voice which had become as music to her ears. But she made no reply. As he waited for her to speak, he could hear distinctly the beating of her heart.

"Answer me," he said at last rather sternly. "My love deserves at least an answer, and this coyness is unworthy of you, Parker!"

Then slowly she turned her down-cast, blushing face, until the fire light shone full upon it, and raising reproachful, loving eyes to his, let him read in them the secret which her lips refused to confess.

But there was one power which had not been consulted in this alliance of England and America, and that power was Mrs. Horatio Mortimer. If men would only realize the wisdom of "being off with the old love before they are on with the new," how many complications might be avoided.

When this lady heard of Lord Melton's engagement to the American heiress, she spent several unhappy days, and then becoming calm, but with a dangerous light in her blue eyes, read over some of his Lordship's recent letters to herself. Lord Melton never wrote on both sides of the paper, and selecting the first page of a certain letter, she carefully cut it in two pieces. The first half read as follows:

CROFTON, Oct. 1st, 1886.  
"DEAREST EDNA: Just a few lines to tell you of the arrival of Parker's protégée, the heiress, whose American gold, metaphorically speaking, is to regild my tarnished fortune. The whole affair is cut and dried. I am to have no rivals while she stays at Crofton, so Parker, with wisdom which would do the serpent credit, has invited no other guests. She says it will be my own fault if I do not succeed, for she is quite sure Miss Grey will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman. Charming programme, isn't it?"

The second half quite altered the meaning of the first.

"And yet I have daily and passionately relapsed to follow her. I have, however, being generally satisfied with that most estimable of qualities, perseverance, hopes that by pursuing me daily until I refuse to see Miss Grey's little old maid, the young lady may finally turn me

"I think this will answer very nicely," said Mrs. Mortimer to herself, and putting the second half away among the papers in her desk, inclosed the first in a fresh envelope and addressed it to her successful but unconscious rival.

To a casual observer Miss Grey appeared to be a dejected heap of silk and lace, as she sat curled up in an arm chair before the open fire at her London. Lord Melton had been obliged to run up to London on business, to be gone several days, and his finances found that time hung very heavily on her hands. Lying back with half closed eyes, she thought of her absent lover.

Her reverie was soon interrupted by a knock at the door, and a maid entering handed her two letters—one from Lord Melton and the other, addressed in a woman's hand right, she did not recognize. On the principle of keeping the best to the last, she opened the note of her feminine correspondent.

"Dearest Edna"—and no signature! There must be some mistake. And then she recognized Lord Melton's handwriting. Carefully comparing the letter with the address on the envelope she had just received from him, Parker Grey knew the same hand had written both. Then it flashed upon her that some woman whom she did not know had purposely sent her one of Lord Melton's letters to read. She felt the safest and wisest thing for her to do would be to return it to him unread.

"But have I not the right?" she argued. "Perhaps it is something I ought to know."

He who hesitates is lost, and so Miss Grey with beating heart, read the severed letter.

When she had finished it she buried her face in the cushioned back of the chair and broke into a passion of sobs. After while she became calmer, and tried to realize the blow she had received.

She could not doubt that the man she had loved and respected had written the heartless, ungenerous letter she had just read. There was no possible room for doubt. Nothing Lord Melton could say would alter the fact that he himself had confessed to this woman "Edna" his intention of marrying her for her money. Each phrase of his letter seemed burned into her brain. She particularly resented his saying: "She will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman."

"Does he imagine that I like himself, an reigning love, but in reality buying his title? Thank Heaven that I have found this out in time to prove that it he does not respect me, I respect myself!"

She bathed her eyes in rose-water until all traces of tears had been removed. Ringing for her maid, she ordered her to pack at once. Then going to Lady Crofton's room, she tapped lightly at the door.

"Come in!" cried her ladyship.  
"I have come to tell you," said Parker, entering, "that I have just received letters which oblige me to meet my friends in London tonight. I am very sorry to have so abruptly, and want to thank you for all your kindness, and you have been kind to me, very kind, in many ways."

"But, my my dear child, you look positively ill!" you look as pale as a ghost!"

"I have a bad headache—that is all. I think I will go down and write to Lord Melton. If it is quite convenient, I will leave to night by the seven o'clock train."

Parker Grey had intended to frankly tell Lady Crofton the reason of her hurried departure, but when the time came, felt unequal to the scene she knew it would create, so decided to let Lord Melton be the one to enlighten his sister on the subject.

Seating herself at the desk, she quickly dashed off the following note to him:

"I write to break our engagement, and to request, if a meeting is unavoidable, that we meet as strangers. Do not attempt to see me, to offer any explanation; and if you write to me, I shall return your letters unopened. The note I inclose makes further comment from unnecessary."

"PARKER GREY."

Putting this and Mrs. Mortimer's note in the same envelope, she addressed it to Lord Melton at his London club. Calling a footman, she told him to take it to the station and mail it at once. But Lord Melton, wishing to give his lady-love a pleasant surprise, had telegraphed that morning to James to meet him with the dog-cart at 8 o'clock, but to say nothing about it to any of the family. So it came to pass that Miss Grey's note did not reach Lord Melton at his club, but was handed him that evening on his arrival at the station.

Opening it at once, he read the two notes, and with a muttered imprecation he sprang into the dog-cart, and seizing the reins, put the handsome roan he drove to his fastest pace.

While Lord Melton was being whirled home, Miss Grey unconsciously of his approach, was waiting in the dressing room, ready dressed for her journey.

She was alone, her hostess having just left the room to write her a list of addresses which would be of use in her London shopping.

Hearing the sound of wheels, she supposed the carriage had come to take her to the station. As she went toward the door leading into the hall, it was suddenly opened from the outside, and Lord Melton entered, looking pale and baggared. Before she had time to speak, he took her hands in his and began hurriedly.

"Parker—my darling—you do not, you cannot believe that letter was written seriously! The part that woman cut off completely altered the meaning. I would never marry for anything but love, and heaven knows I love you my darling! Surely you must know it. Do not let a jealous, unprincipled woman ruin our lives! Can you not trust me, Parker? Will you not believe me?"

"Not!" said Miss Grey coldly wrenching her hands free, "although you act your part most excellently."

At first, when Lord Melton entered so unexpectedly, she was taken off her guard, but as he went on speaking, she regained her self-possession.

"I had hoped she continued, 'that I should have been spared your explanation of what is unexplainable. I couldn't see from your own words







## HOME NEWS

—Mr. Henry Yeager, of Marlinton, was in town Tuesday.

—Rev. J. W. Michael has moved to the Skiles house at Marlinton.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., is in town.

—R. M. Yeager, of Traveler's Rest, was in town Tuesday evening.

—Several drummers have been here lately.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Court, has returned from visiting his home at Green Bank.

—The Pocahontas County Farmers Alliance will meet at this place, next Friday, the 10th inst.

—Capt. O. B. Swocker and Maj. J. C. Arbogast, were in town last week.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall and Mr. Sam Holt, of Mingo Flats, were in town the first of this week.

—Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Levy term of the County Court convenes next Tuesday.

—We want everybody who comes to Court next Tuesday to call and see us.

—Wm. H. Grose, Esq., took a business trip to the "booming" towns of Va. last week.

—Geo. Foutz, Esq., of Buena Vista, Va., and Dr. Lockridge of Knapp's creek, called to see us today.

—We notice from the Buena Vista Advocate that Mrs. Minnie Patterson, of Green Bank, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Warwick, at that place.

—Rev. J. A. Lantenschlager will preach in the Presbyterian church in Huntersville, the 4th Sunday of this month at 10:30 o'clock.

—Josiah Taylor, an old colored lunatic of near Academy, was brought to this place last Monday and confined in the County jail to await removal to the asylum.

—Mr. J. W. D. McCarty, and Jesse Garry, Esq., of Academy, was in the city over night Tuesday. Jesse was on his way to Green Bank, with a load of corn, which, he informed us, would bring him \$1.25 a bushel.

—Messrs. Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Geo. Buzzard, who have just completed our handsome new printing office, started to Elk to build Mrs. Susan E. McGlaughlin a dwelling house.

—Wheat harvesting is progressing rapidly, and we are informed that there will be an average crop, notwithstanding the late frosts in May.

—Messrs. Jno T. McGraw, of Grafton, and T. S. Riley, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Wheeling, were in our city Tuesday.

—On account of the plastering of the lower part of our office last week we were unable to run our presses, consequently were unable to get out any paper.

—The picnic at Mt. Grove the 4th inst. passed off, we understand, with an exception of one little fight, which nobody knew anything about except the participants, very quietly.

—Mr. Henry McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been at Hampton Sydney college, for the past two seasons, has returned home for the summer. He will go back next season. Mr. McGlaughlin's high standing in his class speaks well for his intelligence and ability.

—Ezek Sharp, ex-convict and who now stands indicted in several cases for illicit retelling of liquor, was lodged in jail at this place last week on an indictment for forgery, committed before he was sentenced to the penitentiary for horse stealing.

## DEATH COMES IN A HORRIBLE FORM

### To The Passengers on a Crowded Excursion Train.

### But One Passenger on the Train Escaped Injury.

### The Death List Numbers 15, The Injured 50 or More.

### Awful Scenes of Suffering Among The Injured.

Charleston Gazette of the 4th Inst.

The Dead.

The following is a list of the dead: Col. W. E. Fife, of Buffalo, W. Va.

T. N. Wilson, late city editor of the Bulletin, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Charles Hoffman, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jasper Daughterty, New Martinsville, W. Va.

Walter Wilcher, Elk City, W. Va.

Miss Ella O'Leary, Mason City, W. Va.

Amos Conter, Elk City, W. Va.

Orville Robinson, Midway, W. Va.

Thomas Thornton, Conductor, K. & M. Railroad, Middleport, O.

Mary Sullivan, Hampton, W. Va.

L. L. Rose, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jed White, Middleport, O.

Mrs. Mary Walker Elk City, W. Va.

J. D. Jones, Charleston, W. Va.

There were fifty-two wounded, of whom mostly were of this State.

Never before have the citizens of Charleston been called upon to mourn so serious an accident as befell the Kanawha & Michigan passenger train No. 1 yesterday morning near Farm station, eight miles from here, and it is to be sincerely hoped that never again will there be a repetition of any thing so horrible that will appeal to such an extent to the sympathies of the people.

The day dawned bright and clear and with the elaborate programme prepared for the celebration of the Fourth of July, a day of the greatest pleasure was anticipated by all, none for an instant dreaming of the terrible tidings so soon to be flashed over the wires that were to bring sorrow to so many homes.

The order of United American work-men had arranged to spend the day at Poca and with their wives and friends were on board the ill-fated train. A good many of the K. & M. employees who are working here and live elsewhere along the line of the road were among the passengers and it was found later, were among the killed and injured. The excursion rates offered by the road had drawn out a good many people and it is known that there must have been 75 or 80 persons aboard the train by the time it reached the place where the wreck occurred.

Among the passengers was John E. Norvell, of the Charleston National Bank, who was on his way to Gallipolis to spend the day with his wife. He had carried a bucket along with him, and finding that postal clerk Hayes, whom he knew was in the mail car, went in there to talk with him a few minutes and get a string with which to tie his card on the bucket. This was all that saved him, he being the only passenger in that train load who escaped injury. He had been in the mail car but a few minutes when it began to rock and shake. Mr. Norvell says he voluntarily grabbed the post put in the mail car for the purpose, while Mr. Hayes stiffened himself up and seized another one. The car jumped the track; they could feel it jolting over the ties. Suddenly it regressed the rails when with

a sudden jerk and jar the coaches broke loose and left the track. The postal car though it kept the rails was so jolted and jerked that the windows and doors were jarred out. The crashing of the coaches on the earth beneath mingled with the shrieks of the unfortunate victims in the terrible confusion.

The trestle where the accident occurred is probably 60 feet high in the center and about 300 feet long. About in the center of the trestle fire had in some manner broken out and had burned some of the ties. These gave way under the weight of the heavy train. The engine and baggage car passed over safely, but the ties gave way under the coaches derailing them. They jolted along some 50 feet over the ties, shaking the passengers up and giving them the first warning of their fate, then left the trestle, carrying their load to of human lives death. The forward car rolled over the bank of the approach to the trestle, some ten or fifteen feet, turning completely over and stopping upright beneath the track. The rear coach tumbled over the right side of the trestle and rested upside down a few feet from the side of the trestle and parallel with the track. The fall was perpendicular and must have been 20 feet. This was probably the cause for all the killed and so many of the injured being cut and mashed about the head. When the car turned over they fell head first to the top of the car and received their cuts on the head.

Immediately after the fall of the cars, those who were able started nobly to the rescue. Engineer Pat O'Connor, fireman W. S. Wyatt, postal clerk Hayes and John Norvell, who alone remained on the track, went to the cars, burst open the windows and removed the debris sufficiently to let those who were injured to escape. A number of the injured assisted in getting out those who were worse hurt, and persons from the neighboring farm houses also arrived and assisted in the work.

Mrs. Thomas at the poor farm, supplied a number of sheets and clothes for bandages, which were used as best could be by the inexperienced hands who were there. It was awful work. Pulling the living and the dead out from the cars, bandaging up the injured, caring for the dead, quieting the disconsolate and doing all they could to relieve the suffering and prolong life, they spent an hour or more before the first relief train arrived from St. Albans bearing Doctors Lee and Clark. It was not long till the first train got in from Charleston with Doctors Thomas, Barber, Potney, Houston, Tompkins and Campe, half a dozen railroad officials, John B. White, John O'Connor and Jesse McLean, all of whom rendered valuable assistance. With the arrival of the physicians the work began to be easier and better care was rendered the wounded. Several of those who were taken out of the cars badly wounded died soon afterwards. A dozen were dead when the train bearing them started back to Charleston and Mary Sullivan died on the way up.

J. D. Jones and Mrs. Mary Wall died before night, making 15 deaths.

About 11 o'clock another relief train was sent down with cots and blankets. A gruesome sight met the gaze of those who went down on it. A long row of corpses was lying in a field awaiting the arrival of the train, while in every direction the injured were scattered. They were gotten up the train as rapidly as possible and the ghastly load was brought back to the city, where the dead were put in charge of the undertakers, and the injured were taken to their homes or placed under the care of physicians by the railroad company.

Many horrifying scenes are related by those who were first on the ground. The force with which the

powderous trucks crashed down on the inverted car carried the bottom down with it and the people inside were squeezed in tight between the roof and the floor of the car. Some of the least injured managed to crawl to an opening in the wreck and make their escape, but many of them had to be literally dragged out of their places. One of the bodies in this part of the car was found with the head missing from the mouth up. It was the body of Jasper Daughterty. Some hours later in rummaging through the debris, a gentleman found what he thought was another body. Examination proved it to be the missing head of Mr. Daughterty. The face was mangled beyond recognition and the brains were scattered among the dirt and rubbish of the car. The head was wrapped in a piece of linen and carried to the cot where the body lay.

Most of the bodies of the other dead were terribly cut. Each of them had a cut or bruise in the head. In some ones fingers might have been placed with ease.

About the saddest sight in the whole affair was the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welcher. The little thing is a beautiful child of about a year, with great blue eyes. It was picked up out of the wreck, slightly bruised, and cut with its little fingers missing from one hand. The little thing seemed to understand what was going on. It never uttered a cry while the surgeons dressed its wounds, nor did a tear drop from its bright eyes. It was placed beside the dead bodies of its parents and tenderly ran its little hand across their blood-stained faces. The little orphan was taken in charge by kind friends, and will be given to the relatives of the deceased.

The homeward journey of the funeral train was a sad one. In one car lay nine dead bodies and two injured. In every other car lay from four to eight injured or dead. The news of the wreck spread like a flash and at every station curious crowds were out to catch a glimpse of the train and in some cases to inquire after friends. One woman came up to the train at Glen Elk and inquired for Walter Welcher. "Dead," was the answer. "And his wife?" she asked breathlessly. "Dead, too." "How about Mrs. Wall?" "Badly injured." The woman turned away in tears. Every friend she had on the train was dead or injured. Throughout Charleston and Elk City homes are in sadness. Scores of persons are lying on beds of pain, some of whom will probably never leave them again. Although it was the saddest holiday ever witnessed in Charleston.

The railway company has done everything in its power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate victims. Every physician who could be secured in Charleston or St. Albans was sent at once to the wreck; cots and blankets were provided; relatives were given information and permitted to go on the relief train to the scenes of the wreck. Division Superintendent Dawson got up from a sick bed to personally supervise the work, and every official of the road did all he could. Some criticism was made for not having a track walker out. A Gazette reporter called at one of the K. & M. offices and was informed that every section of the road is gone over from one end to the other every day, but that the burnt trestle was at the end of a section and the walker started from the other end and had not reached it when the train came along. The accident seems to have been unavoidable but is one the less to be deplored.

### TIN SPOTTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months sporting horses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.

### Preaching Notice.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, second Sabbath of July (12). Preparatory services Friday and Saturday evenings. The assistance of Rev. B. A. Pendleton, is promised.

Providence permitting there will be an all-day meeting at McGlaughlin Church, 1st Sabbath of August, to be conducted by W. T. Price, and perhaps others.

Preaching Saturday afternoon be here at 2:30.

LAUGHLIN'S BROTHERS, 1111 Pleasant St., Wash. D.C. BROWN'S BROTHERS, 1111 Pleasant St., Wash. D.C.



# Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 9, 1891.

(Continued from 1st page.)

not reflect credit upon you, and of which neither of the contracting parties can well be proud. You have fallen into the error of thinking I cared to buy your title; allow me to inform you that I do not! I believe now we have both said all that is necessary."

"I, at least, have not said all," broke forth Lord Melton, hotly. "Do you suppose I intend to calmly lose the only woman I have ever loved, through a horrible mistake? Never! And if you had loved me, Parker, as well as I love you, you would not have been so ready to doubt me; for there is nothing, no matter how conclusive, which could make me attribute a base motive to an action of yours."

She felt herself weakening, and in desperation took advantage of of the ease he had unconsciously given her. So, in a voice that trembled slightly as she uttered the falsehood said defiantly:

"Perhaps you are right, and the reason I doubted you so quickly was because I did not love you."

"Great God, do you mean that?"

"I mean it," repeated Miss Grey, steadily, but not looking at him. Had she done so, she might have been convinced that Jack Melton was no hypocrite, for never were grief and despair more genuine than those expressed in every line of his face.

There was a pause before he replied:

"Then, of course, I release you. I will ask you once again to believe I love you, and that I always shall. Goodbye."

Before she was aware of his intention she was in his arms, and felt his hot, despairing kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes. Then suddenly releasing her, he strode into the library and closed the door behind him.

Five minutes later Miss Grey was being rapidly driven to the station. That night she joined her American friends, and traveled with them a year through Europe before returning to America.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10th, 1890.

"MY DEAR MAMIE. At last I have a few minutes to spare, and I shall tell you something about the wedding. I suppose you have seen by the papers it took place Tuesday. Parker made a beautiful bride and Jack was joy personified. You know they were engaged in England, three years ago, but that horrid Mrs. Mortimer, who used to drag Jack around after her, broke the match off. She told Parker that Jack was only marrying her for her money, and her story seemed straight and so true that Parker believed it. After that her fortune was a barrier between them; but six months ago, when she lost every cent, Jack came right over, and was able to prove it was not his money he cared for."

"Of course, when he was comparatively poor, I wanted him to marry a rich woman, but since he has come in to a fortune of his own, I could not have chosen him a woman so much less than the first lady, and now that everything has turned out so happy, Jack will have to be looking wealthy only over the top of his head. I am sure you will be glad to hear of it, and I will again write to you soon. Love, your mother."

ry to leave, but I call the first of next month, to get Melton House in order by the time Jack and Parker arrive. So I shall see you before very long."

"Hoping you and the dear children are quite well. Your affectionate cousin."

"HARRIET CROFTON."

"P. S. Parker's presents were superb."

## Barbara's Test.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he is brave."

"And you never learned that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He is as placid as goats milk."

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Redmond, the murderer was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grand father died in, and they say grandfathers does not rest easy in his grave for some reason though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandfather Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the sleeping room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed. "I have a test to put you through before I give you my answer. There is a corpse lying in

house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind Barbara?" he asked.

"No, and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The face in the coffin glowed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise as if something was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer pressing him into the corner.

"The d---I take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, bending and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were potting by hearing a voice say:

"Take one of your size Big Barney!"

Barney turned, then, and saw the

and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he yawning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.—Sheffield Telegraph.

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